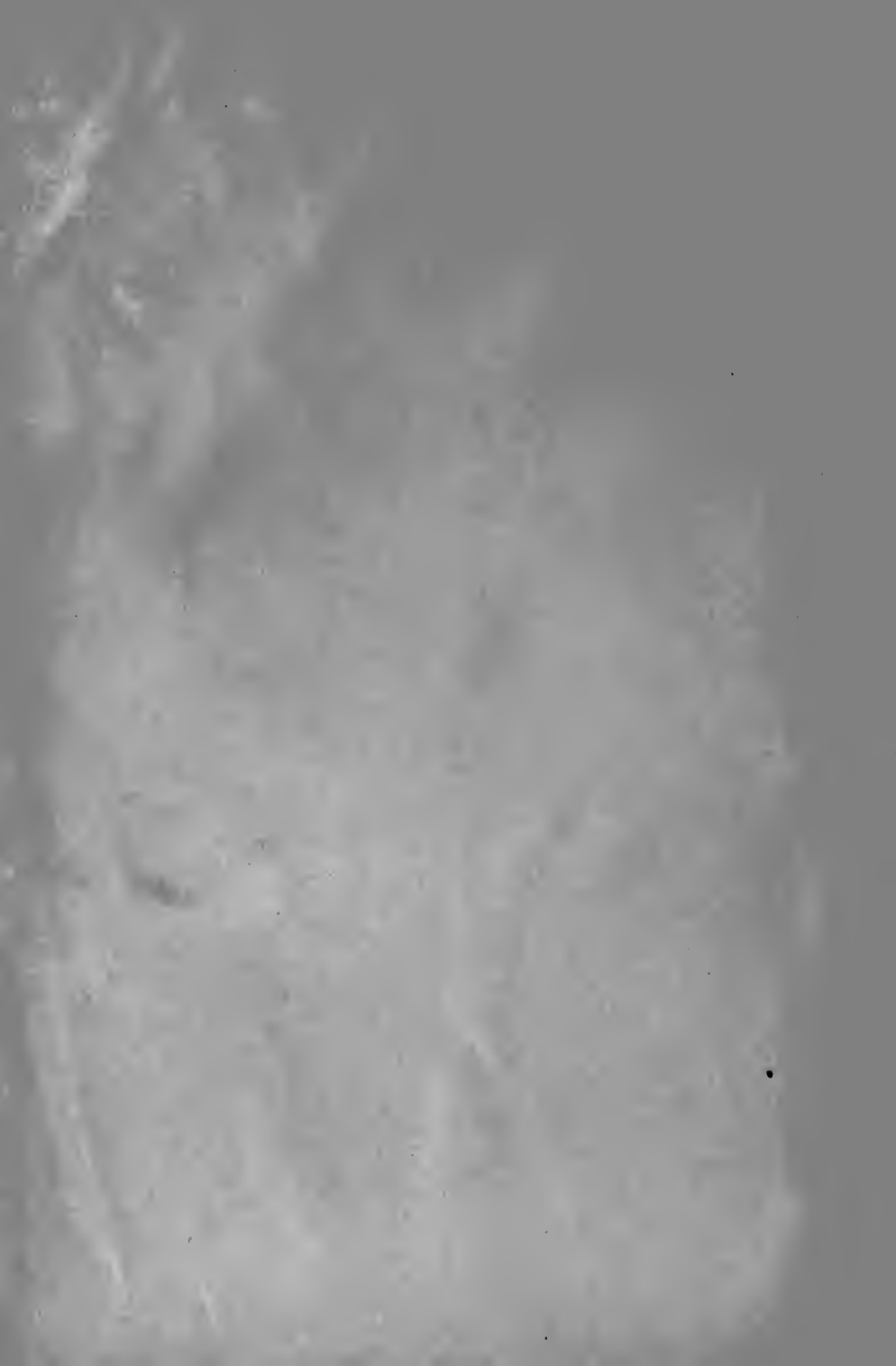


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THE
GOSPEL PSALMIST;

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES,

FOR

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE UNIVERSALIST DENOMINATION.

“Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee.”—PSALMS.

✓
BY J. G. ADAMS AND S. B. BALL.

BOSTON:
UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1861

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

The subjoined directions are intended for the benefit of those who may use this book in Congregational Singing :—

1. The congregation should stand when they sing, in the usual attitude of worship, facing the pulpit.

2. They should rise promptly when the organist is playing the last line of the tune.

3. A choir of singers disposed to lead the congregation, may be of great service to it. But if the congregation are not led by a choir, they should have a leader in front of them, near the pulpit, and on a level with the pews.

4. Children should be instructed in singing at home, and in the schools, and should be encouraged to sing with the congregation.

5. Hymns and Tunes intended to be used should be made familiar by frequent rehearsals, both in public and in families.

6. The singing should be in steady, uniform time, from the beginning to the end of the hymn, with no forced pauses for the observance of punctuation, nor any needless delay at the end of the lines.

INTRODUCTION.

THE HYMNS.

A work like the one here given to the Christian public seemed justifiable on the part of the publisher. As Congregational Singing had been coming into practice in other Christian churches, there was a call for it in our own. And as none of our Hymn-Books now in use could be made to answer to this call, except through a complete reconstruction of them, it was deemed advisable to prepare this collection.

The compiler has sought in this work to select such hymns as were expressive of thanksgiving and praise to God, and of the spiritual wants of his children, and thus suited to the devotional offerings of the Christian sanctuary. The book contains hymns old and new to most of our congregations. Some of the old could not well be spared from any Christian collection. The hymns of Watts, the Wesleys, Doddridge, Cowper, Mrs. Steele, Montgomery, Bowring, and others, are among the most acceptable of these; and without them we should hardly deem a book of Christian psalmody complete. Some of the best hymns of these popular authors are in this collection. Here are, also, hymns of a much earlier date than any of those by the authors just mentioned, — handed down to us from Catholic and Protestant churches of olden time, and breathing a devotional spirit as pure and fervent as any with which the churches have ever been blest. Hymns from German authors, which have never yet been generally used in our American congregations, and which are among the grandest in any language, are embodied in this work. Hymns applicable to the special reformatory manifestations of Christianity, at the present time, have also been specially regarded.

In the selection of these hymns due attention has been given to their agreement with the great truths of the Paternity of God in the government of mankind, and the restoration of all souls to holiness and happiness through Jesus Christ his Son. Although our book contains many hymns which can be sung in heart-unison by all Christian sects, yet throughout the collection it is intended that this grand and essential truth of the gospel shall be conspicuous, — a truth toward which we believe, the whole Christian church is gradually but surely tending, — that “God was in Christ RECONCILING THE WORLD unto himself.”

It has been our intention, moreover, in this work, to represent our denominational authorship as we have been able to avail ourselves of it within the compass of our diligent inquiries.

In reference to the hymns for Funeral occasions in this book, we would say, that we have sought to avoid the expression of that idea now most generally discarded in the churches, that this material body of man shall be raised again and immortalized. We have ventured to change forms of expression in some of these hymns, which may not seem warrantable to all who see them. But we have had the approval of a good conscience, in the alterations, and have followed some very notable examples in presuming to make them.

That this compilation will give satisfaction to all who may examine it, is not among the expectations of the compiler. Some little experience in hymnology has revealed to him the fact that tastes respecting hymns may widely differ. A valuable collection recently published in England

numbering between eleven and twelve hundred hymns, was submitted to fifteen clerical critics, each being requested to erase the hymns which in his judgment should be omitted. Less than one hundred hymns passed through all their hands approved. Other similar instances might be mentioned, evincing this variety of taste. The compiler of the "Plymouth Collection" (Rev. H. W. Beecher) has truly said, "Scarcely any two ministers would agree in the selection of hymns. A collection should be made so large and various that every one may find in it that which he needs. Neither should one complain of the number of hymns useless to *him*. They are not useless to others. A generously spread table is not at fault because, in the profusion, each guest cannot use everything." While the compiler of this collection has consulted, as far as practicable, the judgments of those in whose wisdom and taste he had great confidence, he has at the same time been obliged to make his own decision as to the character of the hymns. He trusts that this decision will meet the approval of a candid Christian public.

In the prosecution of this work — a part of the time while passing through severe domestic affliction — the compiler has been aided in such encouragements, suggestions, and contributions of friends, as have given him confidence and strength. He takes this occasion to express to these friends his warmest thanks.

For the accommodation of churches desiring to use this book, one form of it is issued with the tunes, and the other without them; the hymns in both books being alike, and numbered the same.

That the Gospel Psalmist may prove an acceptable companion and effective helper to many souls seeking the enjoyment of God the Father in the spiritual life of the Son, is the prayer of the Christian public's humble servant,

JOHN G. ADAMS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May, 1861.

THE TUNES.

Of the Tunes in this Collection, the undersigned would say, that the greater number of them are adapted to Congregational Singing. They are tunes well known and acceptable to most singers in all our Christian congregations. There are other tunes adapted to the Choir or Quartette, and most of them are well suited to social or family devotion. The "Psalmist" is intended as a *Singing Book* for all who would make proficiency in the science of sacred music.

If the Tune set to the Hymn may not suit the taste of the leader of the choir or congregation, he may choose some other.

The compiler of the Tunes cannot consent to offer this work to the public, without an expression of his thanks to the friends who have kindly granted him their aid; especially to those who have supplied him with original tunes; to Mr. B. F. Baker, for the free use of any of his tunes and arrangements, many of which are highly valuable; to Mr. Leonard Marshall, for his generous permission to use much of his music; to Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., Messrs. Chase, Nichols, and Hill, for like favors; and also to Mr. Charles Henderson, for his timely advice and assistance.

S. B. BALL.

Boston, Mass., May, 1861.

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A SELECTION FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

SELECTION I.

INTRODUCTION OF WORSHIP.

How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee: in whose heart are thy ways.

They go from strength to strength, till all of them in Zion appear before God.

Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in the secret of his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock.

Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.

SELECTION II.

A CALL TO WORSHIP.

Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves: we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good : his mercy is everlasting ; and his truth endureth to all generations.

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? and who shall stand in his holy place ?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart ; who hath not inclined his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory ? the Lord, strong and mighty ; the Lord, mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory ? the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

SELECTION III.

A CALL TO WORSHIP.

O come let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth : the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it : and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down : let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For he is our God ; and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem ; they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us ; and cause his face to shine upon us ;

That thy way may be known upon earth and thy saving grace among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy ; for thou shalt judge the people righteously and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth give her increase ; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION IV.

PRAISE TO GOD.

Bless the Lord, O my soul : and all that is within thee, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ;

Who redemeth thy life from destruction ; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies ;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things ; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide ; neither will he keep his anger forever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins ; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass : as a flower of the field so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children,

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, ye ministers of his that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion : bless the Lord, O my soul.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal and invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, forever and ever. Amen.

SELECTION V.

PRAISE TO THE GOD OF ALL.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion : and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he

may dwell in thy courts. O, satisfy us with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

By wonderful things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation : who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.

Who by thy strength maketh fast the mountains ; being girded with power :

Who stillest the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are awed by thy wonders ; thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it ; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water : thou preparest corn when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly : thou settlest the furrows thereof : thou makest it soft with showers : thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness ; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness : and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks ; the valleys also are covered with corn : they shout for joy ; they also sing.

The Lord is great, and greatly to be praised : he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols : but the Lord made the heavens.

Honor and majesty are before him ; strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name : bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness ; fear before him, all the earth.

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth ; he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

SELECTION VI.

COMFORT AND JOY OF WORSHIP.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God : when shall I come and appear before God ?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him ; him, my deliverer and my God.

Deep calleth unto deep : all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him ; him, my deliverer and my God.

O send forth thy light and thy truth : let them guide me ; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacle.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, I will praise thee, O God.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy dwelling place of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

"Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted throughout the earth."

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

SELECTION VII.

ADORATION.

I will extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men thy mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of thy kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

The Lord is high unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

SELECTION VIII.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God : for unto thee will I pray.
My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord ; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness : neither shall evil dwell with thee.

As for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy : and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness, make thy way straight before my face.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no sound nor language, and their voice is not heard.

Yet their speech is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

He goeth forth from one end of the heaven, and his circuit is to the other end of it : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul : the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart : the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever : the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold : sweeter also than the honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned : and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors ? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins ; let them not have dominion over me : then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

SELECTION IX.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

The Lord reigneth ; let the earth rejoice ; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him : righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil : he preserveth the souls of his saints ; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the nations to nought: he maketh the devices of the kingdoms of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth forever: the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike; he observeth all their works.

Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth on the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

SELECTION X.

PENITENCE AND SUPPLICATION.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight; so that thou art justified when thou speakest, and upright when thou judgest.

Behold thou desirest truth in the inward heart: teach me, therefore, wisdom in my inmost soul.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit : a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked ; but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

SELECTION XI.

DEVOUT SUPPLICATION.

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee : let me not be ashamed.

Let none that wait on thee be ashamed : let them be ashamed that transgress without cause.

Show me thy ways, O Lord ; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth and teach me : for thou art the God of my salvation ; in thee do I trust all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving kindnesses ; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions ; according to thy mercy remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord : therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment : and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity ; for it is great.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me ; for I am desolate and afflicted.

Look upon mine affliction and my pain ; and forgive all my sins.

If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand ?

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayst be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord : for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plentiful redemption.

SELECTION XII.

PRAYER IN AFFLICTION.

Give ear to my prayer, O God ! hide not thyself from my supplication.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

My heart trembleth in my bosom : and the terrors of death are fallen upon me.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me : thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud : and he shall hear my voice.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust ; let me never be put to shame.

Be thou my strong habitation, where I may continually resort : thou hast given commandment to save me ; for thou art my rock and my fortress.

By thee have I been holden up ever since I was born ; my praise shall be continually of thee.

Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honor all the day.

Cast me not off in the time of old age ; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

O God, be not far from me : O my God, make haste for my help.

For I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more.

My mouth shall show forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day ; for thy mercies are more than I can number.

I will go in the strength of the Lord God : I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee : he shall never suffer those who seek him to fall.

SELECTION XIII.

PRAYER IN TROUBLE.

Hear my cry, O God ; attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth I cry unto thee, for my heart is overwhelmed : lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou art my shelter, and a strong tower from the enemy.

I will abide in thy tabernacle forever ; I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

Truly my soul waiteth upon God : from him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation ; he is my defence ; I shall not be greatly moved.

Trust in him at all times ; ye people, pour out your heart before him : God is a refuge for us.

Save me, O God ; for the waters are come in unto my soul.

I will offer my prayer unto thee, O Lord : O God, in the greatness of thy mercy hear me, in the truth of thy salvation.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up, and let not the grave shut her mouth upon me.

Hear me, O Lord, for thy loving kindness is good : turn unto me according to the multitude of thy tender mercies.

And hide not thy face from thy servant ; for I am in trouble : hear me speedily.

Make haste, O God, to deliver me ; make haste to help me, O Lord.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee : and let such as love thy salvation say continually, Let God be magnified.

SELECTION XIV.

HUMAN GREATNESS AND FRAILTY.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth ! whose glory reaches above the heaven.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength to silence thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained ;

What is man that thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man, that thou visitest him ?

Yet thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou hast given him dominion over the works of thy hands ; thou hast put all things under his feet :

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field ;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth !

Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him ? or the son of man, that thou makest account of him ?

Man is like a vapor : his days are as a shadow that passeth away.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.

The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's : but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence.

But we will bless the Lord from this time forth and forevermore. Praise the Lord.

SELECTION XV.

FRAILTY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry ; hold not thy peace at my tears : for I am a stranger with thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

Make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is ; that I may know how frail I am.

Behold thou hast made my days as an hand breadth ; and mine age is as nothing before thee : verily, every man at his best state, is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain show : surely he disguiseth himself in vain : he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

What then, O Lord, is my hope ? my hope is even in thee.

Deliver me from all unrighteousness : make me not the reproach of the impious.

When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou consumest his beauty like a moth : surely every man is vanity.

O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence to be here no more.

Lord, thou hast been our refuge in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday, when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us ; and establish thou the work of thy hands upon us ; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

SELECTION XVI.

GOD'S GUARDIAN CARE.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me : I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil and do good ; seek peace and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart : and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

The Lord redeemeth the souls of his servants : and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

O taste and see that the Lord is good : blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

SELECTION XVII.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy feet to be moved : he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper : the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil : he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and forever more.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress : my God ; in him will I trust.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust : his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror of the night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day ;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness ; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall by thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand ; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Because thou hast made the Lord thy refuge, and the Most High thy habitation ;

There shall no evil thing befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him : I will set him on high because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him : I will be with him, and honor him.

SELECTION XVIII.

FOR A NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

O give thanks unto the Lord ; call upon his name : make known his deeds among the people.

Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him : talk ye of all his wondrous works.

Glory ye in his holy name : let the heart of them that rejoice seek the Lord.

Seek the Lord and his strength : seek his face evermore.

Remember his marvellous works that he hath done ; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth.

When our fathers were but a few in number, yea, very few, and strangers in the land ;

When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people ;

He suffered no man to do them wrong ; yea, he reprov'd kings for their sakes ;

Saying, Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.

And he increased his people greatly ; and made them stronger than their enemies.

And gave them the lands of the nations, and they inherited the labor of the people ;

That they might observe his statutes and keep his laws.

What we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us

We will not hide from our children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.

For he established statutes, and appointed a law, which he commanded our fathers to make known to their children :

That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born : who should declare them to their children :

That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments.

SELECTION XIX.

THANKSGIVING.

O give thanks unto the Lord : for he is good ; for his mercy endureth forever.

Who remembered us in our low estate : for his mercy endureth forever.

And hath redeemed us from our enemies : for his mercy endureth forever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven : for his mercy endureth forever.

Praise ye the Lord : for it is good to sing praises unto our God ; for it is pleasant : and praise is comely.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem ; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates ; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon the earth : his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool : he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels : who can stand before his cold ?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them : he causeth the wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He hath not dealt so with any nation : and as for his judgments they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

I will hear what God the Lord will speak : for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his servants : but let them not turn again to folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him ; that peace may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together ; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth ; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good ; and our land shall yield her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him, and shall keep his steps in the way.

O give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is good ; for his mercy endureth forever. Amen.

SELECTION XX.

HOPE IN THE LORD.

All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindred of the nations shall worship before thee :

For the kingdom is the Lord's, and he is the Governor among the nations.

Send forth thy light and thy truth, O Lord : let them lead us to thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacle, even unto God our exceeding joy.

Thou wilt show us the path of life ; in thy presence is fulness of joy : at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and thy faithfulness is above the clouds. Thy righteousness is like the great mountains : thy judgments are a great deep.

How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God ! Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the blessing of thy house ; and thou shalt make them to drink of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of life : in thy light shall we see light.

Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever, and thy memorial throughout all generations.

We will bless the Lord from this time forth, and forevermore.

Whom have we in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon the earth that we desire beside thee.

Blessed be the Lord God, who only doeth wondrous things.

And blessed be his glorious name for ever : and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and amen.

SELECTION XXI.

THE GOSPEL PROPHESED.

Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me, saith the Lord of hosts : and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple.

But who may abide the day of his coming ? and who shall stand when he appeareth ?

He is like a refiner's fire : he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain :

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together : For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry ?

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field :

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the wind of the Lord bloweth upon it : surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.

And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation ; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.

Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice ; with the voice together shall they sing : for they shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations : and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

SELECTION XXII.

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, where is he that is born king of the Jews ? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

And lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child, and Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him :

And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them : and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not ; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you : ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

And behold there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simcon ; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel : and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

And he came by the Spirit into the temple : and when the parents brought in the child to do for him after the custom of the law ;

Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word :

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation ; which thou hast prepared before the face of all people ;

A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

SELECTION XXIII.

THE GOSPEL DISPENSATION.

It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills :

And all nations shall flow unto it.

And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob ;

And he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths :

For out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people ; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks :

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

The work of righteousness shall be peace ; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever.

And the Lord shall be exalted in that day.

And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined.

And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations.

He will swallow up death in victory ; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.

And the rebuke of his people shall he take away from all the earth : for the Lord hath spoken it.

SELECTION XXIV.

THE GOSPEL DISPENSATION.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.

The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon :

These shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees : say ye to the faint-hearted, Be strong, and fear not.

Behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense : he will save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped : then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing.

For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.

In the habitation of dragons shall spring forth the grass, with reeds and rushes.

And a highway shall be there ; and it shall be called the way of holiness.

The unclean shall not pass over it, but the Lord himself shall be with them, walking in the way, and the foolish shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast; but the redeemed shall walk there:

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads:

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes:

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain:

For the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.

SELECTION XXV.

THE RESURRECTION.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept:

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits, afterward, they that are Christ's at his coming.

Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father: when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power.

For he must reign till he hath put all things under his feet.

The last enemy, death, shall be destroyed.

For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him.

And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.

We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man.

For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead;

And that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again.

SELECTION XXVI.

THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

Jesus showed himself alive after his sufferings, by many infallible proofs, being seen of his disciples forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

And at the end of forty days, being assembled together with them at a mountain of Galilee, he said, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation;

To wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.

Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.

Therefore, seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not.

But have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully;

But by manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost:

In whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.

For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance;

For therefore we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God who is the Saviour of all men, specially of them that believe.

These things command and teach.

SELECTION XXVII.

BEATITUDES.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, O Lord, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is pardoned.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, in whose spirit there is no guile.

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud nor the deceitful.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.

Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, that thou mayest teach him out of thy law, and give him patience in the day of adversity.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Blessed are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers : for they shall be called the children of God.

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write : Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

SELECTION XXVIII.

THE EXCELLENCY OF WISDOM.

Doth not wisdom cry ? and understanding put forth her voice ?

She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths.

She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors.

Unto you, O men, I call ; and my voice is unto the sons of man.

O, ye simple, understand wisdom : and ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart.

Hear ; for I will speak of excellent things ; and the opening of my lips shall be right things.

For my mouth shall speak truth ; and wickedness is an abomination to my lips.

All the words of my mouth are in righteousness ; there is nothing froward or perverse in them.

They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge.

Receive my instruction and not silver ; and knowledge rather than choice gold.

For wisdom is better than rubies ; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.

I, Wisdom, dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil : pride and arrogance, and the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate.

Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom : I am understanding ; I have strength.

By me kings reign, and princes decree justice.

By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth.

I love them that love me ; and those that seek me early shall find me.

Riches and honor are with me ; yea, durable riches and righteousness.

My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold ; and my revenue than choice silver

SELECTION XXIX.

THE EXCELLENCY OF WISDOM.

I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment.

That I may cause them that love me to inherit substance ; and I will fill their treasures.

The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old.

I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was.

When there were no depths, I was brought forth ; when there were no fountains abounding with water.

Before the mountains were settled, before the hills, was I brought forth :

While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world.

When he prepared the heavens, I was there ; when he set a compass upon the face of the depth :

When he established the clouds above : when he strengthened the fountains of the deep :

When he gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment : when he appointed the foundations of the earth :

Then I was by him, as one brought up with him : and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him ;

Rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth ; and my delights were with the sons of men.

Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O ye children : for blessed are they that keep my ways.

Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.

Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors.

For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord.

But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul : all they that hate me love death.

SELECTION XXX.

PROMISES AND BENEFITS OF WISDOM.

My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee ;

So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding ;

Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding ;

If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures ;

Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

For the Lord giveth wisdom : out of his mouth cometh wisdom and understanding.

He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous : he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies : and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her : and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Wisdom crieth without ; she uttereth her voice in the streets :

She crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates : in the city she uttereth her words, saying,

How long ye simple ones will ye love simplicity ? and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge ?

Turn you at my reproof : behold, I will pour out my spirit upon you, I will make known my words unto you.

Because I have called, and ye refused ; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded ;

But ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof :

I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh ;

When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind ; when distress and anguish cometh upon you.

Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer ; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me :

For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord :

They would none of my counsel : they despised all my reproof.

Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.

But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

SELECTION XXXI.

TEACHINGS OF WISDOM.

Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding.

For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law.

Get wisdom, get understanding : forget it not ; neither decline from the words of my mouth.

Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee : love her, and she shall keep thee.

Wisdom is the principal thing ; therefore get wisdom : and with all thy getting, get understanding.

Exalt her, and she shall promote thee : she shall bring thee to honor when thou dost embrace her.

She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace : a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

Take fast hold of instruction ; let her not go : keep her, for she is thy life.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.

Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away.

For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.

For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence.

But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

My son, attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings.

Let them not depart from thine eyes; keep them in the midst of thine heart.

For they are life unto them that find them, and health to all their flesh.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee.

Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eye-lids look straight before thee.

Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.

Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy feet from evil.

SELECTION XXXII.

MAXIMS OF WISDOM.

A false balance is abomination unto the Lord: but a just weight is his delight.

When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the lowly is wisdom.

The integrity of the upright shall guide them: but the perverseness of transgressors shall destroy them.

Riches profit not in the day of wrath; but righteousness delivereth from death.

The righteousness of the perfect shall direct his way: but the wicked shall fall by his own wickedness.

An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbor: but through knowledge shall the just be delivered.

When it goeth well with the righteous, the city rejoiceth: and when the wicked perish there is shouting.

By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted, but it is overthrown by the mouth of the wicked.

Where no counsel is, the people fall: but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.

The merciful man doeth good to his own soul: but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh.

The wicked worketh a deceitful work; but to him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward.

As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own death.

Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished: but the seed of the righteous shall be delivered.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.

The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

He that diligently seeketh good procureth favor : but he that seeketh mischief, it shall come to him.

He that trusteth in his riches shall fall : but the righteous shall flourish as a branch.

The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life ; and he that winneth souls is wise.

Behold, the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth : much more the wicked and the sinner.

SELECTION XXXIII.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world : but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office ; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith ; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering :

Or he that teacheth, on teaching ; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation : he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity ; he that ruleth, with diligence ; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil ; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another ;

Not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ; serving the Lord ; rejoicing in hope ; patient in tribulation ; continuing instant in prayer ; distributing to the necessity of saints ; given to hospitality.

Bless them which persecute you : bless and curse not.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one towards another.

Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath : for it is written, Vengeance is mine ; I will repay, saith the Lord.

Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink : for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

SELECTION XXXIV.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge ; and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth : but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophecy in part,

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even also as I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three : but the greatest of these is charity.

SELECTION XXXV.

PRECEPTS AND EXHORTATIONS.

Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.

Follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not ; and it shall be given him.

But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth, is like a wave of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

For if any be a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass : for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.

But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.

If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

What doth it profit, though a man may say he hath faith, and have not works? Can faith save him?

If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say to them, Depart in peace, be you warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?

Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone.

Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.

For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.

SELECTION XXXVI.

THE CHRISTIAN CALLING.

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us;

Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord:

Looking diligently, lest any man fail of the grace of God:

For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest,

And the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words, which voice they that heard, entreated that the word should not be spoken unto them any more:

But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels,

To the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect,

And to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel.

See that ye refuse not him that speaketh; for if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven;

Whose voice then shook the earth: but now he hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven.

And this word, Yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.

Wherefore, we receiving a kingdom that cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear.

For our God is a consuming fire.

SELECTION XXXVII.

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND LOVE.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous :
And he is the propitiation for our sins ; and not for ours only, but also for the sins
of the whole world.

And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments.

He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the
truth is not in him.

He that saith, he abideth in him, ought himself also to walk even as he walked.

He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now.

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is no occasion of stumbling.
in him :

But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth
not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the
world, the love of the Father is not in him.

The world passeth away, and the lust thereof : but he that doeth the will of God
abideth forever.

Little children, let no man deceive you ; he that doeth righteousness is righteous even
as he is righteous :

He that committeth sin is of the devil ; for the devil sinneth from the beginning.

For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of
the devil.

Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin ; for his seed remaineth in him ; and
he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil : whosoever
doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.

For this is the message from the beginning, that we should love one another.

Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore
slew he him ? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous.

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.
He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer : and ye know that no murderer hath eternal
life abiding in him.

SELECTION XXXVIII.

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND LOVE.

Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.

And hereby we know that we are of the truth and shall assure our hearts before him.

For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.

Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.

And whatsoever we ask we receive of him, because we keep his commandments and
do those things that are pleasing in his sight.

And this is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment.

And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him : and hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the spirit which he hath given us.

Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God ; because many false prophets are gone out into the world.

Hereby know ye the spirit of God : Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God :

And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God : and this is that spirit of anti-Christ, whereof ye have heard that it should come, and even now already is it in the world.

We are of God : he that knoweth God, heareth us ; he that is not of God, heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error.

Beloved, let us love one another : for love is of God ; and every one that loveth, is born of God and knoweth God.

He that loveth not, knoweth not God ; for God is love.

In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.

SELECTION XXXIX.

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND LOVE.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.

Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.

And we have seen and do testify, that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.

And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.

Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment ; because as he is, so are we in this world.

There is no fear in love : but perfect love casteth out fear : because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.

We love him because he first loved us.

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar ; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen ?

And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God, love his brother also.

By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and keep his commandments.

For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments : and his commandments are not grievous.

For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world ; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

SELECTION XL.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

Verily man walketh in a vain show, and at his best state is altogether vanity.

He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down : he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

As grass springeth up in the morning, so man in the morning flourisheth and groweth up : In the evening, he is cut down, and withereth.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow. It vanisheth soon,—and we pass away.—For what is our life ?

It is even as a vapor, which appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away.

If man die, shall he live again ?

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again into a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Ye believe in God, saith Jesus, the Redeemer, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

I am the resurrection and the life : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live :

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this ?

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort ; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them who are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen :

For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

SELECTION XLI.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come ? Thou foolish man, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die :

And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain ; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain : but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption : it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power : it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

The first man Adam was made a living soul : the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit, that was not first which was spiritual, but that which was natural, and afterwards that which was spiritual,

The first man is of the earth, earthy ; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy ; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

SELECTION XLII.

GENERAL PRAISE.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens : praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels : praise ye him all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon : praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord : for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also established them forever and ever : he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent : his glory is above the earth and heaven.

Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of worshippers.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him ; let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people : he will beautify the meek with salvation.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary : praise him in the firmament of his power.

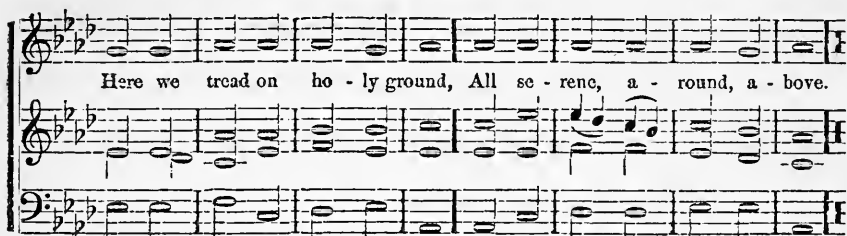
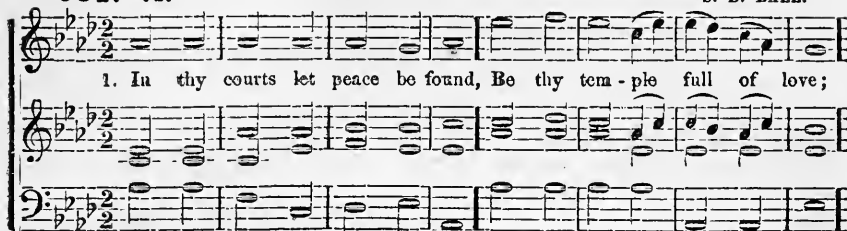
Praise him for his mighty acts : praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

GOSPEL PSALMIST.

JOY. 7s.

S. B. BALL.



1. 7s.

BOWRING.

The Temple.

- 2 While the knee in prayer is bent,
While with praise the heart o'erflows,
Tranquilize the turbulent!
Give the weary one repose!
- 3 Be the place for worship meet,
Meet the worship for the place;
Contemplation's blest retreat,
Shrine of guilelessness and grace!
- 4 As an infant knows its home,
Lord! may we thy temples know;
Hither for instruction come,
Hence by thee instructed go.

2. 7s.

J. TAYLOR.

Acceptable Offerings.

- 1 Lord! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow:
- 2 Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.

- 3 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

3. 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

Seeking God.

- 1 Thirsting for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.
- 2 Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
When we feel that thou art near:
Father! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.
- 3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.
- 4 Make us beautiful within
By thy spirit's holy light:
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might!

PRAISE. 7s.

S. B. B.



4. 7s.

SALISBURY COLL.

Perfect Praise in Heaven.

- 2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.
- 4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

5. 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Universal Praise.

- 1 Heralds of creation! cry,—
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high!
Heaven and earth! obey the call;
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.
- 2 Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Spirits perfected in love!
Sun and moon! your voices raise;
Sing ye stars! your Maker's praise.

- 3 Earth! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow! his will perform.

- 4 High above all height his throne;
Excellent his name alone;
Him let all his works confess!
Him let all his children bless!

6. 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Seeking God.

- 1 Light of life, seraphic fire;
Love divine, thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart:
- 2 Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.
- 3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
- 4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less:
Be thou all our heart's desire,
Be our heaven—in holiness!

BALTIMORE. 7s. Double, or 6 lines.

From BAKER'S CHURCH MUSIC.
By permission.

Moderato.

FINE.

1. Lord, in heaven, Thy dwelling place, Hear the praises of our race, }
And, while hearing, let Thy grace Dews of sweet for - give - ness pour; }
Are a fee - ble of - fer - ing, Till thy bless - ing makes it more.

While we know, be - nignant King, That the prais - es which we bring

7. 7s.

BOWRING.

Lowly Praise.

- 2 More of truth, and more of might,
More of love, and more of light,
More of reason, and of right,
From thy pardoning grace be given!
This can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

8. 7s.

MILTON.

Praise to the God of Nature.

- 1 Let us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind—
For his mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:
He by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse, and all its state.
- 2 All things living he doth feed:
His full hand supplies their need.
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
And his mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

[5*]

9. 7s.

NEWTON.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glories meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.
- 4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints.
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in thee above.

NASHVILLE. 7s.

(10.)

S. B. HALL.

Andante e Legato.

1. Lord, be - fore thy pres - ence come, Bow we down with ho - ly fear;
 2. Wandering thoughts and languid powers Come not where de - vo - tion kneels!
 3. At the por - tals of thine house We re - sign our earth-born cares!
 Call our err - ing foot - steps home, Let us feel that thou art near.
 Let the soul ex - pand her stores, Glowing with the joy she feels.
 Nobler thoughts our souls en - gross, Songs of praise and fer - vent prayers.

11. 7s.

BOWRING.

All from God.

- 1 Father! thy paternal care
 Has my guardian been, my guide!
 Every hallowed wish and prayer
 Has thy hand of love supplied;
 Thine is every thought of bliss,
 Left by hours and days gone by;
 Every hope thy offspring is,
 Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray;
 Every moon that shines serene;
 Every morn that welcomes day;
 Every evening's twilight scene;
 Every hour which wisdom brings;
 Every increase at thy shrine;
 These,—and all life's holiest things,
 And its fairest,—God, are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
 Daily to thy gracious throne:
 Thither let my asking eyes
 Turn unwearied, righteous One!
 Through life's strange vicissitude
 There reposing all my care,
 Trusting still through ill and good,
 Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

12. 7s.

SUND. SCHOOL H. B.

Sunday Evening.

- 1 Sacred day, forever blest!
 Day of all our days the best!
 Welcome hours of praise and prayer
 Free from toil, fatigue, and care!

- 2 Happy, truly happy, Lord,
 Those who hear and read thy word!
 Happy those who dwell with thee!
 Who thy grace and glory see.
- 3 We once more have heard thy voice,
 Lord, in thee our souls rejoice;
 Borne by faith to worlds on high,
 Called to reign above the sky.
- 4 Though this day of rest we close,
 Still in thee our hearts repose;
 Guide and guard us all our days:
 O may all our lives be praise!

13. 7s.

F. H. HEDGECOCK.

The Same.

- 1 Sovereign and transforming Grace!
 We invoke thy quickening power;
 Reign the spirit of this place,
 Bless the purpose of this hour.
- 2 Holy and creative Light!
 We invoke thy kindling ray;
 Dawn upon our spirits' night,
 Turn our darkness into day.
- 3 To the anxious soul impart
 Hope all other hopes above,
 Stir the dull and hardened heart
 With a longing and a love.
- 4 Work in all, in all renew,
 Day by day, the life divine;
 All our wills to thee subdue,
 All our hearts to thee incline.

CLEVELAND. 8s & 7s. (14.)

L. B. BARNES.
BAKER'S CHURCH MUSIC. By permission.

Andantino.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down !

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving spir - it In - to eve - ry troubled breast ;

Fix in us thy humble dwell - ing, All thy faithful mercies crown.

Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find thy promised rest.

Father ! Thou art all com - pass - ion, Pure, unbound - ed love thou art ;

Come, al-migh - ty to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re-ceive ;

Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter eve - ry long - ing heart.

Gracious - ly come down, and nev - er, Nev - er more thy temples leave !

SMYRNA. 8 & 7s, or 8, 7 & 4s. (15.)

MOZART.

Sostenuto.

1. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee Wretched wand'rer, far a-stray;

2. Lord, this bosom's ar-dent feeling Vain-ly would my lips ex-press:

Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death a-way:

Low be-fore thy footstool kneeling, Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:

Praise, with love's de-voutest feel-ing, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,

Let thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure, Love's pure flame with-in me raise;

And the light of hope re-vealing, Bade the glorious cross ap-pear.

And since words can nev-er measure, Let my love show forth thy praise.

16. 8 & 7s.

J. TAYLOR.

Call to Zion.

- 1 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous Source of every joy,
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose word can all destroy!
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.
- 2 Here indulge each grateful feeling;
Lowly bend with contrite souls;

Here, his milder grace revealing,

Here no peal of thunder rolls:

Lo, the sacred page before us

Bears the promise of his love,

Full of mercy to restore us,

Mercy beaming from above.

- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within!
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

17. 8, 7 & 4s.

Sabbath Morning Hymn.

KELLY.

- 1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling!
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.
- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before,—
Full enjoyment,—
Holy bliss for evermore.

18. 8 & 7s.

HYMNS FOR SANCTUARY.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 Welcome, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the Sabbath morn, returning,
Says a week has passed away.
Let me think how time is passing;
Soon the longest life departs;
Nothing human is abiding
Save the love of humble hearts.
- 2 Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.
Swift my life's vain dreams are passing;
Like the startled dove they fly,
Or the clouds, each other chasing
Over yonder quiet sky.
- 3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee;
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart;
Then, when years have gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me;
There my treasure will be laid.

19. 8, 7 & 4s.

ANONYMOUS.

Thanksgiving for Divine Mercy.

- 1 Sovereign Lord of light and glory,
Author of our mortal frame,
Joyfully we bow before thee,

And extol thy holy name:

Hallelujah!

Ever sacred be the theme!

- 2 Kind Dispenser of each blessing
Which surrounds the human race,
May we, gratefully possessing,
Still adore thy boundless grace:
Hallelujah!
Praise to God, immortal praise!
- 3 Thus, with humble adoration,
We attend before thy throne,
And with grateful exultation,
Thine abundant mercy own.
Hallelujah!
Praise belongs to thee alone.

20. 8 & 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

"The Lord is in his Holy Temple."

- 1 God is in his holy temple:
Thoughts of earth, be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow.
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.
- 2 God is in his holy temple;—
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined:
Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be!
And our souls, in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee!

21. 8 & 7s.

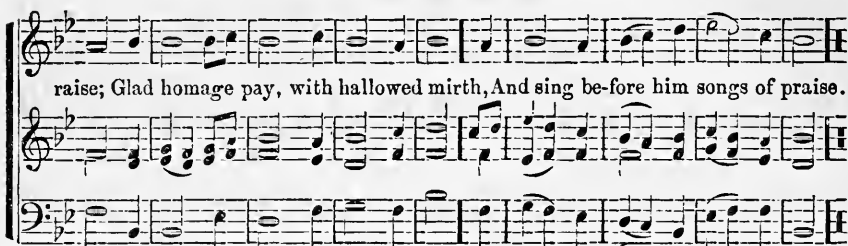
BOWRING.

God is Love.

- 1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

WM. KNAPP.



22. L. M.

TATE & BRADY.

All Nations exhorted to Adoration and Praise.

2 Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,—
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.

3 O, enter, then, his temple gate;
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless;

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

23. L. M.

H. WARE.

Coming together in the Name of Jesus.

1 Great God! the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

2 O, grant thy blessing here to-day,
O, give thy people joy and peace;
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor, that shall never cease.

3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

4 May faith, and hope, and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, from day to day, be found
Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

24. L. M.

TATE & BRADY

Praise and Gratitude.

1 O, Praise the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.

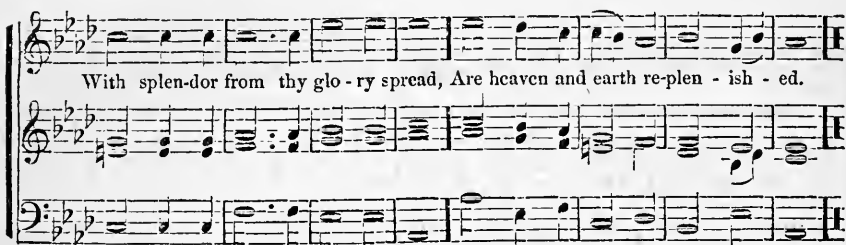
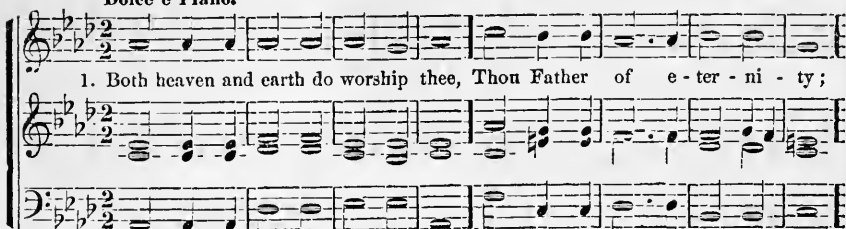
2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let all, who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he doth to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

ALLACIA. L. M.

By permission.

Dolce e Piano.



25. L. M.

ST. AMBROSE.

Worship in Heaven and Earth.

- 2 To thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens, and all the powers on high,
The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship praise thee.
- 3 The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast;
The holy church, in every place
Throughout the earth exalts thy praise.
- 4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee :
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

26. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day ;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 Oh bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away ;
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought through all the day.

- 3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

27. L. M.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

Devout Worship of God.

- 1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;
Thy saints adore thy holy name ;
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
And, humbly, thy protection claim.
- 2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust ;
The breath of life thy Spirit gave ;
Where, but in thee, can mortals trust ?
Who, but our God, has power to save ?
- 3 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see ;
O bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie,—the love of thee.
- 4 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

28. L. M.

J. WESLEY.

"The healthful spirit of God's grace."

- 1 Spirit of grace, and health, and power ;
Fountain of light and love below ;
Abroad thy healing influence shower ;
On all thy servants let it flow.
- 2 Inflame our hearts with perfect love ;
In us the work of faith fulfil :
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth to do thy will.
- 3 Father ! 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy childrens' wants a fresh supply ;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.
- 4 On thee we cast our care ; we live
Thro' thee, who know'st our every need :
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our soul this day the living bread.

29. L. M.

WATTS.

Joy of Public Worship.

- 1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs :
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun—he makes our day ;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin ;
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

30. L. M.

WATTS.

Public Worship.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

31. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Public Worship.

- 1 God in his temple let us meet ;
Low on our knees before him bend ;
Here hath he fixed his mercy-seat ;
Here on his Sabbaths we attend.
- 2 Arise into thy resting place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord !
Shine through the vail, we seek thy face ;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.
- 3 With righteousness thy saints array ;
Joyful thy chosen people be ;
Let those who teach and those who pray—
Let all be holiness to thee.

32. L. M.

GASKELL.

Seeking Strength.

- 1 O God ! who knowest how frail we are,
How soon the thought of good departs ;
We pray that thou wouldst feed the faint
Of holy yearning in our hearts.
- 2 Let not the choking cares of earth
The precious springs of life o'ergrow ;
But, ever guarded by thy love,
Still purer may their waters flow.
- 3 To thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
Be every day our spirits given ;
And may we, while we walk on earth,
Walk more as citizens of heaven.

33. L. M.

CONDOR.

The Lord is King.

- 1 The Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring ;
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 2 The Lord is King ! O child of dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just :
Holy and true are all his ways ;
Let every creature speak his praise. [known ;
- 3 Come, make your wants, your burdens
The contrite soul he'll ne'er disown ;
And angel bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.
- 4 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake ;
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

STERLING. L. M.

By permission.

1. O thou, to whom in an-cient time, The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings a-dored in songs sub-lime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

34. L. M.

PIERPONT.

Universal Worship.

- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To heaven and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lip, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

35. L. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

Truth and Love.

- 1 O God, whose presence glows in all,
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.
- 2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received—
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.
- 3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.
- 4 Send down its angel to our aid—
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

36. L. M.

BREVIAIR.

Divine Aid Implored.

- 1 Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.
- 2 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.
- 3 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

37. L. M.

GEO. ROGERS.

The Sabbath Rest.

- 1 There is a Sabbath rest, O Lord,
From doubts and sinful bondage free;
Thy presence doth this rest afford
To all who truly worship thee.
- 2 We may our worldly toils suspend,
With songs of praise thy temples fill,
Or lowly at thine altars bend,
Yet to this rest be strangers still.
- 3 But those who humbly seek thy love,
Who meekly bow to thy control—
'Tis theirs, O Lord, this rest to prove—
This blissful Sabbath of the soul.
- 4 Help us, O God, our sins to flee,
To choose the paths that Jesus trod,
To rest from all but love of thee;
Be ours this Sabbath rest, O God!

38. L. M.

KELLEY.

Seeking God.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord !
Dear Saviour ! on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee ;
Ah ! Lord ! behold us at thy feet ;
Let this the " gate of heaven " be.
- 3 " Chief of ten thousand ! " now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face ;
O, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

39. L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 2 Jehovah—'tis a glorious word !
O, may it dwell on every tongue !
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 3 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord ;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord !

40. L. M.

WATTS.

Love of the Sanctuary.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 Blessed are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- 3 Blessed are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength ; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

41. L. M.

T. H. GILL.

Sabbath Aspirations.

- 1 How, Lord, shall vows of ours be sweet ?
O, how should souls immortal meet ?
How lose themselves in heaven awhile ?
How win thine own eternal smile ?
- 2 Come beautiful, as soul should be !
Come beautiful for God to see !
Come holy-fair, come heavenly-bright,
And give the All-seeing Eye delight !

- 3 Ye loving, of large souls and free,
Whose hours run on forgivingly,
You chief the God of Love will hear,—
Your own, the incessant Pardoners !

42. L. M.

SALISBURY COLL.

House of God.

- 1 Lo, God is here ! Let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power ;
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! Him, day and night
United choirs of angels sing :
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may thy praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face—
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

43. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ and the Sabbath.

- 1 Lord of the Sabbath and its light,
I hail thy hallowed day of rest ;
It is my weary soul's delight,
The solace of my care-worn breast.
- 2 Its dewy morn, its glowing noon,
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly ; but they pass too soon,
And leave me saddened at their flight.
- 3 Yet sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed tho' the calm they yield,
Transporting though their rapturous song,
And heavenly visions seem revealed ;—
- 4 My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untuned remains,
Unless, my Saviour, thou art near,
To heal my wounds and soothe my pains.
- 5 Oh ! Jesus, let me ever hail
Thy presence with the day of rest ;
Then will thy servant never fail
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

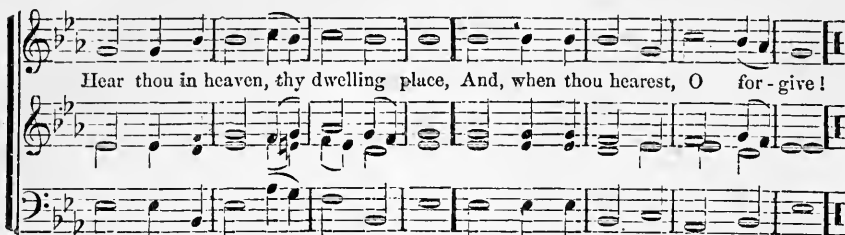
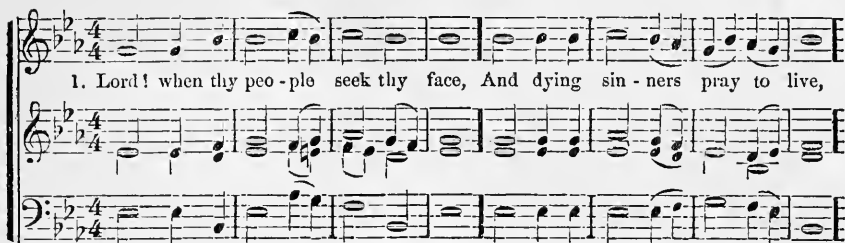
44. L. M.

NEW YORK COLL.

Sabbath Day.

- 1 We bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this day of holy rest,
We would improve the calm repose ;
And, in thy service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.
- 3 Lord ! may thy truth, upon the heart,
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

HAMBURG. L. M.



45. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Invoking a Blessing.

2 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

3 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

4 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

46. L. M.

C. SWAIN.

The Sabbath.

1 To him, who for six days a week
Can rarely call an hour his own,
How sweet to watch the Sabbath break,
And bless the light that heaven has thrown.
Oh, welcome more than tongue can name!
The dearest morn that greets our soil
Is that the Sabbath bells proclaim,—
Which shuts the busy world of toil.

2 From morn to eve, from morn to eve—

Still wakening but for work alone;
Oh Heaven! it is a blest reprieve
To have one day to call our own;—
One day to breathe a wider span,
Unfettered by the bonds of trade,
To leave the plodding world of man,
And view the world which God has made.

47. L. M.

C. ROBBINS

"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

1 While thus thy throne of grace we seek,
O God, within our spirits speak!
For we will hear thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our hardened hearts away.

2 Speak in thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move;
We long to hear no meaner call,
But feel that thou art all in all.

3 To conscience speak thy quickening word
Till all its sense of sin is stirred.
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of thy smile.

4 Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till every fear and doubt depart:
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with thy Spirit's whispers blest.

WALLINGFORD. L. M. 6 Lines.

B. F. BAKER.

Andante.

1. Lift up your heads, ye migh-ty gates, Be-hold the King of glo-ry waits, }
The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sa-viour of the world is here; }

Life and sal - va - tion he doth bring, Wherefore re - joice, and glad - ly sing!

48. L. M.

WEISZEL.

Rejoice in the Lord.

- 2 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

49. L. M.

ANONIMOUS.

The Peace of God.

- 1 O Father! lift our souls above,
Till we find rest in thy dear love;
And still that peace divine impart
Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
And makes each morn and setting sun
But bring us nearer to thy throne.
- 2 May we our daily duties meet,
Tread sin each day beneath our feet,
And win that strength which doth thy will,
And seeth thee, and so is still;
And, fixed on thy sustaining arm,
Find daily food, and know no harm.

- 3 Help us with man in peace to live,
Our brother's wrong in love forgive,
And day and night the tempter flee
Thro' strength which comes alone from thee!
Thus will our spirits find their rest,
In thy deep peace forever blest.

50. L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

A Prayer for Lord's Day.

- 1 Great God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our soul's collected powers.
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours;
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.
- 2 Hence, ye vain care and trifles, fly!
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.
- 3 The word of life dispensed to-day
Invites us to a heavenly feast.
May every ear the call obey;
Be every heart a humble guest;
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed.

CROMBIE. C. M.

Andante.

S. B. BALL.

1. O Fa-ther! though the anx-i-ous fear May cloud to-mor-row's way,

No fear nor doubt shall en-ter here,— All shall be thine to-day.

51. C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.
- 3 Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

52. C. M.

NOEL'S COLL.

Christian Worship.

- 1 Here cares and angry passions cease,
For saints together meet
To spend an hour of prayer and peace
At their Redeemer's feet.
- 2 No sculptured wonders meet the sight,
Nor pictured saints appear,
Nor storied window's gorgeous light,
For God himself is here.

[6*]

- 3 Glory to God! who deigns to bless
This consecrated day,
Unfolds his wondrous promises,
And makes it sweet to pray.
- 4 Glory to God! who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers every heart-felt prayer,
And hears our hymn of praise.

53. C. M.

SACRED POETRY.

Prayer for Sincerity.

- 1 Lord, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,
That grants it, or denies.

54. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Spirit's Presence desired.

- 1 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
Now make this place thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power ;
O come, great Spirit come.
- 2 Come as the light ; to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as a dove, and spread thy wings,—
The wings of peaceful love,—
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

55. C. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

Universal Praise.

- 1 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains ;
Let earth his praise resound ;
Let all the cheerful nations join
To spread his glory round.
- 2 Thou city of the Lord, begin
The universal song ;
And let the scattered villages
The cheerful notes prolong ;—
- 3 Till 'midst the strains of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise ;
And all, combined, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.

56. C. M.

WATTS.

A faithful God.

- 1 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing—
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad ;
Sing of the glory and the grace
Of our Redeemer, God.
- 3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men ;"
His hand inscribed the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Recorded by eternal love,
Each promise clearly shines ;
Nor can the powers of hell remove
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His word of grace is sure and strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

57. C. M.

EDMESTON.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs for God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week !
- 2 How sweet will be the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Shall shed new rays of light.
- 3 Blest day ! thine hours too soon will cease,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul ;
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more ?

58. C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Spirit of Holiness.

- 1 Spirit of holiness, descend ;
Thy people wait for thee ;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend :
Let us thy mercy see.
- 2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes ;
Let us no more lie desolate ;
O, bid thy light arise.
- 3 Thy light that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee ;
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone thy people be.
- 4 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer :
Come,—for we wait thy power divine,—
Let us thy mercy share.

59. C. M.

A. C. THOMAS.

Blessing of Worshippers.

- 1 O blest are they who feel the love
A Saviour's grace bestows !
The fountain springs in worlds above,
And freely here it flows.
- 2 O blest are they who now believe
The promise of his word !
Their hearts in joyous faith receive
The blessing of the Lord.
- 3 O blest are they who worship here,
Who sing, and praise, and pray !
To them who thus their Lord revere,
Appears a heavenly day.
- 4 But O how blest, divinely blest,
Are they in courts above,
Who now enjoy his heavenly rest,
The rest of endless love.

60. C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom!

O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb.

- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

MORNINGTON.

1. Sweet is the task, O Lord, Thy glo - rious acts to sing,

To praise thy name and hear thy word, And grate - ful offer - ings bring.

61. S. M.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Delights of the Sabbath.

- 2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
For such will be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

- 2 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 3 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.
- 4 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call,—
- 5 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

62. S. M.

Z. TAYLOR.

Invitation to the House of God.

- 1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted come;

Sing Cambridge or Christmas to 60th hymn.

63. S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise for Mercies.

- 1 O, bless the Lord, my soul ;
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all his benefits ;
The Lord to thee is kind.
- 2 He will not always chide ;
He will with patience wait ;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.
- 3 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 4 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
- 5 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days ;
O, bless the Lord, my soul !

64. S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Sabbath Invocation.

- 1 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.
- 2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at thy mercy-seat.
- 3 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found ;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound.
- 4 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease ;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace.

65. S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

United Praise.

- 1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

66. S. M.

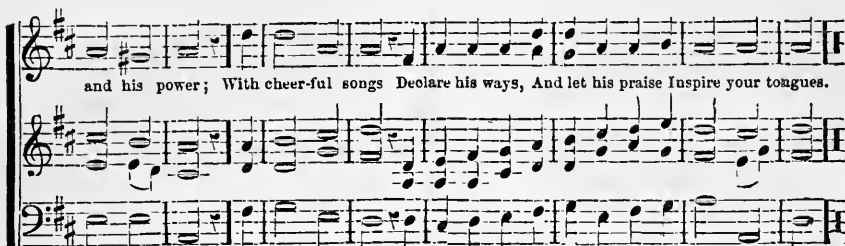
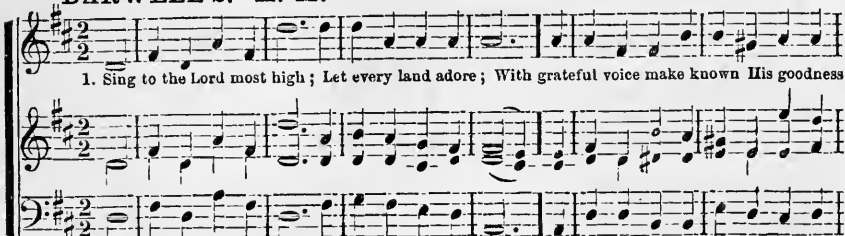
FRANCK.

Waiting in the Temple.

- 1 Within thy temple walls
We wait with earnest mind,
As Simeon waited long of old
The world's true Light to find.
- 2 Thou yet dost suffer us
Who oft are gathered here,
To bear thee in the arms of faith,
As once that aged seer.
- 3 O let us, Lord, prevail
With Simeon at the last ;
May we take up his dying song
When life is waning fast !
- 4 "Let me depart in peace
Since that thy servant's eyes
Have seen the Saviour here on earth,—
Have seen his glory rise !"

DARWELL'S. H. M.

REV. DR. DARWELL.



67. H. M.

DWIGHT.

God's Goodness and Truth.

- 2 Enter his courts with joy;
 With fear address the Lord;
 He formed us with his hand,
 And quickened by his word;
 With wide command, O'er every sea
 He spreads his sway | And every land.
- 3 His hands provide our food,
 And every blessing give;
 We feed upon his care,
 And in his pastures live:
 With cheerful songs | And let his praise
 Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

68. H. M.

G. ROBINSON.

One Praise from all true hearts.

- 1 One sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above—
 Zion, one faith is thine,
 Only one watchword—love.
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.
- 2 Our sacrifice is one;
 One Priest before the throne—
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone!
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
 Our chief, our choicest offering.
- 3 Head of thy church beneath!
 The catholic, the true,

On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew!
 Then shall thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.

69. H. M.

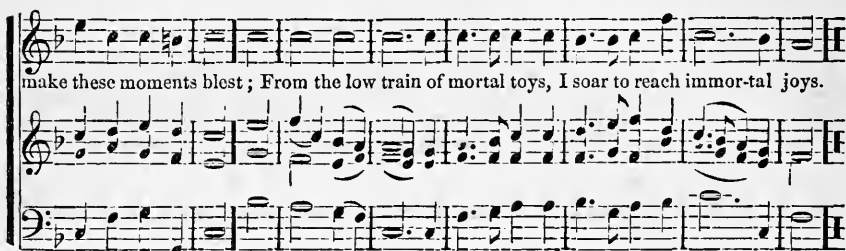
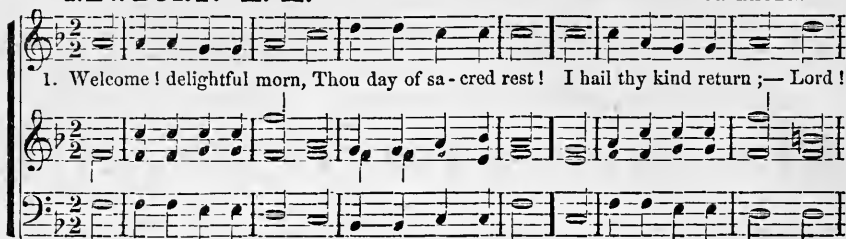
WATTS

The Divine Majesty.

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns;
 His throne is built on high;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty:
 His glories shine
 With beams so bright,
 No mortal eye
 Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe
 His truth and justice stand
 To guard his holy law:
 And where his love
 Resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms
 And seals the grace.
- 3 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend?
 And will he write his name
 "My Father and my Friend?"
 I love his name,
 I love his word:
 Join, all my powers,
 And praise the Lord!

NEWBURY. H. M.

M. HAYDN.



70. H. M.

HAYWARD.

Sabbath Morning.

- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

71. H. M.

SANDYS.

General Praise.

- 1 All, from the sun's uprise
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Creator's praise.
Him serve alone; in triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing before his throne!
- 2 Man drew from man his birth;
But God his noble frame
Built of the ruddy earth,
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are, by him are led,
Preserved and fed with tender care.

- 3 Then to his portals press
In your divine resorts;
With thanks his power profess,
And praise him in his courts.
How good! how pure! his mercies last;
His promise past is ever sure.

72. H. M.

COTTERILL.

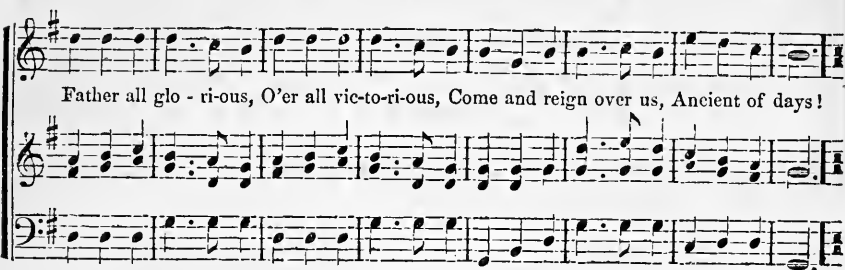
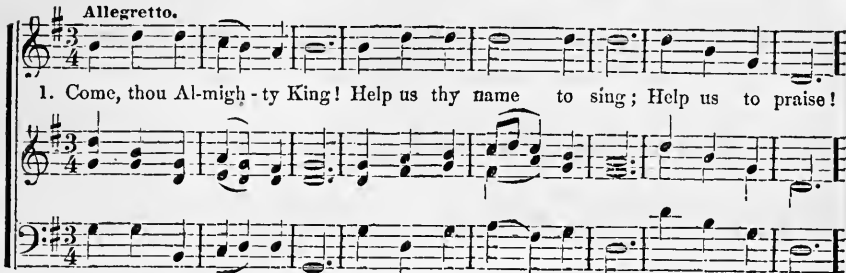
The Resurrection Celebrated.

- 1 Awake, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come, bless the day | The type of heaven's
That God hath blest, | Eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads | And reaps the fruit
Our cause above, | Of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, | Through endless years
That once was slain, | To live and reign.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

F. GIARDINI.

Allegretto.



73. 6 & 4s.

DOBELL'S COLL.

Solemn Invocation.

- 2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord!
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend!
- 3 Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

Whose cloud of glory bright,
With beams of heavenly light,
Dispels the gloom of night:
O sing his praise.

- 2 The God of truth and grace
Unveils his radiant face,
And breaks the power
Of superstition's chain;
His grace shall ever reign,
And righteousness maintain,
While we adore.

74. 6s & 4s.

H. BALLOU.

Power of Divine Light.

- 1 May all our powers of mind,
To God, our Father kind,
An anthem raise;

- 3 As morning's opening ray
Drives darkness far away,
Behold, his love
Our night of sin illumines,
Our hatred all consumes,
Each heart with grace perfumes,
In courts above.

GARDINER. 8s.

THOMAS CLARK.

Grazioso.

1. O come, let us sing to the Lord, In God, our sal - va - tion re - joice ;

2. Je - ho - vah is God, and he reigns, The God of all gods, on his throne ;

In psalms of thanksgiving re - cord His praise, with one spir - it and voice !

The strength of the hills he maintains ; The ends of the earth are his own.

75. 8s.

ANONYMOUS.

O come, let us sing.

- 3 O come, let us worship and kneel
Before our Creator, our God—
The people who serve him with zeal,
The sheep who his pastures have trod !
- 4 To him, let us hearken to-day,—
The voice that yet speaks from above,—
And all his commandments obey,
For he that ordained them is love.

76. 8s.

HART.

Our God forever and ever.

- 1 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And knows neither measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

CHANT.

S. B.

1. Father, to us, thy children,
humbly kneeling, Conscious
of weakness, ignorance, sin and shame. Give such a force of holy
tho't and feeling That
we may live to glor - fy thy name. A - men.

77. 11 & 10s.

J. F. CLARKE.

Divine mercy implored.

- 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish | thought and | will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning | on thee | still.
- 3 Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our | souls be | sealed ;
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean,
O, speak the word ! Thy servants | shall be | healed.

RAPTURE. C. P. M.

HARWOOD.

Allegretto.

1. I sing of God, the mighty source Of all things, the stupendous force

2. The world, the clust'ring spheres, he made, The glorious light, the soothing shade,

On which all things depend; From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,

Dale, plain, and grove, and hill; The multitudinous abyss,

All period, power, and enterprise Commence, and reign, and end.

Where nature joys in secret bliss, And wisdom hides her skill.

78. C. P. M.

The greatness of God.

SMART.

- 3 Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART!

My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

- 2 With joy shall I behold the day,
That calls my thirsting soul away
To dwell among the blest!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest!

79. C. P. M.

Sabbath Praise.

MERRICK.

- 1 The joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore;

- 3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

Allegretto.

1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the people cry, 'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We'll haste to Zion's Hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

80. S. P. M.

Delight in the House of God.

WATTS.

- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round :
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest :
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !

His head with awful glories crowned,
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word ;
Thy throne was fixed on high,
Ere stars adorned the sky ;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

81. S. P. M.

The Majesty of God.

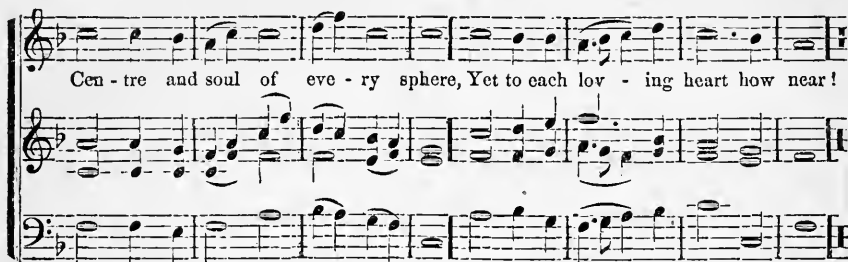
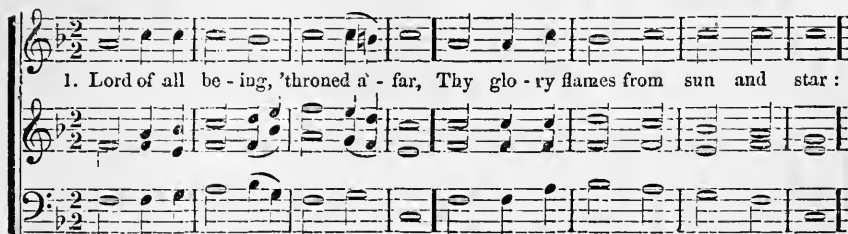
WATTS.

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,

3 Thy promises are true ;
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove ;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



82. L. M.

O. W. HOLMES.

Sabbath Hymn to the Deity.

- 2 Sun of our life, thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

83. L. M.

KIPPIS.

God Incomprehensible.

- 1 Great God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

- 3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know:
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

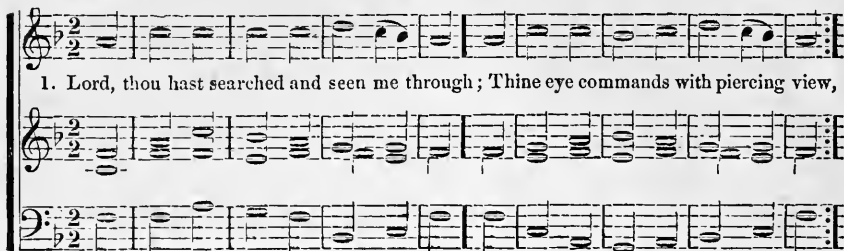
84. L. M.

ANONIMOUS.

God Eternal and Unchangeable.

- 1 All-powerful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fountain of being! Source of good,
Immutable thou dost remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 3 Yon shining orbs may leave their course,
The sun his destined path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the worlds his devious track:
- 4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same;
I AM is thy memorial still.

ARCADIA. L. M., or 6 lines by repeating.



1. Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through; Thine eye commands with piercing view,



My ris - ing and my rest - ing hours, My heart and flesh with all their powers.

85. L. M.

Omniscience of God.

WATTS.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

86. L. M.

Praise to the God of all.

STERLING.

- 1 O source divine, and life of all,
The fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not love supreme in thee.
- 2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know thee truly but in this—
That thou bestowest all our good.

- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

- 4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

- 5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law;

87. L. M.

ROSCOE.

Praise and Obedience.

- 1 Let one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows,
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.
- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combined,
Thy just commands, O God! fulfil.

88. L. M. 6 lines.

Perfection of God.

W. RAY.

- 1 Thou art, almighty Lord of all,
From everlasting still the same ;
Before thee dazzling seraphs fall,
And veil their faces in a flame,
To see such bright perfections glow—
Such floods of glory from thee flow.
- 2 What mortal hand shall dare to paint
A semblance of thy glory, Lord ?
The brightest rainbow-tints are faint ;
The brightest stars of heaven afford
But dim effusions of those rays
Of light that round Jehovah blaze.
- 3 The sun himself is but a gleam,
A transient meteor, from thy throne ;
And every frail and fickle beam
That ever in creation shone,
Is nothing, Lord, compared to thee
In thy own vast immensity.
- 4 But though thy brightness may create
All worship from the hosts above,
What most thy name must elevate
Is, that thou art a God of love ;
And mercy is the central sun
Of all thy glories joined in one.

89. L. M.

Majesty of God.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Come, O my soul ! in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise ;
But oh ! what tongue can speak his fame ?
What mortal verse can reach the theme ?
- 2 Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
His works, thro' all his wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds repeat the song.

90. L. M.

The Light from Above.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Eternal God, thou light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
O, let thy glories on me shine,
In earth, beneath, from heaven above.

[7*]

- 2 Thou art the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me the easy yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.
- 3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace ;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still ;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy holy will.

91. L. M.

The Source of Life.

LANGE.

- 1 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord !
Essential life's unbounded sea !
What lives and moves, lives by thy word ;
It lives, and moves, and is, from thee !
- 2 Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns, or meets, the wandering thought,
Escapes, or strikes, the searching eye,
By thee was to existence brought.
- 3 And to thy love and ceaseless care,
Father ! this light, this breath, we owe ;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of Life ! doth flow.

92. C. M.

Truth and Goodness of God.

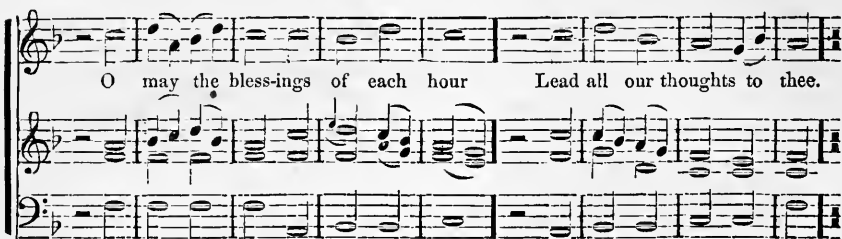
MONTGOMERY

- 1 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 2 Who trusted in thy words of old,
Were never put to shame ;
And as thy purposes unfold,
Thy truth is still the same.
- 3 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forevermore.
- 5 Throughout the universe it reigns ;
It stands forever sure ;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

EUSTIS. C. M.

MORNINGTON.

Adagio Sostenuto.



93. C. M.

THOMSON.

All-embracing Providence of God.

- 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed,
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend!

94. C. M.

STERNHOLD.

Majesty of God.

- 1 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain,
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
Forevermore shall reign.

95. C. M.

VAUGHN.

Universal Praise.

- 1 O, all ye nations, praise the Lord,
His glorious acts proclaim;
The fullness of his grace record,
And magnify his name.
- 2 His love is great—his mercy sure,
And faithful is his word;
His truth forever shall endure;
Forever praise the Lord!

96. C. M.

PATRICK.

Te Deum.

- 1 O God! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey!
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

97. C. M.

G. BURDER.

God is Love.

- 1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord !
And raise your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that—God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb appears,
To show that—God is love.
- 3 Behold his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.
- 4 The work begun is carried on,
By power from heaven above ;
And every step, from first to last,
Proclaims that—God is love.
- 5 Oh ! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that—God is love.

98. C. M.

ANCIENT CATH. HYMN.

God's All-Embracing Love.

- 1 Thou Grace divine, encircling all !
A soundless, shoreless sea ;
Wherein at last, our souls shall fall ;
O Love of God, most free.
- 2 When over dizzy steep we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes ;
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise !
- 3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong !
- 4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !
- 5 But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within.
- 6 And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free,
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O Love of God, to thee !

99. C. M.

G. BURGESS.

God our Protector and Guide.

- 1 When forth from Egypt's trembling strand,
The tribes of Israel sped,
And Jacob in the stranger's land,
Departing banners spread :
- 2 Then One, amid their thick array,
His kingly dwelling made,
And all along the desert way,
Their guiding sceptre swayed.
- 3 The sea beheld, and struck with dread,
Rolled all its billows back ;
And Jordan, through his deepest bed,
Revealed their destined track.
- 4 What ailed thee, O thou mighty sea,
And rolled thy waves in dread ?
What bade thy tide, O Jordan flee,
And bare its deepest bed ?
- 5 O earth, before the Lord, the God
Of Jacob, tremble still ;
Who makes the waste a watered sod,
The flint a gushing rill.

100. C. M.

BRYANT.

Divine aid implored.

- 1 O God ! whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook,
On those who seek thy presence now,
In deep compassion look.
- 2 For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.
- 3 Yet pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live ;
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.
- 4 Lord ! aid us with thy heavenly grace,
Our truest bliss to find ;
Nor sternly judge our erring race,
So feeble, and so blind.

101. C. M.

MOSES BALLOU.

Divine Love.

- 1 Come, listen to the voice of God,
In ocean, earth and air ;
The hill and vale, the field and flood,
Divinest love declare.
- 2 It shines in every solar beam,
And falls in every shower ;
Unfolds in every crystal stream,
And every budding flower.
- 3 But in the gospel of his grace,
It takes a deeper tone :
Restoring sinners of our race,
It calls them all its own.

GENEVA. - C. M.

JOHN COLE.

Moderato.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur-veys,
When all thy, &c.

Transport- Transported with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.

102. C. M.

ADDISON.

Divine Mercies through Life.

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed;
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

103. C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

God over All.

- 1 The Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.
- 3 He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.
- 4 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.
- 5 He bids his gales the fields deform,
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

EXALTATION. S. M.

(By permission.) GREATOR EX.

Allegretto.

1. Ex - alt the Lord our God, And wor - ship at his feet ;

His na - ture is all ho - li - ness, And mer - cy is his seat.

104. S. M.

A Holy God.

- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
And oft he made his vengeance known
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same ;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

- 2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live ;
My God ! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.
- 3 O what can I impart,
When all is thine before ?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,
The gift, alas, how poor !
- 4 Shall I withhold thy due ?
And shall my passions rove ?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

105. S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

God our Benefactor.

- 1 My Maker, and my King !
To thee my all I owe ;

- 5 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

AMITY. H. M.

Expressive.

By permission.

1. To your Cre - a - tor, God, Your great pre - serv - er, raise, }
Ye crea - tures of his hand! Your high - est notes of praise: }

Let eve - ry voice Proclaim his power, His name adore, And loud re - joice.

106. H. M.

Rejoicing in God.

ANONYMOUS.

- 2 Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist the exalted theme :
Let nature raise,
From every tongue,
A general song
Of grateful praise.
- 3 But oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow :
Your voices raise,
Above the rest;
Ye highly blest !
Declare his praise.

107. H. M.

Faithfulness of God.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 The promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke :
They stand secure | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;

But still the same, | The promise shines
In radiant lines | Thro' all the flame.

108. H. M.

J. YOUNG.

God's Wondrous Love.

- 1 O, for a shout of joy
Loud as the theme we sing !
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring ;
Sound, sound through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love of God.
- 2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there ;
But strive in vain with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.

109. H. M.

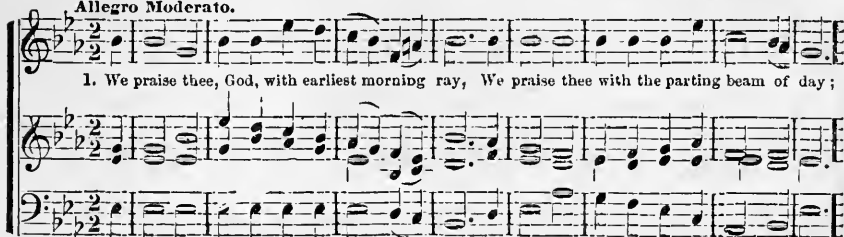
TATE & BRADY.

Sing Praise to God.

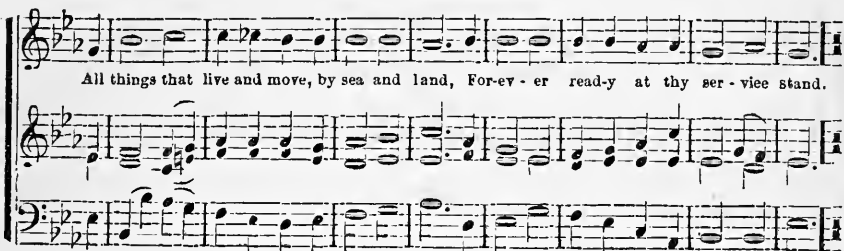
- 1 Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
Ye cherubim | To sing his praise.
- 2 United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends, | His glorious sway
His power obey : | The sky transcends.

SABBATH. 10s.

L. MARSHALL.

Allegro Moderato.

1. We praise thee, God, with earliest morning ray, We praise thee with the parting beam of day ;



All things that live and move, by sea and land, For-ev-er read-y at thy ser-vice stand.

110. 10s.*Praise to the God of all.*

J. FRANCE.

- 2 Exhaustless treasure ! being limitless !
What gaze has ever pierced thy deep abyss ?
Deep fount of life ! light inaccessible !
How great thy power, O God, what tongue can tell ?
- 3 Thy name is great, thy kingdom in us dwell,
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well ;
Spare us, redeem us in the evil hour,
For thine the glory, thine the rule, the power.

111. 10s.*God not afar off.*

JONES VERY.

- 1 Father ! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed ;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
- 2 In finding thee are all things round us found !
In losing thee are all things lost beside !
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
- 3 Open our eyes that we that world may see !
Open our ears that we that voice may hear !
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near ;
- 4 No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change ;
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
Through all thy vast, eternal scenes to range.

FOUNTAIN. C. H. M.

Arr. from R. BRODERIP. By permission of L. MARSHALL.

Allegro Moderato.

1. Since o'er thy foot-stool here be - low Such ra-diant gems are strown,

O what mag-nif-i-cence must glow, Great God, a-bout thy throne!

Soli. So bril-liant here these drops of light— *Tutti.* There the full o-cean rolls, how bright!

112. C. H. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Surpassing Glory of God.

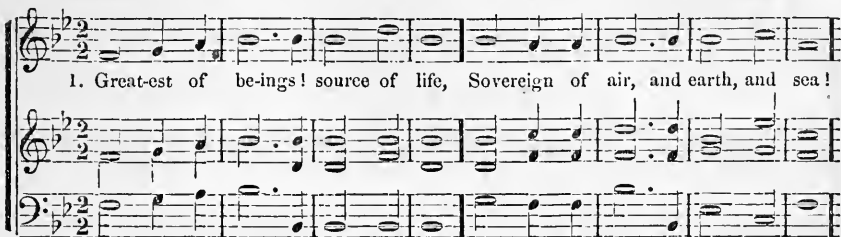
- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky—
 With thousand stars inwrought,
 Hung like a royal canopy
 With glittering diamonds fraught—
 Be, Lord, thy temple's outer vail,
 What splendor at the shrine must dwell!
- 3 The dazzling sun at noonday hour—
 Forth from his flaming vase

Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
 Till vale and mountain blaze—
 But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine;
 What, then, the day where thou dost shine!

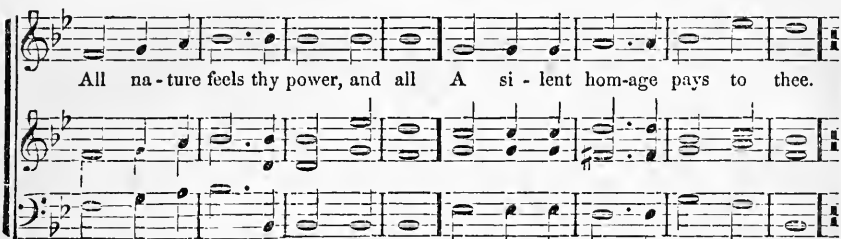
- 4 O, how shall these dim eyes endure
 That noon of living rays!
 Or how our spirits, so impure,
 Upon thy glory gaze!
 Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
 And fit us for that world of light.

MEHUL. L. M.

MEHUL.



1. Great-est of be-ings! source of life, Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!



All na-ture feels thy power, and all A si-lent hom-age pays to thee.

113. L. M.

Hymn to the Deity.

ANONYMOUS.

- 2 Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs;
While raptured worlds look up and praise.
- 3 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And every flower, and every tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.
- 4 But man was formed to rise to heaven;
And blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.
- 5 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

114. L. M.

Nature and the Gospel.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 "Let there be light!"—When from on high,
O God, that first commandment came,
Forth leaped the sun; and earth and sky
Lay in his light and felt his flame.
- 2 "Let there be light!"—The light of grace
And truth, a darkling world to bless,
Came with thy word, when on our race
Broke forth the sun of righteousness.

[8]

- 3 Light of our souls! how strong it grows:
That sun, how wide his beams he flings,
As up the glorious sky he goes
With light and healing in his wings!

- 4 Give us that light! O God, 'tis given!
Hope sees it open heaven's wide halls
To those who for the truth have striven;
And faith walks firmly where it falls.

115. L. M.

The Voice of Creation.

MRS. OPIE.

- 1 There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power;
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of Spring
To thee a general anthem raise.
- 2 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim,
Nor let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name?
All nature's debt is small to mine,
For nature soon shall cease to be;
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

GERMANY. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

Sostenuto.

1. Thon, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height, And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,

O, grant that we may own thy hand No less in eve-ry grain of sand!

116. L. M.

J. STERLING.

God's Works.

- 2 With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of thee.
- 3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow
Till life from thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O fount of being! save by thee;
- 4 That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

117. L. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Divine Goodness seen in Nature.

- 1 God, thou art good! each perfumed flower,
The waving field, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour,—
All things proclaim that God is good.
- 2 I hear it in each breath of wind:
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds with gold and silver lined,
All still repeat that God is good.

- 3 The countless hosts of twinkling stars,
That sing his praise with light renewed;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.
- 4 The moon that walks in brightness says
That God is good! and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Doth still repeat that God is good.

118. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Great Temple.

- 1 Though wandering in a stranger land,
Though on the waste no altar stand,
Take comfort! thou art not alone,
While faith has marked thee for her own.
- 2 Wouldst thou a temple? look above,—
The heavens stretch over all in love;
A book? for thine evangel scan
The wondrous history of man.
- 3 And though no organ-peal be heard,
In harmony the winds are stirred;
And there the morning stars upraise
Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

119. L. M.

TATE & BRADY.

God's Dominion in Nature.

- 1 With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How sure established is thy throne
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

120. L. M.

BOWRING.

Evening Worship with Nature.

- 1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light?
How all thy boundless love declare?
Though earth is veiled in shades of night,
The heaven is open to our prayer.
- 2 That heaven, so bright with stars and suns,
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.
- 3 O, how shall thought expression find,
All lost in thine immensity!
How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
Amid thy dread infinity!
- 4 But thou art present with us here;
This is a part of thy domain;
To all our hearts thou'rt ever near;
None ever seek thy face in vain.
- 5 Help us to praise thee, Lord of light,
Help us thy boundless love declare,
And while we look to thee to-night,
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

121. L. M.

ADDISON.

All thy Works Praise Thee.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

122. L. M.

T. MOORE.

Nature a Temple.

- 1 The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.
My choir shall be the moon-lit waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music, breathes of thee.
- 2 I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.
Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I can read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.
- 3 There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity.
There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

STONEFIELD. L. M. or 6 lines.

S. STANLEY.

Moderato.

1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see; }
Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but reflections caught from thee; }

Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

123. L. M. 6l.

T. MOORE.

God's Presence in Nature.

- 2 When day, with farewell beams, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered dyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

124. L. M. 6l.

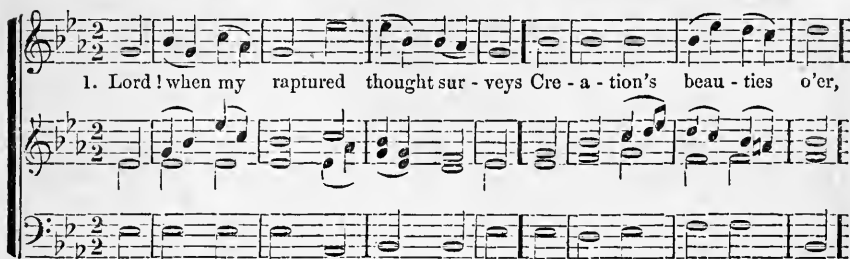
MONTGOMERY.

The pre-eminent Glory of God.

- 1 Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare;
The firmament displays thy skill:
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm, thy word fulfil:
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.
- 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song,
When, one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along;
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.
- 3 Waked from thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power;
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depths of nature's heart.
- 4 While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense:
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.



125. C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Creation and Providence.

- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
- 3 On me thy providence hath shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
Oh! let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.
- 4 All bounteous Lord! thy grace impart;
Oh! teach me to improve
Thy gifts, with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

126. C. M.

C. D. STUART.

The Beautiful.

- 1 The world has much of beautiful,
If man would only see;
A glory in the beaming stars,
The lowest budding tree;
- 2 A splendor from the farthest east
Unto the farthest west;
Aye! everything is beautiful,
And we are greatly blest!

- 2 The world is good and beautiful,
We all may know it well,
For there are many thousand tongues
That every day can tell
What love has cheered them on their way,
Each earthly ill above;
It only needs a goodly heart
To know that all is love!

127. C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

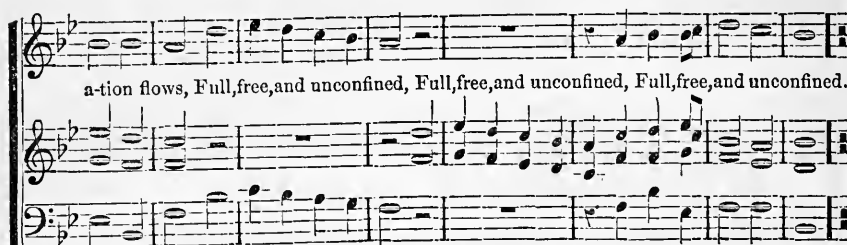
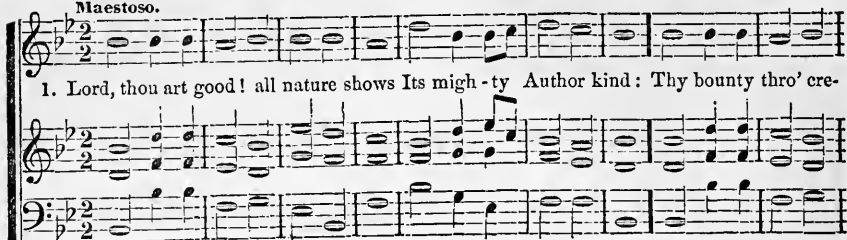
The Earth Full of God.

- 1 God in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace
To every eye appears.
- 2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand
A highway for our God;
He walks amidst the desert land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.
- 3 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.
- 4 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.

Maestoso.



128. C. M.

BROWN.

Universal Goodness of God.

- 2 It fills the wide-extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide:
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 3 Thro' the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part:
O may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart!
- 4 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move!
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love!

129. C. M.

KEBLE.

The Book of Nature.

- 1 There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and willing hearts.
- 2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Father's love;
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.
- 4 Thou who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give to us hearts to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

130. C. M.

LUTHERAN COLL.

Goodness of God in his Works.

- 1 Hail, great Creator—wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 3 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 4 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy work's instructive page!

KELLER. C. M. 6 lines.

B. F. BAKER.

Allegretto.

1. Be-yond, be - yond the boundless sea, A - bove that dome of sky,

Far - ther than thought it - self can flee, Thy dwell-ing is on high;

Yet dear the aw - ful thought to me, That thou, my God, art nigh.

131. C. M. 6 l.

God's Presence Invoked.

CONDOR.

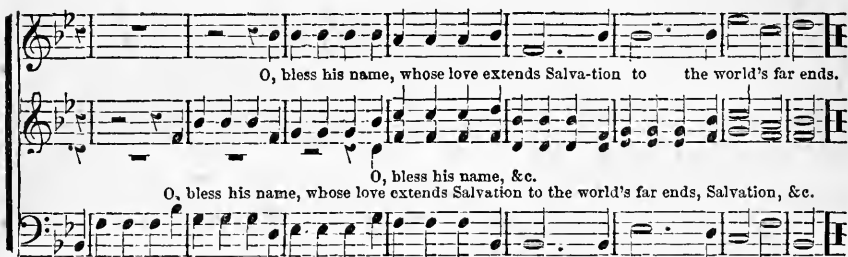
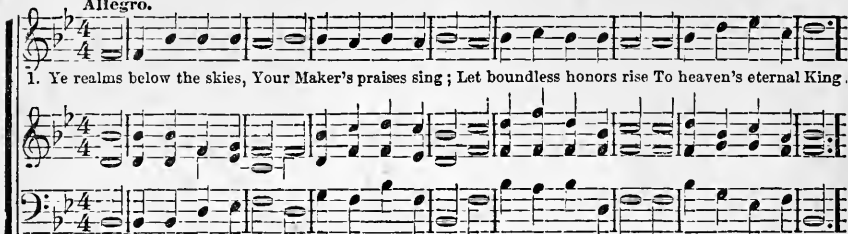
2 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find him, O my soul,
Who thy art is everywhere?

3 O, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest.
O, come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creature blest.

LENOX. H. M.

Allegro.

EDSON.



O, bless his name, whose love extends Salvation to the world's far ends, Salvation to the world's far ends.

132. H. M.

DR. H. BALLOU, 2d.

Universal Praise.

- 2 'Tis he the mountains crowns
 With forests waving wide;
 'Tis he old ocean bounds,
 And heaves her roaring tide;
 He swells the tempests on the main,
 Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain.
- 3 Still let the waters roar,
 As round the earth they roll;
 His praise forevermore
 They sound from pole to pole.
 'Tis nature's wild, unconscious song,
 O'er thousand waves, that floats along.
- 4 His praise, ye worlds on high,
 Display, with all your spheres,
 Amid the darksome sky,
 When silent night appears.
 O, let his works declare his name
 Through all the universal frame!

Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright!
 In worlds of light,
 Begin the song.

- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays!
 And moon that rules the night!
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light.
 His power declare,
 Ye floods on high!
 And clouds that fly
 In empty air!
- 3 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move,
 By his supreme command:
 He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came
 To praise the Lord.

- 4 Let all the nations fear
 The God who rules above;
 He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love:
 While earth and sky
 Attempt his praise,
 His saints shall raise
 His honors high.

133. H. M.

WATTS.

Praise from all Creatures.

- 1 Ye tribes of Adam join
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise:

NUREMBERG. 7s.

GERMAN.

Choral.

1. In each breeze that wan-ders free, And each flower that gems the sod,
Liv-ing souls may hear and see Fresh-ly ut-tered words from God.

134. 7s.

R. B. WATERSTON.

God in Nature.

- 2 God is present, and doth shine
Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling with a light divine,
Every form that meets the eye.
- 3 Let us then with searching mind,
Seek a good where'er it springs,
We shall then true wisdom find,
Hidden in familiar things.

- 3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering—God is love

135. 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

God is Love.

- 1 Earth with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance;
All around, and all above,
Hath this record—God is love.
- 2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirr'd;
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love.

- 1 Praise the high the holy One!
God o'er all, the first, the last:
For he spake, and it was done;
He commanded, it stood fast.
- 2 At his word, from darkness light,
Harmony from discord broke;
Weakness started into might,
Beauty out of dust awoke.
- 2 Hallelujah, praise the One
God o'er all, the first, the last:
For he spake, and it was done;
He commanded, it stood fast.

136. 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

God the Creator.

GODDARD. 7s.

Maestoso.

From a Chant by DR. CHILDE.

1. Source of be - ing, source of light, With un - fad - ing beau - ties bright,
Thee, when soft de - clin - ing day Sinks in pur - ple waves a - way;

Thee, when morn - ing greets the skies, Blush - ing sweet, with lu - mid eyes;
Thee, O Pa - rent, will I sing, To thy feet my trib - ute bring!

137. 7s.

WESLEY.

God the Source of all.

2 Source of light, Thon bid'st the sun
On his burning axles run;
Stars like dust around him fly,
Strew the area of the sky;
Fills the queen of solemn night,
From his vase, her orb of light;
Lunar lustre, thus we see,
Solar virtue shines by thee.

3 Father, King, whose heavenly face,
Shines serene upon our race;
Mindful of thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare;
We thy majesty adore,
We thy well known aid implore;
Not in vain thy aid we call,
Nothing want, for thou art all!

138. 7s.

J. TAYLOR.

The Divine Glories Celebrated.

1 Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

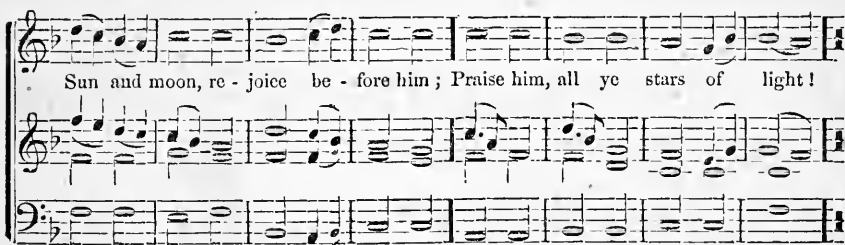
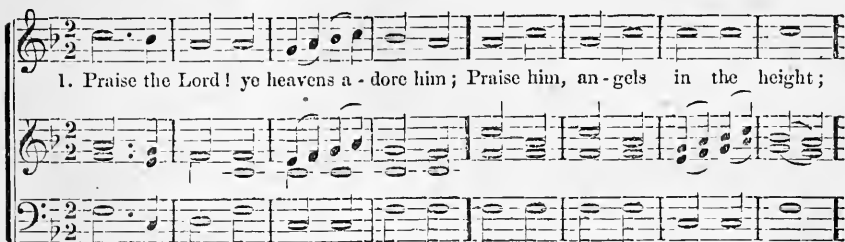
2 Favored mortals! raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

3 Mark the wonders of his hand!
Power no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angel's glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.

4 Glorious Being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s.

SCHELZ.



139. 8 & 7s.

LIVERPOOL COLL.

Universal Praise.

2 Praise the Lord—for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord—for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

140. 8 & 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

Evening Incense.

1 On the dewy breath of even,
Thousand odors mingling rise;
Borne like incense up to heaven,—
Nature's evening sacrifice.

2 With her favorite offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgiving be;
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,
Incense of our hearts to thee.

3 Thou, whose favors without number,
All our days with gladness bless;
Let thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

141. 8 & 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

Rural Gathering.

1 Here we meet with joy together,
'Neath the shade of leafy trees;
While the branches make sweet music,
Rustling in the summer breeze.
Filled with love, each heart rejoices,
Breathing forth the secret prayer;
While young children's sweet-toned voices
Float upon the balmy air.

2 Hour of gladness, scene of beauty!
Radiant all around, above;
Speaking to the soul of duty,
Hope and faith, and heavenly love.
Day of happiness and pleasure,
Ne'er wilt thou forgotten be!
But 'mid memory's choicest treasure,
We will guard and cherish thee.

HUNTLEY. C. M.*Slow and Soft.*

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.

1. What glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun ;

It gives a light to eve - ry age ; It gives, but bor - rows none.

142. C. M.*Glory of the Word.*

BARTON.

- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
Its truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

143. C. M.*Revelation Welcomed.*

EVAN. MAG.

- 1 Hail, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beam of light.
- 2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet,
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

- 3 O, send thy light and truth abroad
In all their radiant blaze ;
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

144. C. M.

STEELE.

The Bible suited to our wants.

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Speaks heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here.

145. C. M.

BARTON.

Value of the Scriptures.

- 1 Word of the ever-living God !
Will of his glorious Son !
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?
- 2 Yet, to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal !
- 3 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts !

146. C. M.

WATTS.

Comfort from the Bible.

- 1 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

- 3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

147. C. M.

BARTON.

Sufficiency of the Word.

- 1 Lamp of our feet ! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray ;
Stream from the Fount of heavenly grace !
Brook by the traveller's way !
- 2 Bread of our souls ! whereon we feed ;
True manna from on high !
Our guide, our chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark !
Or radiant cloud by day ! [bark,
When waves would overwhelm our tossing
Our anchor and our stay !
- 4 Childhood's preceptor ! manhood's trust !
Old age's firm ally !
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality !

CHANT.

NOVELLO.



148. C. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

The Value of the Scriptures.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspi- | ration | given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To lead our | souls to | heaven.
- 2 O'er all the straight and narrow way
Its radiant | beams are | cast ;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest | at the | last.

- 3 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark | vale of | tears ;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
And calms our | anxious | fears.
- 4 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall | guide our | way,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of never- | ending | day.

BURCHMORE. L. M.

S. B. BALL.



1. The star-ry fir-ma-ment on high, And all the glo-ries of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord, So bright-ly as thy writ-ten word.

149. L. M.

SIR R. GRANT.

Endurance of the Word.

- 2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise—
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.
- 3 Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorons of the sky—
- 4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

150. L. M.

WATTS.

Nature and Scripture compared.

- 1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But, lo, the volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

- 5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

151. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Glorious Word.

- 1 When Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the desert waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance given.
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
And comforts and instructs us too.

152. L. M.

BOWRING.

The Gospel Record.

- 1 Upon the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with th' expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world—

4 Flow to restore, but no destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

1. Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way;
His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.

153. S. M.

WATTS.

Perfection of God's Word.

- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

154. S. M.

BEDDOME.

Superiority of the Scriptures.

- 1 O Lord, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.
- 2 Celestial light it sheds,
To cheer this vale below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.
- 3 True wisdom it imparts;
Commands our hope and fear;

O, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

155. S. M.

E. TAYLOR.

The Bible.

- 1 It is the one true light,
When other lamps grow dim,
'Twill never burn less purely bright,
Nor lead astray from Him.
It is Love's blessed band,
That reaches from the throne
To Him—whoe'er he be—whose hand
Will seize it for his own!
- 2 It is the golden key
Unto celestial wealth,
Joy to the sons of poverty,
And to the sick man, health!
The gently proffered aid
Of one who knows, and best
Supplies the beings he has made
With what will make them blest.
- 3 It is the sweetest sound
That infancy can hear,
Travelling across the holy ground,
With God and angels near.
There rests the weary head,
There age and sorrow go;
And how it smoothes the dying bed,
O, let the Christian show!

CUMBERLAND S. M.

ENGLISH.



1. With hum - ble heart and tongue, My God! to thee I pray:
Oh! bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the liv - ing way.

156. S. M.

FAWCETT.

The Bible, the Guide of the Young.

- 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 Oh! let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ:
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 5 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined;
Come, Saviour! dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

157. L. P. M.

WATTS.

Delight and Instruction from the Bible.

- 1 I love the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;

But 'tis thy blessed Gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward,
Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sin restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

158. L. M. 6 lines.

ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Spirit of God's Word.

- 1 Inspirer of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page!
The same through all succeeding years!
To us, in our degenerate age,
The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe its life into our heart.
- 2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let thy truth from thee proceed,
Our souls to waken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.
- 3 Supplied from out thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeemed by thee
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love.

CUSHING. 8s & 7s.

N. DEARING.
By permission.

Lento.

1. Darkness o'er the world was brooding, Sad-der than E-gyptian gloom;
Souls by myriads lay in slumber Deep as of the seal-ed tomb.

159. 8 & 7s.

GASKELL.

The Day-spring from on High.

- 2 Earth had lost the links which bound it
To the throne of light above;
Yet an eye was watching o'er it,
And that eye was full of love.
- 3 Like a glorious beam of morning,
Straight a ray pierced through the cloud,
Spirits mightily awakening
From their dark and heavy shroud.
- 4 Still that ray shines on and brightens,
Chasing mist and gloom away;
Happy they on whom it gathers
With its full and perfect day!

160. 8 & 7s.

HART.

Blessings of Christ.

- 1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free,
From our fears and sin release us;
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all our souls thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child—and yet a king;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CHANT. "Hear! Father."

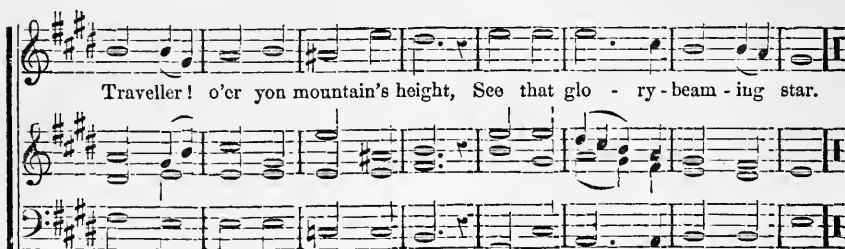
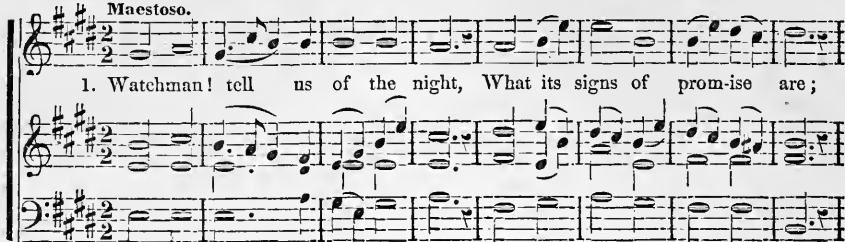
S. B. BALL.

- 1 Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Thou who art Pity where | sorrow pre- | vaileth,
Thou who art Safety when mortal help faileth, Strength to the feeble, and | Hope to despair.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!
- 2 Hear! Father, hear our prayer! long hath thy goodness our | footsteps at - | tended;
Be with the Pilgrim whose journey is ended; when at thy summons for | death we pre- | pare.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer. Amen.

BATH. 7s.

B. F. BAKER.

Maestoso.



161. 7s.

BOWRING.

Advent.

- 2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray,
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
- 4 Watchman! will its beams alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
- 6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

162. 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 Hark! the herald-angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
Man to God is reconciled."

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Mild, he lays his glories by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

- 4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace.
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

163. C. M.

PATRICK

The Nativity.

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind."

- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease !"

164. C. M.

E. H. SEARS.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 Calm on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 The answering hills of Palestine,
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 3 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 4 "Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King !"
- 5 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born !
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

165. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Advent of Christ.

- 1 Hark, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T'enrich the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Sing Christmas or Antioch to the Hymns above.

166. C. M.

CROSWELL.

The same.

- 1 Now gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim ;
The chief of all the sons of men,
Shall we not welcome him ?
Fill all his courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall,
Wave garlands o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival !
- 2 And still more freshly in the mind,
Store up the hopes sublime,
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time ;
And, underneath these hallowed eaves,
A Saviour will be born,
In every heart that him receives,
On his triumphal morn.

167. C. M.

WATTS.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

- 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

168. C. M.

W. B. ALGER.

A Christmas Hymn.

- 1 Jesus has lived ! and we would bring
The world's glad thanks to-day ;
And at his feet, while anthems ring,
The grateful offering lay.
- 2 Jesus has lived ! and his pure life,
So perfect and sublime,
Shall conquer man's dark sin and strife,
Through every rank and clime.
- 3 Jesus has died ! and o'er the stars
Gone home to God on high ;
He burst the grave's cold prison-bars,
And said, "Man cannot die."
- 4 Jesus yet lives ! and oh ! may we,
While in this valley dim,
So feel our immortality,
That we may be like him.

HAYDN. S. M. Double.

Arranged from HAYDN.

1. Hark! hark! with harps of gold, What anthems do they sing? The radiant clouds have

backward rolled, And an-gels smite the string. "Glo-ry to God!" bright wings Spread

glistening and a - far, And on the hallowed rapture rings From circling star to star.

169. S. M.

E. H. CHAPIN.

Hymn for Christmas.

- 2 "Glory to God!" repeat
 The glad earth and the sea;
 And every wind and billow fleet,
 Bears on the jubilee.
 Where Hebrew bard hath sung,
 Or Hebrew seer hath trod,
 Each holy spot has found a tongue:
 "Let glory be to God."
- 3 Soft swells the music now
 Along that shining choir,
 And every seraph bends his brow,
 And breathes above his lyre.

What words of heavenly birth
 Thrill deep our hearts again,
 And fall like dew-drops to the earth?
 "Peace and good will to men!"

- 4 Soft!—yet the soul is bound
 With rapture, like a chain:
 Earth, vocal, whispers them around,
 And heaven repeats the strain.
 Sound harps, and hail the morn
 With every golden string;—
 For unto us this day is born
 A Saviour and a King!

SABBATH EVENING. S. M.

(By permission.)

1. Thou fair-est child di-vine, In yon-der man-ger laid,

In whom is God himself well pleased, By whom were all things made, By whom, &c.

170. S. M.

TERSTEEGEN.

God's Love in Christ.

- 2 Thou precious gift of God,
The pledge and bond of love,
With thankful heart I kneel to take
This treasure from above.
- 3 O come, thou blessed child,
Thou Saviour of my soul,
Forever bound to thee, my name
Among thy host enrol.
- 4 O deign to take my heart,
And let thy heart be mine;
That all my love flow out to thee,
And lose itself in thine.

171. S. M.

LAURENTI.

The True Light and Life.

- 1 Gift of thy Father's grace,
Welcome indeed thou art,
Blessed Redeemer of our race,
To this my longing heart!
- 2 Let nought be left within
But cometh of thy hand;
Root quickly out the weeds of sin,
My cunning foe withstand.

- 3 Thou art the life, O Lord!

Sole light of life thou art!
Let not thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.

- 4 Star of the East, arise!

Drive all my clouds away,
Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day!

172. C. M.

EXETER COLL.

The Baptism of Jesus.

- 1 See from on high, a light divine
On Jesus' head descend!
And hear the sacred voice from heaven
That bids us all attend.
- 2 "This is my well-beloved Son,"
Proclaimed the voice divine;
"Hear him," his heavenly Father said,
"For all his words are mine."
- 3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom showed to man
In God his Father's name.
- 4 The path of heavenly peace he showed
That leads to bliss on high;
Where all his faithful followers here
Shall live, no more to die.

SOUTHFIELD. C. M.

B. F. BAKER.

Andante Con Moto.

1. Lord, in whose might the Sa-viour trod The dark and storm-y wave;

And trust-ed in his Fa-ther's arm, Om-nip-o-tent to save;

173. C. M.

BULFINCH.

Christ walking on the Sea.

- 2 When darkly round our footsteps rise
The floods and storms of life;
Send thou thy Spirit down to still
The dark and fearful strife.
- 3 Strong in our trust, on thee reposed,
The ocean-path we'll dare;
Though waves around us rage and foam,
Since thou art present there.

174. C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

"Peace! be still!"

- 1 Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.
- 2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But One there was who rose and said,
To the wild sea, "Be still!"
- 3 Thou that didst rule that angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood—
Oh! send thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood!

- 4 Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil—
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say—"Peace, be still!"

175. C. M.

The Pool of Bethesda.

- 1 The aged sufferer waited long,
Upon Bethesda's brink;
Till hopes, once rising warm and strong,
Began in fears to sink;
And heavy were the sighs he drew,
And fervent was his prayer,
For he, with safety full in view,
Still languished helpless there.
- 2 His hope grew dim; but one was nigh
Who saw the sufferer's grief;
That gentle voice, that pitying eye,
Gave promise of relief.
Each pang that human weakness knows,
Obeyed that powerful word;
He spake, and lo! the sick arose,
Rejoicing in his Lord.
- 3 Father of Jesus, when oppressed
With grief and pain we lie,
And, longing for thy heavenly rest,
Despair to look on high;
O, may the Saviour's words of peace
Within the wounded heart,
Bid every doubt and suffering cease,
And strength and joy impart.

ELIOT. C. M. Double. (176.)

Larghetto.

1. The Sav-iour, what a no-ble flame Was kindled in his breast;
2. With all his suffer-ings full in view, And woes to us unknown,

When hastening to Je-ru-sa-lem, He marched be-fore the rest!
Forth to the task his spir-it flew, 'Twas love that urged him on.

Good will to men, and zeal for God, His eve-ry thought en-gross;
And while thy bleed-ing glo-ries here En-gage our wondering eyes,

He longs to be bap-tized with blood, He pants to reach the cross.
We learn our light-er cross to bear, And hast-en to the skies.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. By permission.

1. As oft with worn and wea-ry feet, We tread earth's rugged path-way o'er, }
The thought how comforting and sweet,— Christ trod this ve-ry path be-fore; }

Our wants, our weakness-es he knows, From life's first dawning to its close.

177. L. M.

Christ's Temptation.

ANONYMOUS.

- 2 If we beneath temptation's stress,
Do fight against dark powers within,
So in Judea's wilderness,
Christ wrestled with the thoughts of sin;
When, in a weary, lonely hour,
The tempter came with all his power.
- 3 So, tried as I, this earth he trod,
Knew every human ill but sin,
And though the holiest Son of God,
As I am now so hath he been;
Jesus, my Saviour! look on me,
For help and strength I turn to thee!

178. L. M.

The Holy Guest.

HEBER.

- 1 Messiah, Lord! who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be
At Cana's poor festivity.
- 2 O, when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, would we think on thee;
And, seated at the festal board,
In fancy's eye behold the Lord.

- 3 Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think, "If now his searching view
Each secret of our spirit knew!"
- 4 So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind,
Shall leave a rankling sting behind.

179. L. M.

Christ's Miracles.

BUTCHER.

- 1 On eyes that never saw the day,
Christ pours the bright celestial ray;
And deafened ears by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.
- 2 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 3 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 4 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace?
Canst thou behold thy prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore?

180. L. M.

BOWRING.

Teachings of Jesus.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place.
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus hath prepared the way.

181. L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Miracles a Proof of his Mission.

- 1 Behold the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of his son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears with God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and forever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

182. L. M.

RUSSELL.

Through his Poverty made Rich.

- 1 On the dark wave of Galilee,
The gloom of twilight gathers fast;
And o'er the waters heavily,
Sweeps cold and drear the evening blast.
- 2 Still near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
- 3 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not the pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird his nest,
He hath not where to lay his head.
- 4 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

[10]

183. L. M.

BACHE.

"Behold how he loved him."

- 1 "See how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
When Jesus o'er his Lazarus wept;
My grateful heart the words shall use,
While on his life my eye is kept.
- 2 "See how he loved!" who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who had disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 "See how he loved," who, firm yet mild,
With patience bore the scoffing tongue;
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 "See how he loved," who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death,
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

184. L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

Hosannas to Christ.

- 1 What are those soul-reviving strains,
That echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
Sweetly resound from Zion's hill?
- 2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings;
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.
- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord, their righteousness.
- 4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
Glory and praise on earth be given,—
Hosanna in the highest heaven!

185. L. M.

MILMAN.

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

- 1 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosannas cry!
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see th' approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed son!

DANA. L. M.

Larghetto.

Arranged from DONIZETTI. By permission.

1. Lord! in thy gar - den ag - o - ny, No light seemed on thy soul to break,
No form of se - raph lingered nigh, Nor yet the voice of com-fort spake,—

186. L. M.

His Submission.

MONTGOMERY.

- 2 Till, by thy own triumphant word,
The victory over ill was won;
Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done!"
- 3 Lord, bring these precious moments back,
When, fainting, against sin we strain;
Or in thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present grief and pain.
- 4 In weakness, help us to contend;
In darkness, yield to God our will;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine holy angels still!

- 3 He bears their buffeting and scorn—
Mock-homage of the lip, the knee—
The purple robe, the crown of thorn—
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree
- 4 No guile within his mouth is found;
He neither threatens, nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb, 'mid his murderers he remains.
- 5 But hark! he prays; 'tis for his foes:
He speaks: 'tis comfort to his friends;
Answers: and paradise bestows;
He bows his head: the conflict ends.

188. L. M.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Christ Condemned.

- 1 The morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold his face!
Nor form, nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Brought forth to judgment, now he stands
Arraigned, condemned, at Pilate's bar;
Here, spurned by fierce prætorian bands,
There, mocked by Herod's men of war.
- 1 Behold the man! by all condemn'd;
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemn'd,
A man of sufferings and of woes.
- 2 Behold the man! he stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour:
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.
- 3 Behold the man! though scorn'd below,
He bears the greatest name above:
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

187. L. M.

Christ's Passion.

MONTGOMERY.

189. L. M.

LYRA CATH.

Christ Crucified.

- 1 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah! look, how patiently he hangs—
Jesus, our love, is crucified!
- 2 What was thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love;
Jesus, our love, is crucified!
- 3 Found guilty of excess of love,
It was thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our love, is crucified!
- 4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were;
Jesus, our love, is crucified!
- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears—
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is;
Jesus, our love, is crucified!

190. L. M.

GASKELL.

Christ the Sufferer.

- 1 Dark were the paths our Master trod,
Yet never failed his trust in God;
Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,
Yet he but felt for man the more.

- 2 Unto the cross in faith he went,
His Father's willing instrument;
Upon the cross his prayer arose
In pity for his ruthless foes.
- 3 O, may we all his kindred be,
By holy love and sympathy;
Still loving man through every ill,
And trusting in our Father's will!

191. L. M.

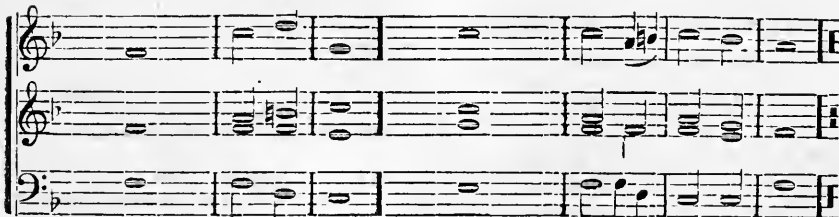
A. C. COLE.

Christ's Self-Sacrifice.

- 1 O, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoff of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?
- 2 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity.
- 3 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.
- 4 O, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

CHANT.

C. H.



192. L. M.

W. J. FOX.

How to Live, and how to Die.

- 1 The sage his cup of hemlock quaffed,
And calmly drained the fatal draught;
Such pledge did Grecian justice give
To one who taught men how to live.
- 2 The Christ, in piety assured,
The anguish of his cross endured;
Such pangs did Jewish bigots try
On him who taught us how to die.
- 3 Mid prison-walls, the sage could trust
That men would grow more wise and just:
From Calvary's mount, the Christ could see
The dawn of immortal life.
- 4 Who know to live, and know to die,
Their souls are safe, their triumph nigh:
Power may oppose, and priestcraft ban;
Justice and faith are God in man.

HANDEL. 7s.

WINTER.

Moderato.

Fine.

1. Ho - ly Son of God most high : Clothed in heaven-ly maj - es - ty,
Man - i - fest - ed forth thy might In the cho-sen pco - ple's sight.

Many a mir - a - cle and sign, In thy Fa-ther's name di - vine,

193. 7s.

BULFINCH.

"The works which I do, bear witness of me."

- 2 But, O Saviour! not alone
Thus thy glory was made known ;
With the mourner thou didst grieve,
Every human want relieve ;
For thy matchless power above
Stands the witness of thy love,
- 3 Thou, who by the open grave,
Ere thy voice was raised to save,
Didst with those fond sisters shed
Tears above the faithful dead ;
E'en thy word of might appears
Less resistless than thy tears.
- 4 Lord ! it is not ours to gaze
On thy works of ancient days ;
But thy love, unchanged and bright,
More than all those works of might,
More than miracle or sign,
Makes us ever, ever thine.

194. 7s.

BULFINCH.

The Crucifixion.

- 1 In the Saviour's hour of death,
Bound upon the cross of fear,
While his quick and struggling breath
Spoke the fatal moment near,
While his proud, triumphant foes
Mocked the sufferings that he bore,
Then his loving spirit rose
More sublime than e'er before.
- 2 He has taught us to forgive,
By his words in days gone by ;
He has taught us how to live ;
Can he teach us how to die ?
Listen ! as the cross they raise,
One brief prayer ascends to heaven ;
For his murderers he prays,—
Father, may they be forgiven !

195.* 8 & 7s.

BICKERSTETH'S COLL.

Suffering of Christ.

- 1 "Stricken, smitten, and afflicted,"
Lo, he dies upon the tree:
'Tis the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, believers,—yes, 'tis he.
- 2 'Tis the long-expected Saviour,
David's son and David's Lord,
Sacrificed to bring us favor;
'Tis a true and faithful word.
- 3 Tell us, ye who heard him groaning,—
Was there ever grief like his?
Friends, through fear, his cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress.
- 4 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,
Sacrifice which cancels guilt,
None shall ever be confounded
Who on thee their hopes have built.

196.† C. M.

WATTS.

Sufferings and Death of Christ.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Jesus die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Redeemer, died
To save a world from sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.
- 5 But floods of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN CHANT, 6, 10 & 4,

B. F. BAKER.

1. Burden of shame and woe! How
does the heart o'erflow At thought } bore! But we have each our own, To
of him the bitter cross who } others are unknown, Which we
must bear till life shall be no } more. A - men.

197. 6 & 10s.

BULFINCH.

Bearing the Cross.

- 1 Burden of shame and woe!
How does the heart o'erflow
At thought of him the bitter cross who | bore!
But we have each our own,
To others are unknown,
Which we must bear till life shall be no | more.
- 2 And shall we fear to tread
The path where Jesus led,
* Sing Willmot, or Worthing.

{10*}

- The pure and holy one, for man who | died?
Or shall we shrink from shame,
Endured for Jesus' name,
Our glorious Lord, once spurned and cruci- | fied?
- 3 Then, 'mid the woes that wait
On this our mortal state,
Patience shall cheer affliction, toil, and | loss,
And though the tempter's art
Assail the struggling heart,
Still, Saviour! in thy name we bear the | cross.

† Sing Huntley, page 96, or Crombie, page 65.

LAUDAMUS. 7s.

By permission.

Spiritoso.

1. Morn-ing breaks up - on the tomb; Je - sus scat - ters all its gloom;

Day of tri-umph! through the skies, See the glo-rious Sa - viour rise.

198. 7s.

COLLYER.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christian, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

199. 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

The same.

- 1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant, holy day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
- 2 Lo! He rises, mighty King!
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave, where is thy victory?
- 3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made:
With your risen Saviour rise:
Claim with him the purchased skies.
- 4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant, holy day;
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

200. 7s.

GIBBONS.

The same.

- 1 Angels, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb—
Rises with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres;
Praise him in your noblest songs;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues

201. 7s.

MADAN.

The same.

- 1 Hail the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the king of glory in.
- 3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

202. 7s.

LOUISA, Electress of }
Brandenburg, 1653. }

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

- 1 Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
Christ, my trust is dead no more ;
In the strength this knowledge gives,
Shall not all my fears be o'er ?
- 2 Close to him my soul is bound
In the bonds of hope enclasped ;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the rock hath firmly grasped.
- 3 Jesus my Redeemer lives,
And his life I once shall see ;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where he is I too shall be.

203. L. M.

The same.

WALLIN.

- 1 When I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie,
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquered death ;
Sweet pledge that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.
- 3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more ;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 4 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet gracious God ! thou wilt not leave
My flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

204.* L. M.

Resurrection of Christ.

BUTCHER.

- 1 Hosanna ! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising king ;
Recount his deeds of might, and tell
How Jesus triumphed when he fell.
- 2 Soon as the morning's early ray
Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

- 3 With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes ;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall forever last.

- 4 Hosanna ! sons of men, record
The glories of your rising Lord ;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died, and conquered when he fell.

205.* L. M.

The same.

C. WEALEY.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors ! give way."
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of glory, who ?"—
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame ;
That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

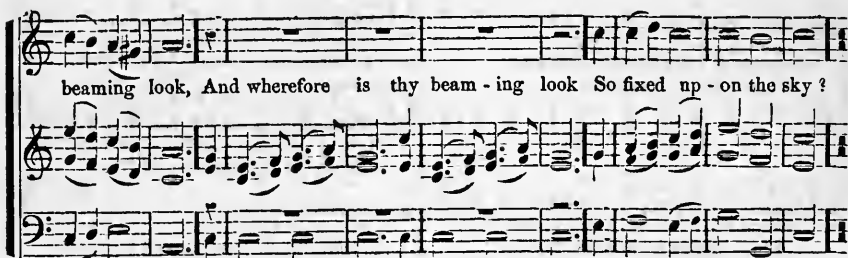
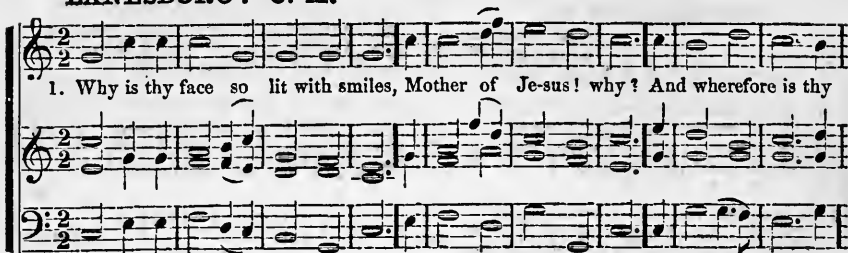
206.* L. M.

Christ's Triumph.

WATTS.

- 1 Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky ;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there ;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.
- 4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

LANESBORO'. C. M.



207. C. M.

Christ's Ascension.

FABER.

- 2 His rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow cast!
The branches of the hoary trees
Droop'd as the shadow pass'd.

- 3 And as he rose with all his train
Of righteous souls around,
His blessing fell into thine heart,
Like dew into the ground.

- 4 Down stoop'd a silver cloud from heaven,
The Eternal spirit's car,
And on the lessening vision went,
Like some receding star.

- 5 The silver cloud hath sail'd away,
The skies are blue and free;
The road that vision took is now
Sunshine and vacancy.

208. C. M.

Christ's Exaltation.

KELLY.

- 1 The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow.

- 2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

- 3 To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

209. C. M.

The same.

MRS. STEELE.

- 1 Now with eternal glory crowned,
Our Lord, the conqueror reigns;
His praise the heavenly choirs resound,
In their immortal strains.

- 2 Amid the splendors of his throne,
Unchanging love appears;
The names he purchased for his own
Still on his heart he bears.

- 3 O, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

- 4 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

1. Rise—glorious conqueror, rise; In-to thy native skies, Assume thy right: And where in
many a fold The clouds are backward roll'd, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light!

210. 6 & 4s.

Christ's Triumph.

BRYDGES.

- 2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!
- 3 Enter, blest Son of God!
No feet, but thine, have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider your portals throw!
Saviour—triumphant—go
And take thy crown!

211. 6 & 4s.

The same.

KINGSBURY.

- 1 Let us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature, sing:
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."
- 2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
"Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

- 3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice:
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power;
Praise him for evermore,
With joyful voice.

212. 6 & 4s.

"Worthy the Lamb."

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Glory to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,—
Praise ye his name!
His love and grace adore
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our holy Lord to bless:
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing; sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

MAGNIFICAT. P. M.

By permission of B. F. B.
MOZART.

Allegro con Maestoso.

1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and
Loud was the chorus of an - gels on high, "The Saviour hath ris - en, and
mf

2. Glo - ry to God, in full anthems of joy; The be - ing he gave us death
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and

FINE.

man cannot die; Vain were the ter - rors that gather'd a - round him, And
man shall not die."

can - not de - stroy: Sad were the life we must part with to - morrow, If
man shall not die.

short the do - min - ion of death and the grave; He burst from the

He burst from the fet - ters of
tears were our birthright, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath

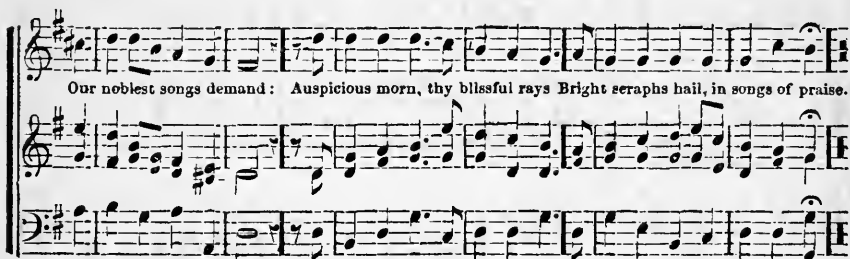
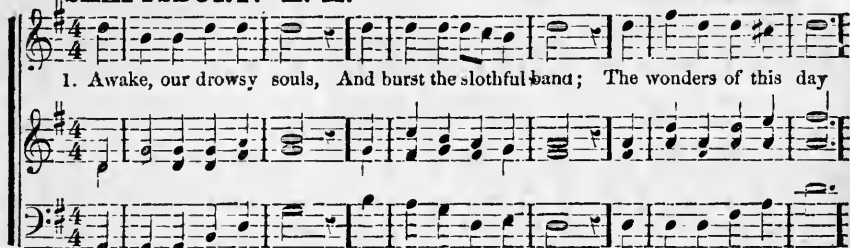
DA CAPO.

fetters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glo - ry to live and to save;
cres. *ff*

dark - ness that bound him,
cheer'd the dark valley of sor - row, And bade us, im - mor - tal, to heaven ascend:

SHAFTSBURY. H. M.

W. BURNEY.



214. H. M.

E. SCOTT.

Resurrection of Christ celebrated.

- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And he amid their shouts ascends.

- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord;
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
"Worthy art thou, who once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

215.* 8, 7 & 4s.

Christ Triumphant.

- 1 Come, ye saints! look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst the bands asunder,—
He has borne our sins away:
Joyful tidings!—
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.
- 2 Jesus triumphs!—sing ye praises;—
'Twas by death he overcame:

Thus the Lord his glory raises:—
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises—
Praises to the victor's name.

- 3 Jesus triumphs!—countless legions
Come from heaven, to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder happy regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

216.† S. M.

Redemption Completed.

- 1 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Then is his work performed;
The mighty captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Attending angels! hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 3 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

* Sing to Smyrna, page 56, repeating the last two lines.

† Sing Mornington, page 67.

TRURO. L. M.

DR. BURNBY.

1. Thou, Lord! by mor-tal eyes un-seen, And by thine off-spring here unknown,

To man-i-fest thy-self to men, Hast set thine im-age in thy Son.

217. L. M.

MASON.

Image of God.

- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays
When shining with reflected light;
- 3 So, in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 While we, thine image there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

218. L. M.

KNEELAND.

The Branch.

- 1 From Jesse's root a Branch did rise,
Whose fragrance fills the lofty skies,
Which spreads its leaves from pole to pole,
A healing balm for every soul.
- 2 The sick, the weak, the halt, and blind,
In him do aid and comfort find,—
A remedy for every wound,
Or mortal pain that can be found.

- 3 This is the Saviour long foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf; ye blind, behold:
He comes to make his grace abound,
As far as sin or death are found.

219. L. M.

WATTS.

Corner-Stone.

- 1 Lo, what a precious Corner-Stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
But God hath built his church thereon,
And blessed the Gentiles with the Jews.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes!
This is the day that proves it thine,—
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners, rejoice, and saints, be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest;
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our sinful race;
Let all on earth address their King,
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

220. L. M.

The Morning Star.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Benighted on the trackless main,
While stormy terrors clothe the sky,
The trembling voyager strives in vain,
And nought but dark despair is nigh,—
When, lo! a gleam of peerless light,
With radiant splendor, shines afar,
And, through the clouds of darkest night,
Appears the bright and morning Star!
- 2 With joy he greets the cheering ray,
That beams on ocean's weary breast;
Precursor of a smiling day,
It lulls his fear to peaceful rest.
No more in peril doth he roam,
For night and danger now are far;
With steady helm he enters home,
His guide the bright and morning Star!
- 3 Thus, when affliction's billows roll,
And waves of sorrow and of sin
Beset the fearful, weeping soul,
And all is dark and drear within,—
'Tis Jesus, whispering strains of peace,
Drives every doubt and fear afar;
He bids the raging tempest cease,
And smiles the bright and morning Star!

221. L. M.

The Brightness of God's Glory.

WATTS.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star;
- 3 But in the gospel of thy Son
Are all thy mightiest works outdone;
The light it pours upon our eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 4 Our spirits kindle in its beam;
It is a sweet, a glorious theme;
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

222. L. M.

Star of Bethlehem.

H. K. WHITE.

- 1 When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark!—to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horrors then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

223. L. M.

Sun of Love.

PROUD.

- 1 Jesus, thou Sun of love divine,
Thy rays through boundless nature shine;
In thee with bright effulgence meet
Wisdom and love, and light and heat.
- 2 Wide may thy glory be displayed,
In one bright day without a shade;
And all from thee supremely prove
The nameless, endless joys of love.
- 3 Be darkness known on earth no more,
But truth dispensed from shore to shore,
Till men of every land shall see
Thy glory, Lord, and honor thee.
- 4 'Tis done—the Sun of love appears,
The shades withdraw, the morning clears;
Now love and truth prevail again,
And one eternal day shall reign.

224. L. M.

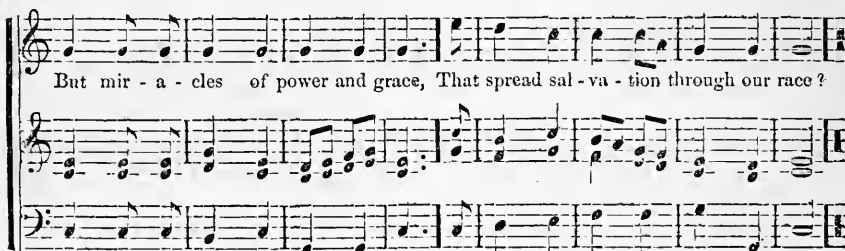
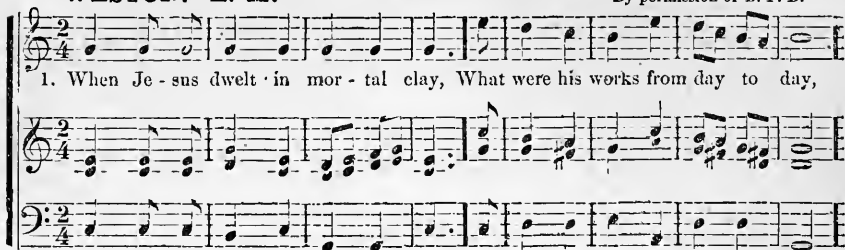
Our King.

S. STREETER.

- 1 A King shall reign in righteousness,
And all the kindred nations bless;
He's King of Salem, King of peace,
Nor shall his spreading kingdom cease.
- 2 In him the naked soul shall find
A hiding-place from chilling wind;
Or, when the raging tempests beat,
A covert warm, a safe retreat.
- 3 In burning sands and thirsty ground,
He like a river shall be found,
Or lofty rock, beneath whose shade
The weary traveller rests his head.
- 4 The dimness gone, all eyes shall see
His glory, grace, and majesty;
All ears shall hearken, and the word
Of life receive, from Christ the Lord.

WESTON. L. M.

By permission of B. F. B.



225. L. M.

GIBSON.

Our Pattern.

- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!
- 4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

226. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

Example in Forgiving.

- 1 Teach us to feel as Jesus prayed,
When on the cross he bleeding hung;
When all his foes their wrath displayed,
And with their spite his bosom stung.
- 2 Till death he loved his foes, and said,
"Father, forgive,"—then groaned and died;
And when arisen from the dead,
His mercy to their souls applied.

- 3 For such a heart and such a love,
O Lord, we raise our prayer to thee;
O pour thy spirit from above,
That we may like our Saviour be.

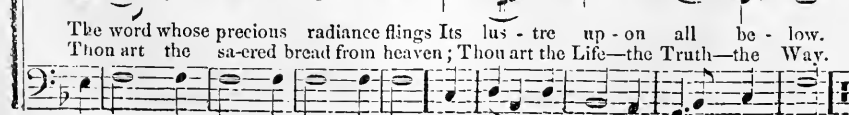
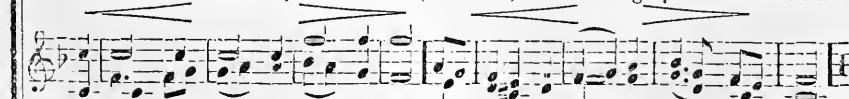
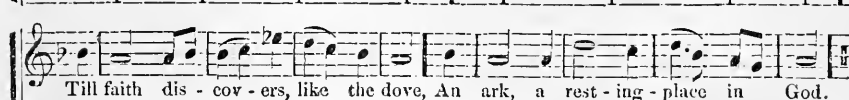
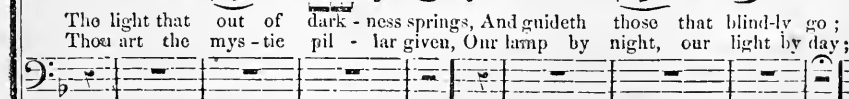
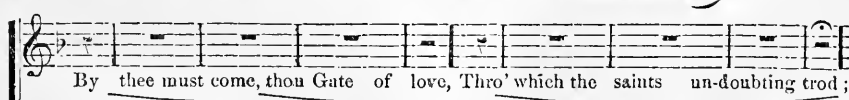
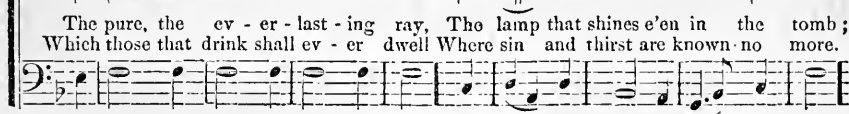
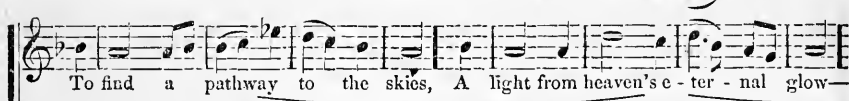
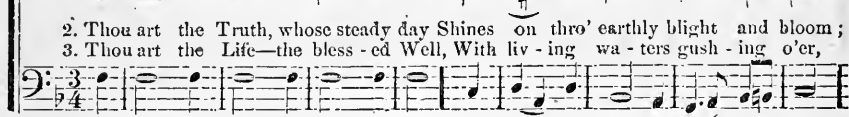
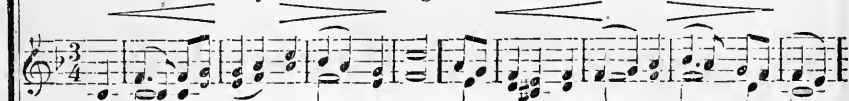
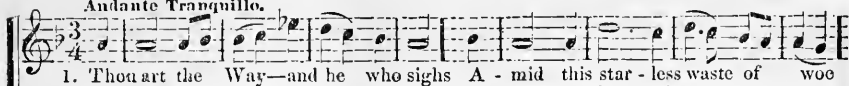
227. L. M.

ANONYMUS.

"He ever Liveth."

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,—
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!
- 2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed,
He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,—
I know that my Redeemer lives!

LEIPSIC. L. M. Double. (228.)

By permission of B. F. B.
MENDELSSOHN*Andante Tranquillo.*

BRIDGTON. C. M.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN. S. B. BALL.

Andante.

1. Je - sus, I sing thy match-less grace That calls a worm thy own;

Gives me a-mong thy saints a place, To make thy glo - ries known.

229. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Our Head.

- 2 Allied to thee our vital head,
We live, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth and those above
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 Then the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

230. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

High Priest.

- 1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathizing love.
- 2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned,—

- 3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

231. C. M.

WATTS.

The same.

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour

CORONATION. C. M.

HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

232. C. M.

DUNCAN.

Lord of All.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 O, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

233. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Way, the Truth, the Life.

- 1 Thou art the way ;—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord! in thee.
- 2 Thou art the truth ;—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the life ;—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Not death nor hell shall harm.

[11*]

- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life ;—
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

234. C. M.

COWPER.

The Fountain.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 4 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

235. C. M.

HIGINBOTHAM.

The Shepherd.

- 1 To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I raise ;
O, let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 But how shall mortal tongues express
A subject so divine ?—
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine ?
- 3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love ;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed ;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

236. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Door.

- 1 Awake, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail,
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide displayed,
The building strong and fair ;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door ;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling through one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home.

237. C. M.

STEEL.

King of Saints.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known !
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before the throne.

- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine ;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright these glories shine.
- 3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord ! teach our songs to rise ;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

238. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Example of Love to Enemies.

- 1 Aloud we sing the wondrous grace
Christ to his foes did bear ;
Which made the torturing cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 "Father, forgive !" his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.
- 3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And, whilst we sing, admire ;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.
- 4 Swayed by thy blest example, we
For enemies will pray ;
With love, their hatred—and their curse
With blessings will repay.

239. C. M.

WATTS

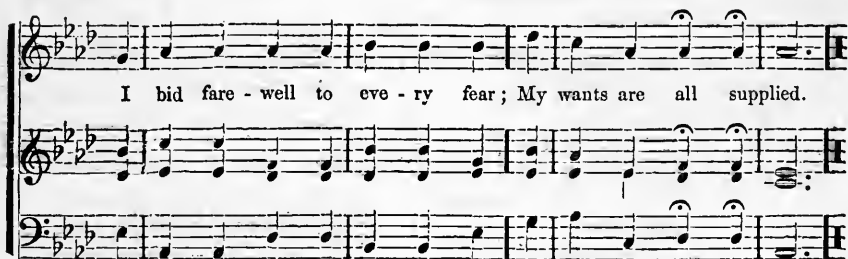
Glories of Christ.

- 1 Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amid his Father's throne ;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

BEETHOVEN. S. M.

Arranged from
BEETHOVEN.

Sostenuto.



240. S. M.

STEELE.

Our Shepherd.

- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore ;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

241. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

All things in Christ.

- 1 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears ;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
- 3 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me ;
It makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

- 4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Will all my wishes fill ;
What though created streams are dry ?
I have the fountain still.
- 5 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in one,—
And peace, and joy which never ends,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

242. S. M.

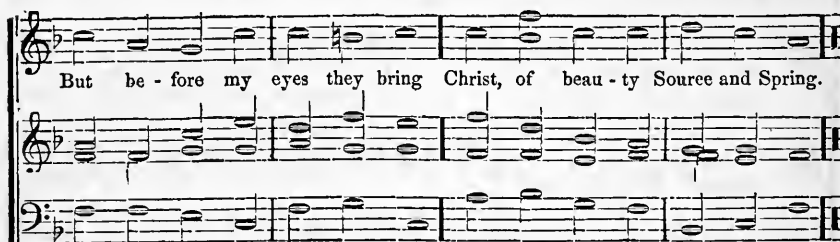
HOSKINS.

Christ, the Bread of Life.

- 1 Behold the gift of God :
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood,
Who bore our curse and shame
- 2 Behold the living bread
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.
- 3 The Lord delights to give ;
He knows you've nought to buy ;
To Jesus haste ; this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

LINCOLN. 7s.

DR. BOYCE.



243. 7s.

GERMAN.

Beauty of Christ.

- 2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.
- 3 When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light,
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.
- 4 Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell,
And to me the power impart
To behold thee as thou art.

244. 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Star in the East.

- 1 Sons of men! behold from far
Hail the long-expected star:—
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.
- 2 Never fear, that hence should flow
Wars or pestilence below:
Wars it bids and tumult cease,
Ushering in the Prince of peace.

- 3 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,—
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

- 4 Nations all, far off and near!
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

245.* 7s.

KELLY.

Our King.

- 1 Glory, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreath the his head;
Jesus, is the name we sing—
Jesus, risen from the dead;
Jesus, conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

- 2 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
Lord of holiness and grace:
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

* 7s, 6 lines. by repeating first two lines.

NOTE. Tunes marked thus * are by the compiler, and with a very few exceptions, were composed expressly for this work.

CONCORD. 7s.

B. F. BAKER.

Spiritoso.

1. Christ, whose glo-ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light, }
Sun of Righteous - ness, a - rise, Tri-umph o'er the shades of night; }

Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap - pear.

246.* 7s. 6l.

C. WESLEY.

Sun of Righteousness.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
'Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thy inward light impart
Warmth and gladness to my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

247. 7s.

RICHARDS.

Our Comforter.

- 1 Jesus, comforter divine!
Consolations, Lord, are thine;
Mightiest comforts, full of good,
Worthy of the living God.
- 2 Thou shalt wipe all tears away
'Mid the blessed realms of day;
Thou shalt hush each rising sigh;
Sorrow, pain, and death, shall die.
- 3 Highest praises wait thy name,
Great unchanging, glorious same;
Jesus, comforter divine!
Praises, praises, Lord, be thine.

* 7s, 6 lines, by repeating first two lines.

248.* 7s. 6l.

MONTGOMERY.

Example in Suffering.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
Love's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they lay his breathless clay;
All in solitude and gloom:
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

249. 7s.

KNEELAND.

Character of Christ.

- 1 Mediator, Son of God,
Spread thy boundless love abroad ;
Counsellor, the Prince of peace,
Fill the world with truth and grace.
- 2 Sun of Righteousness arise ;
Send thy light around the skies :
Life of all the quick and dead,
Feed our souls with living bread.

- 3 Leader of the halt and blind,
Raise to life the sinking mind :
Binder of the broken heart,
Grace to every soul impart.
- 4 Opener of the sealed book,
Cause the world therein to look :
Taker of the veil away,
Lead us to eternal day.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the earth! the Prince of Peace His ban-ner has un-
furl'd;... Let strife, and sin, and er-ror cease, And
joy per-vade the world,... And joy per-vade the world!

250. C. M. A. C. THOMAS.

The Gospel of Peace.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord! for truth and grace
His word and life display;
Let every soul his love embrace,
And own its gentle sway.
- 3 Peace on the earth, good will to men,
Embrace the gospel plan;
Let that sweet strain be heard again,
Which angel tones began.
- 4 Joy to the isles and lands afar!
Messiah reigns above;
Let every eye behold the star,—
The star of light and love.

251. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

The Empire of Christ.

- 1 Jesus his empire shall extend;
Beneath his gentle sway
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And his commands obey.
- 2 Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Or moon shall cheer the night,
The Saviour shall his sceptre sway.
With unresisted might.
- 3 All that the reign of sin destroyed,
The Saviour shall restore;
And, from the treasures of the Lord,
Shall give us blessings more.

252. C. M.

The World restored in Christ.

NOVALIS.

- 1 We say to all men far and near,
That Christ has risen again ;
That he is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.
- 2 The way of darkness that he trod,
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to his word,
Shall reach his Father's home.
- 3 Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his beloved sleep,
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.
- 4 He lives, his presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife ;
And thus we hail the gospel feast,
A world renewed to life !

253. C. M.

Salvation.

WATTS.

- 1 Salvation ! O the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At death's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

254. C. M.

Christ's Ascension the ground of ours.

WHEELIN.

- 1 Since Christ has gone to heaven, his home
I too must one day share ;
And in this hope I overcome
All anguish and despair.
- 2 Since Christ has reached his glorious throne,
And mighty gifts are his,
My heart can rest in heaven alone,
Where now my treasure is.
- 3 From thy ascension let such grace,
My Lord, be found in me,
That steadfast faith may guide my ways
Unflinching up to thee !

255. C. M.

Praising the Lamb.

WATTS.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

256. C. M.

The Kingdom of God on Earth.

MILTON.

- 1 The Lord will come, and not be slow ;
His footsteps cannot err ;
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 4 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God,
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.

257. C. M.

The Latter Day.

MOORE.

- 1 Who shall behold the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
Which hides the nations now !
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie ;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.
- 2 Then shall the world no longer mourn
Beneath oppression's chain ;
The days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

258. C. M.

The Gospel Feast.

ANONIMOUS.

- 1 On Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare ;
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance give !
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven !

TOLLAND. C. M.

REGINALD SPOFFORTH.

1. Why does your face, ye hum - ble souls, Those mourn - ful col - ors wear?

What doubts are these that waste your faith, And nour - ish your despair?

2. What tho' your migh - ty guilt be - yond The wide ere - a - tion swell,

And hath its strong foun - da - tions laid Low as the deeps of hell?

259. C. M.

WATTS.

Grace abounding over Sin.

- 3 See, here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace!
Behold, a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase!
- 4 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

260. C. M.

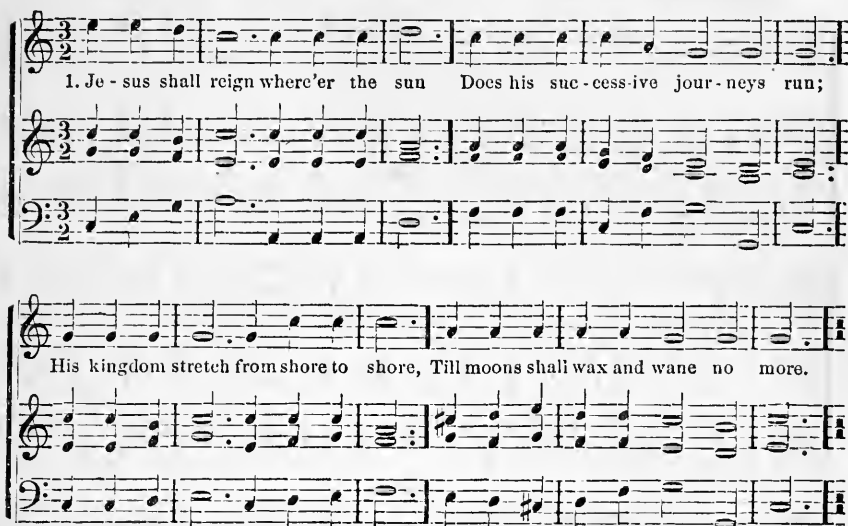
BURDER.

Prayer for Christ's Triumph.

- 1 Jesus, immortal King! arise;
Rise and assert thy sway;
Till earth subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror! ride,
Till all thy foes submit;
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

L. MARSHALL. (By permission.)



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive jour - neys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

261. L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Blessings of Christ's Reign.

- 2 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 3 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to their king ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall sin's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 Thy God on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

263. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

Blessings of Christ's Universal Reign.

- 1 When God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation wakes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell ?
What eys the dazzling glories view ?
- 2 Celestial streams shall gently flow ;
The wilderness shall joyful be ;
Lilies on parched ground shall grow ;
And gladness spring on every tree ;
- 3 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
The lame shall walk, the blind behold ;
And joy through all the earth shall ring .
- 4 Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love ;
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,—
When God descends from worlds above,
To dwell with men on earth again.

262. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Hymn of the Church Triumphant.

- 1 Triumphant Zion ! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength !
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known ;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

BLENDON. L. M.

F. GIARDINI.



1. Rise, ev - 'ry heart, and ev - 'ry tongue, Pre - pare a sweet an - gel - ic song;

Sur - pris - ing mer - cies must re - quire An an - gel's lay, a ser - aph's fire.

264. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God's Mercies in the Gospel.

- 2 In every age the Lord was kind,
And to his church revealed his mind;
But we enjoy a wondrous store
Of mercies never known before.
- 3 The sun of heaven illumines the soul;
Oceans of mercies sweetly roll;
The heavenly streams of truth and love
Flow freely from the fount above.
- 4 Thy truth and loving kindness, Lord,
We will with holy songs record;
To us are richest favors given,
And praises shall return to heaven.

265. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Hope of Man.

- 1 The past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.
- 2 For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps to come to thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of thy grace could see.

- 3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.
- 4 But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now;—
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer thou!
- 5 'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt thy certain love;
And man's true aim shall yet be won!

266. L. M.

RICHARDS.

The Cloud and Pillar of Fire.

- 1 Long as the darkening cloud abode,
So long did ancient Israel rest;
Nor moved they, till the guiding Lord
In brighter garments stood confest.
- 2 Father of spirits, light of light,
Lift up the cloud, and rend the veil;
Shine forth in fire, amid that night
Whose blackness makes the heart to fail.
- 3 'Tis done! to Christ the power is given;
His death has rent the veil away,
Our great forerunner entered heaven,
And oped the gates of endless day.

4 Nor shall those mists that brood o'er time,
Forever blind the mental eye;
They backward roll, the light sublime
Beams glory from our God on high.

5 Adoring nations hail the dawn,
All kingdoms bless the noontide beam,
And light, unfolding life's full morn,
Is vast creation's deathless theme.

267. L. M.

Christ Triumphant.

H. BALLOU.

1 Behold the long expected light!
'Tis Jacob's star and Jesse's root:
The sun itself is not so bright,
Nor bears a tree such heavenly fruit.

2 With spreading glories, lo! he comes,
And gloomy darkness flies apace;
He's brighter than ten thousand suns,
With beams of mercy in his face.

3 Sin, now condemned, shall cease to be,
The righteous Judge shall bear the sway,
Shall set our race from bondage free,
And take all guilt and woe away.

4 Roll on, thou glorious star of light,
Display thy matchless grace abroad,
And chase the darkness of our night,
And bring the nations home to God.

268. L. M.

The Promises sure.

WATTS.

1 Praise, everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
Reveals his kindest promises.

3 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
To hear the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own!

4 Then, should the earth's firm pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

269. L. M.

Christianity.

WHITTIER.

1 O fairest born of love and light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear,—

2 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

3 Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

4 In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Christ gave thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe.

5 That voice's echo hath not died;
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

270. L. M.

Influence of the Gospel like Rain.

ANONYMOUS.

1 As showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
Crowned with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

3 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

4 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

5 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

St. THOMAS'. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. How beau - teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill;
Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!

271. S. M.

WATTS.

The Blessedness of Christ's Reign.

- 2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!
- 3 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 4 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 5 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

272. S. M.

WATTS.

Grace.

- 1 Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

- 3 Grace taught my roving feet,
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

273. S. M.

H. BALLOU

Universal Redemption.

- 1 In God's eternity
There shall a day arise,
When all the race of man shall be
With Jesus in the skies.
- 2 As night before the rays
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.
- 3 As music fills the grove
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems of redeeming love,
Shall all employ at last.
- 4 Redeemed from death and sin,
Shall Adam's numerous race
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.

ALLERTON. H. M.

1. Mark the soft fall - - ing snow, And the..... de - scend-ing rain!

To heav'n, from whence it fell, It turns not back a - - gain;

But wa-ters earth thro' ev' - ry pore, And calls forth all her se - cret store.

274. H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Efficacy of the Gospel.

- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My Gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend:
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more."

275. H. M.

WATTS.

Prophet, Priest, and King.

- 1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:

All are too mean | Too mean to set
To speak his worth, | The Saviour forth.

2 Great prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news, | Of death subdued,
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood | And now it pleads
Did once atone, | Before the throne.

4 O thou Almighty Lord,
Our conqueror and our king,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power; | In willing bonds
O make us sit | Beneath thy feet.

HARDING. H. M.

1. Come, sing a Sa-viour's pow'r, And praise his migh-ty name; His
wondrous love a-dore, And chant his grow-ing fame: Wide o'er the
Wide o'er the world.....
world a King shall reign, And right-eous-ness and peace main-tain.
..... a King shall reign,.....

276. H. M.

E. TURNER.

Universal King.

- 2 The sceptre of his grace
He shall forever wield;
His foes before his face,
To strength divine shall yield:
The conquest of his truth shall show
What an almighty arm can do.
- 3 His alienated sons,
By sin beguiled, betrayed,
Shall then be born at once,
And willing subjects made:
Such numbers shall his courts adorn,
As dew-drops of the vernal morn.
- 4 His realm shall ever stand,
By liberal things upheld,
And, from his bounteous hand,
All hearts with joy be filled;
A universe with praise shall own
The countless honors of his throne.

277. H. M.

S. STREETER.

Grace Triumphant.

- 1 Before the world was made,
Or sun or planets shone,
Salvation's base was laid
In God's anointed Son,
Who came to spread the truth abroad,
And reconcile a world to God.
- 2 By mercy's hand upheld,
Firmly his purpose stands:
What love his bosom filled!
What kindness moved his hands!
What pity warmed his pleading breath,
Who meekly blest his foes in death!
- 3 Now raised to realms above,
Where boundless mercies shine,
Will Christ forget his love?
Forget this heart of mine?
O, no; his favors never end;
He's there, as here, the sinner's friend.

278. H. M.

The Cross celebrated.

LISCHER.

- 1 Ye saints your music bring,
And swell the rapturous sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,—
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.
- 2 The cross—the cross alone—
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from his throne,
The prince of darkness fell:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,—
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.
- 3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies:
Angels and saints its power shall sing,
Till heaven's eternal arches ring.

279.* H. M.

Salvation of the World.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
To praise the all-redeeming Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 O, for a trumpet's voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all, my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all, my Saviour died!

280.† 8 & 7s. 6l.

Jesus the Friend of All.

NEWTON

- 1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God;
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a Friend in need!

- 3 O, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

281.† 8 & 7s.

God of Salvation.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Hail, the God of our salvation,
Triumph in redeeming love!
Let us all, with exultation,
Imitate the blest above:
- 2 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Bordered on the shades of death,
He hath, by his grace revealing,
Scattered all the clouds beneath.
- 3 Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love thou art;
Hail, the God of our salvation,
Praise him, every thankful heart!

282.† 8, 7 & 4s.

Fountain of Life.

KELLY.

- 1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below:
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

283. 8 & 7s.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

COWPER.

- 1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again;
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

* Sing Lenox, page 92.

† Sing Worthing, page 95—repeat the first two lines.

‡ Sing Greenville.

MARSHALL. 8s. & 7s.

L. MARSHALL.

Allegretto.

1. O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the pro-mis-es ad-van-cing To a glo-rious day of grace.

284. 8 & 7s.

P. WILLIAMS.

Work of the Gospel.

- 2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase.

285.* 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

The Liberty of the Sons of God.

- 1 God made all his creatures free;
Life itself is liberty;
God ordained no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.
- 2 Sin the primal charter broke,—
Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke;
Tyranny with sin began,
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

- 3 But a better day shall be,
Life again be liberty,
And the wide world's only bands
Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands.

- 4 So shall every slavery cease,
All God's children dwell in peace,
And the new-born earth record
Love, and Love alone, is Lord.

286.* 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

287. 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Christ's Triumph.

- 1 Hark! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore ;—
 Hallelujah for the Lord!
 God omnipotent shall reign ;

Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
 Heard thro' earth, and thro' the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banner furled, [done!
 Sheathed his sword; he speaks,—'tis
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

288.* 10s.

ASHWORTH.

Triumph of the Gospel.

- 1 Pour, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man,
 Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll :
 Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
 And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.
- 2 On, piercing Gospel, on! of every heart,
 In every latitude, thou own'st the key :
 From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
 With all their treasures first unlocked by thee !
- 3 Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations tread !
 With all the noblest virtues in thy train :
 Be all to thy blest freedom captive led ;
 And Christ, the true emancipator, reign !

289.* 10s.

POPE.

Predicted Glory of the Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
 Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes !
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend !
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

290.† C. P. M.

MEDLEY.

Excellency of Christ.

- 1 O, could we speak the matchless worth,
 O, could we sound the glories forth,
 Which in our Saviour shine,
 We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 We'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,

Exalted on his throne :
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 We would, to everlasting days,
 Make all his glories known.

- 3 Well, the delightful day will come,
 When our dear Lord will bring us home,
 And we shall see his face :
 Then, with our Saviour, brother, friend,
 A blest eternity we'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace.

BLODGETT. 6 & 7s.

By permission.

1. Hail to the Lord's a - noint-ed! Great Da - vid's great - er Son; }
Hail, in the time ap - point-ed, His reign on earth be - gun! {

He comes to break op - press-ion, To set the cap - tive free!

To take a - way trans-gress - ion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

291. 6 & 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

The same.

- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing, and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,—
That name to us is—Love.

292.* 8s.

M. FRANCIS.

Jays of Redemption.

- 1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim:
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
- 2 To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey:
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.
- 4 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My Lord, my Redeemer is mine.

GOULD. 7 & 5s.

By permission, T. RICKARD.

1. Thou, whose wide ex - tend - ed sway, Suns and sys - tems e'er o - bey!
In pro - spec - tive, Lord, we see Jew and Gen - tile, bond and free,
/ Thou, our Guar - dian and our Stay, Ev - er - more a - - dor'd:
Re - con - cil'd in Christ to thee, Ho - ly, Ho - ly.... Lord.

293. 7 & 5s.

A. C. THOMAS.

The Reconciliation.

- 2 Thou by all shalt be confessed,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
When to thy eternal rest,
In the courts above,
Thou shalt bring the sore oppressed;
Fill each joy-desiring breast;
Make of each a welcome guest,
At the feast of love.

- 3 When destroying death shall die,
Hushed be every rising sigh,
Tears be wiped from every eye,
Never more to fall;
Then shall praises fill the sky,
And angelic hosts shall cry,
Holy, Holy Lord, Most High,
Thou art all in all!

294. L. M.

HOPEDALE COLL.

A Call, and the Answer.

- 1 Come, sinners, saith the mighty God,
Abhorrent as your crimes have been,
Lo, I descend from mine abode,
To reason with the sons of men.

- 2 No clouds of darkness veil my face,
No vengeful lightnings flash around;
I come with terms of life and peace;
Where sin hath reigned, let grace abound.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow;
O, make our crimson sins like wool,
Our scarlet guilt like stainless snow.
- 4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, worship, and rejoice.

295.* L. M.

DODDERIDGE.

Knocking at the Door.

- 1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
He has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
O matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 Rise—touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly stranger in.

296. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

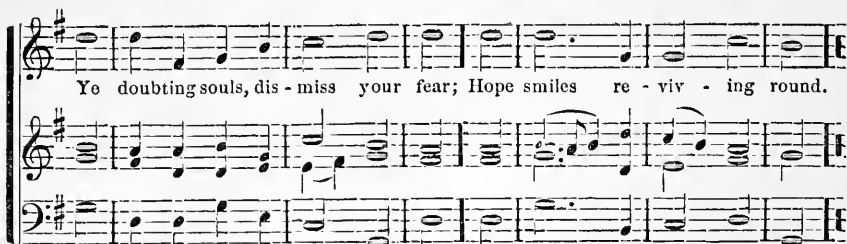
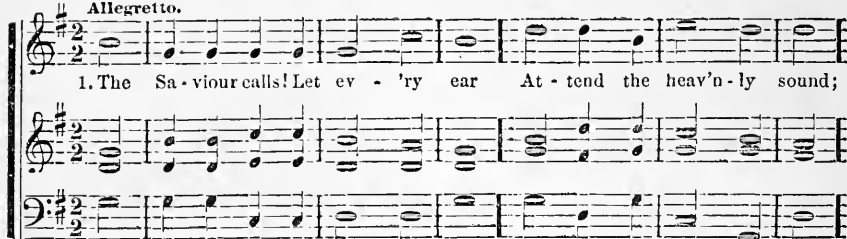
Invitation.

- 1 Come, fellow-sinners, come away ;
Behold the fast-declining sun ;
No longer in the market stay ;
'Tis time our labors were begun.

- 2 O be not faithless in the Lord :
Whate'er is right we shall receive ;
If we but hearken to his word,
He will immortal treasures give.
- 3 Lord, in thy vineyard we appear,
To labor in the works of love ;
O may we be thy mercy's care,
Nor from thy precepts ever rove.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

HARRISON.

Allegretto.

297. C. M.

STEELE.

The Saviour's Invitation.

- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

298. C. M.

MEDLEY.

The Fountain of Living Waters.

- 1 O, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.
- 4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

299. C. M.

MOORE.

Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much.

- 1 Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept and was forgiven?
- 2 When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious perfume poured,—
- 3 Were not those sweets so humbly shed,
That shame, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart which inly bled,
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?
- 4 Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
O, would'st thou wake to heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much," and be forgiven!

300. C. M.

WATTS.

The Gospel Trumpet.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind—
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With streams that never dry.

301. C. M.

STEELE.

Yet there is Room.

- 1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls—he bids you come:
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
Behold, there yet is room.
- 3 O, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

302.* S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

The Spirit inviting.

- 1 The spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him who heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer come.

303.* S. M.

BRIGGS' COLL.

The Heavenly Call.

- 1 Come to the land of peace,
From shadows come away,
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.
- 2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air,
The spirit of the dove.
- 3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amidst the shining band.
- 4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting place!

304.* S. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

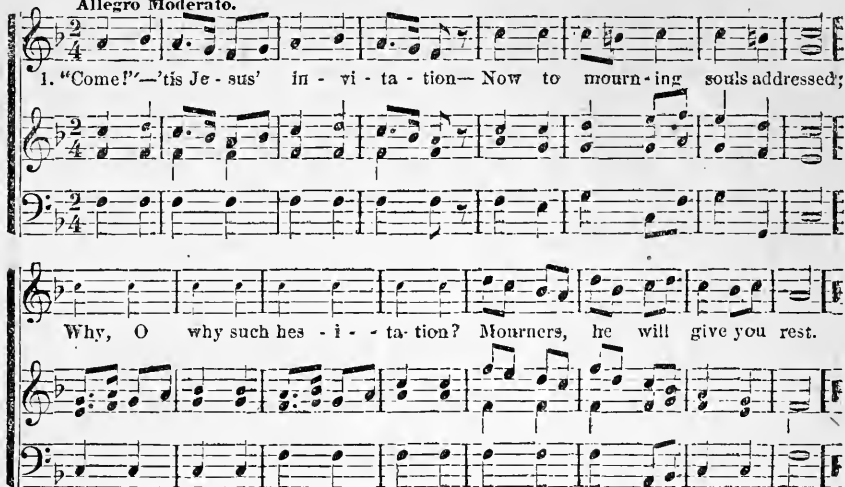
The same.

- 1 Ye trembling captives! hear;
The gospel-trumpet sounds;
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.
- 2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar,
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.
- 3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth, the jubilee's release,
With eager rapture claims.

SICILY. 8 & 7s, or 8, 7 & 4s.*

MOZART.

Allegro Moderato.



1. "Come!"—'tis Je-sus' in-vi-ta-tion—Now to mourn-ing souls addressed;
Why, O why such hes-i-ta-tion? Mourners, he will give you rest.

305. 8 & 7s.

VESTRY HYMNS.

Come to Jesus.

- 2 Do you fear your own unfitness,
Burdened as ye are with sin?
'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness;
Christ invites you,—enter in.
- 3 Stay not, pondering on your sorrow,
Turn from your own self away,
Do not linger till to-morrow,—
Come to Christ without delay.
- 4 Jesus, with thy word complying,
Firm our faith and hope shall be;
On thy faithfulness relying,
We will cast our souls on thee.

306. 8 & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

A Call to the Wandering.

- 1 Tell us, wanderer! wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace,
Pleasure's false enchantment loving—
When will thy delusion cease?
- 2 Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
We could kneel at pleasure's shrine;
Then our brightest hopes were bounded
By delights as false as thine.
- 3 But those visions never blessed us—
Soon their fleeting day was o'er;
Then the world that hath caressed us,
Charmed us with its smiles no more.
- 4 Such is pleasure's transient story;
Lasting happiness is known

Only in the path to glory,—
In the Saviour's love alone.

307. 8 & 7s.

WINCHELL'S COLL.

The Gospel Proclamation.

- 1 Hark! the gospel trumpet's sounding;
Sinners, hear the joyful call;
Christ, in pardoning love abounding,
Offers liberty to all.
- 2 Tho' your crimes have reached to heaven,
And of deepest dye appear;
Ask, and they shall be forgiven,
Seek, and you shall find him near.
- 3 Cast your load of guilt behind you,
To the Lord for mercy flee;
Though the strongest fetters bind you,
His salvation makes you free.

308. 8, 7 & 4s.

ALLEN.

Mercy's Plea.

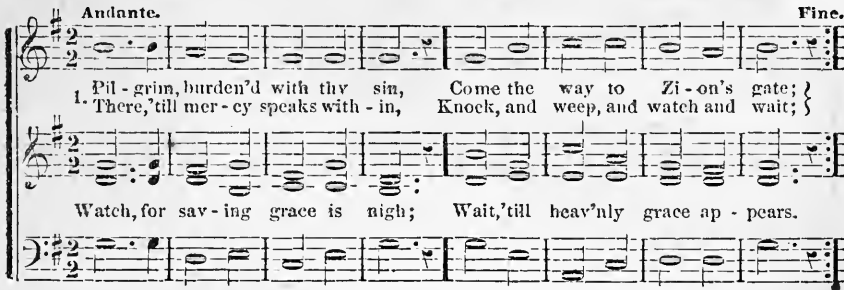
- 1 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:—
"To each rebel sinner pardon;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
Oh, what mercy!
"Free forgiveness in his name."
- 2 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

* Repeat the two last lines for 8s, 7s & 4s.

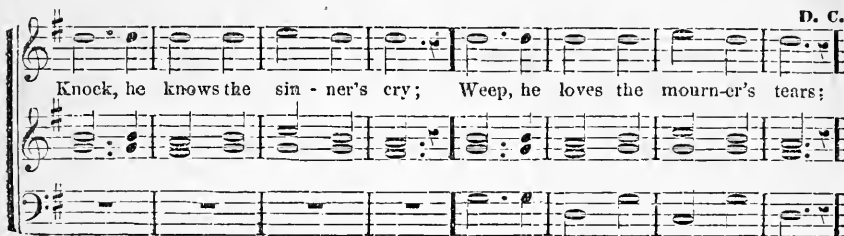
ERIE. 7s.

Andante.

Fine.



1. Pil-grim, burden'd with thy sin, Come the way to Zi-on's gate; }
There, 'till mer-cy speaks with-in, Knock, and weep, and watch and wait; }
Watch, for sav-ing grace is nigh; Wait, 'till heav'nly grace ap-pears.



Knock, he knows the sin-ner's cry; Weep, he loves the mourn-er's tears;

309. 7s. 8l.

BOWRING.

The Saviour's Call.

- 1 Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
Knock, he knows the sinner's cry;
Weep, he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears.
- 2 Hark, it is the Saviour's voice,
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite knew;
Bought, by love and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.
- 3 Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:

Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in full belief shall die,
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

310. 7s. 8l.

ANONYMOUS.

Nearness of Christ.

- 1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes,
For awhile, she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise.
- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

SHOEL. L. M.

SHOEL.

1. To thine e - ter - nal arms, O God, Take us, thy err - ing child - ren in;
From dangerous paths too bold - ly trod, From wand'ring tho'ts and dreams of sin.

311. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

I will arise and go to my Father.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without thee!

3 We trusted hope and pride and strength :
Our strength proved false, our pride was
vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length,—
We come to thee, O Lord, again!

4 A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us of thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

312. L. M.

MOORE.

Breathings of Grace.

1 Like morning—when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er,
The spirit dark and lost before;
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Then angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise,
In music worthy of the skies.

313. L. M.

STEELE.

Faith in the Redeemer's Sacrifice.

1 Lord, when my thoughts, delighted, rove
Amidst the wonders of thy love,
Glad hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fear depart.

2 I hear thy groans with deep surprise,
And view thy wounds with weeping eyes;
Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
With anguish filled and pains unknown.

3 For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour, dies;
What love! what mercy! how divine!
And can I call this Saviour mine!

4 Be, then, my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise,
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

314. L. M.

CHRISTIAN MELODY.

Happiness of Religion.

- 1 Happy the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver, O, prefer!
For gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 To purest joys she all invites,
To holy, chaste, and sweet delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

315. L. M.

LYRA CATH.

Penitential Prayer.

- 1 Health of the weak, to make them strong!
Refuge of sinners, and their song!
Comfort of each afflicted breast!
Haven of hope in realms of rest!
- 2 Lord of the patriarchs gone before!
Light of the prophets' learned lore!
Deign from thy throne to look on me,
And hear my lowly litany.
- 3 Lead me, O Spirit, to the Son,
To taste and feel what he has done;
To lay me low before his cross,
And reckon all beside as dross;
- 4 To speak, and think, and will, and move,
And love, as thou would'st have me love:
O, look upon this bended knee,
And hear my heart's own litany.

316.* L. M. 6l.

MORAVIAN.

Prayer for Divine Life.

- 1 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below:
But now, my God, to thee I fly,
For oh! estranged from thee, I die.
- 2 Endow me with my Saviour's peace,
Confirm and keep my longing heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease;
From thee may I no more depart:
Then shall the joy within me prove
The fulness of my Father's love!

317.* L. M. 6l.

WESLEY'S COLL.

Forgiveness Implored.

- 1 Forgive us, for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitudes of sins forgive!
Our souls for thy possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live;
To walk in light, and gladly prove
Our faith by our obedient love.
- 2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show!
Our hidden enemies expel,
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all our pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain!

318. C. M.

DODDRIIDGE.

Covenant of Grace.

- 1 My God! the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;—
- 3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

319. C. M.

WESLEYAN.

A New Life Implored.

- 1 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
- 2 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.
- 3 Convince us of our unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

320. C. M.

BEDDOME.

Consecration to Christ.

- 1 Witness, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield,
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

* Sing to Shoel—repeat the last two lines.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

Moderato.



1. Je - sus! to thy ce - les - tial light My dawn of hope I owe;
Once wan - d'ring in the gloom of night, And lost in shades of woe.

321. C. M.

STEELE.

Convert's Devotion to Christ.

- 2 Thy gracious hand redeemed the slave,
And set the prisoner free :
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee.
- 3 Here at thy feet I wait thy will,
And live upon thy word ;
O give me warmer love and zeal,
To serve my dearest Lord,

322. C. M.

WATTS.

Conversion.

- 1 When God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 Great is the work !—my neighbors cried,
And owned the power divine ;
Great is the work !—my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.

- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

323. C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Serving God.

- 1 O not to fill the mouth of fame,
My longing soul is stirred ;
O, give me a diviner name !
Call me thy servant, Lord !
- 2 No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free ;
O, not mine own ! O, not mine own !
Lord, I belong to thee !
- 3 In each aspiring burst of prayer,
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do thine every task.
- 4 Forever, Lord, thy servant choose,—
Nor of thy claim abate !
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.
- 5 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me !
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

324. C. M.

METHODIST COLL.

Prayer for Renewal.

- 1 Long have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain ;
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thine altar drew ;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design ;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.
- 4 Where am I now, or what my hope ?
What can my weakness do ?
Father, to thee my soul looks up,
'Tis thou must make it new.

325. C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for Wisdom.

- 1 Almighty God ! in humble prayer,
To thee our souls we lift ;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth,
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom ;—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by thy truth,
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

326. C. M.

FAWCETT.

Importance of Religion.

- 1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food, or health
Can give us such repose.

- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for th' approaching tomb.

- 4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

327. C. M.

VILLAGE HYMNS.

The Prodigal's Return.

- 1 The long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise,
His heart begins to break.
- 2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.
- 3 "With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my Father's face ;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."
- 4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around ;
The angels tuned their harps anew,
The long-lost son is found !

328. C. M.

BREVIAIRY.

True Penitence.

- 1 O sinner, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.
- 2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee ;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.
- 3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God ;
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.
- 4 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need ;
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

ELYSIUM. S. M.

ARNOLD.

Andante.



1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord: I love to plead his
prom - ised grace, And rest up - on his word, And rest up - on his word.

329. S. M.

Backsliding and Repentance.

WATTS.

- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
From every deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 O, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.
- 5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

330. S. M.

Help Implored.

WESLEY.

- 1 My Father bids me come,
O, why do I delay?
He calls the wandering spirit home,
And yet from him I stray!
- 2 Father, the hindrance show,
Which I have failed to see:
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me far from thee.

- 3 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
Take every veil away.
- 4 In me the hindrance lies,
The fatal bar remove;
And let me see, in sweet surprise,
Thy full redeeming love.

331. S. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

Prayer for Deliverance.

- 1 Like Israel, Lord, am I;
My soul is at a stand;
A sea before, a host behind,
And rocks on either hand.
- 2 O Lord, I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey:
Bid me advance: and, through the sea,
Create a new-made way.
- 3 The time of greatest strait,
Thy chosen time has been,
To manifest thy power is great,
And make thy glory seen.
- 4 O, send deliverance down,
Display the arm divine;
So shall the praise be all thy own,
And I be doubly thine.

332. S. M.

Thou must be born again.

JOHNS.

- 1 Thou must be born again !
Such was the solemn word,
To him who came, not all in vain,
By night, to seek his Lord.
- 2 Thou must be born again !
But not the birth of clay ;
The immortal seed must thence obtain
Deliverance into day.
- 3 Thou, in thy inmost mind,
Must own the same control ;
The same regenerating wind
Must move and guide thy soul.
- 4 Thou canst not choose but trace
The steps the Master trod ;
If once thou feel his truth and grace,
A conscious child of God.

333. S. M.

Convert's Joy.

BULFINCH.

- 1 How glorious is the hour,
When first our souls awake,
And through thy spirit's quickening power
Of the new life partake !
- 2 With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair ;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.
- 3 Amid repentant tears,
We feel sweet peace within ;
We know the God of mercy hears
And pardons every sin.
- 4 Born of thy spirit, Lord,
Thy spirit may we share ;
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And place thine image there.

334.* 7s.

REED.

The Spirit Invoked.

- 1 Holy Ghost ! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost ! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost ! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit ! all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme,—and reign alone !

* Sing to Nashville, page 54.

335.* 7s.

BRIGGS' COLL.

Come Home !

- 1 Soul ! celestial in thy birth,
Dwelling yet in lowliest earth,
Panting, shrinking to be free,
Hear God's spirit whisper thee.
- 2 Thus it saith, in accents mild,
"Weary wanderer, wayward child,
From thy Father's earnest love,
Still forever wilt thou rove ?
- 3 "Turn to hope, and peace, and light ;
Freed from sin, and earth and night ;
I have called, entreated thee,
In my mercies gentle, free.
- 4 "Human soul, in love divine,
I have sought to make thee mine ;
Still for thee, good angels yearn ;
Human soul, return, return."

336.* 7s.

MERRICK.

Seeking Divine Aid.

- 1 Blest Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise.
- 2 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee ;
To thy all-observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.
- 3 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore ;
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God, my strength, propitious hear !

337.† 7s.

MILMAN.

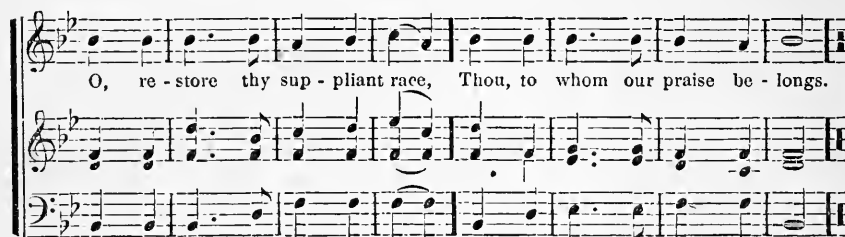
The same.

- 1 Lord, have mercy when we pray,
Strength to seek a better way ;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin ;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,
When our tears bedew thy word,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.
- 2 Lord, have mercy, when we know
First how vain this world below ;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress,
When the earliest gleam is given,
Of the bright but distant heaven ;
Then thy fostering grace afford,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

† Sing to Erie, page 147.

GRANNIS. 7s.*

W. O. PERKINS.

Piano e Legato.

338. 7s.

J. TAYLOR.

Confession of Sin.

- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—
- 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

339.* 8 & 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

A Call to Christ.

- 1 Sinner, hear your Friend and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behavior,
O, repent, return and pray!
- 2 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.

- 3 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store!

340.* 8 & 7s.

ROBINSON.

Mercies Gratefully Acknowledged.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 By thy hand sustained, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I've come;
Safely, Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.
- 4 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O, take and seal it:
Seal it from thy courts above.

* 8 & 7s, by omitting the ties on the first and third lines.

STEPHENS. 7 & 6s.

JONES.

1. How lost was my con - di - - tion, Till Je - sus made me whole;

Next door to death he found.. me, And snatch'd me from the grave,

There is but one Phy - si - - - cian Can cure the sin - sick soul.

To tell to all a - round me, His won - drous pow'r to save.

341. 7 & 6s.

The Soul's Physician.

NEWTON.

- 2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
And madness, all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.
- 3 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live!

When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may."
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Its wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

342. 7 & 6s.

Joy and Peace in Believing.

COWPER.

- 1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings;

CLYDE. C. P. M.

B. BROWN.

Andante.

1. Lord, thou hast won—at length I yield My heart, by mighty grace com -
pell'd, Sur - ren - ders all to thee: A - gainst thy ter - rors long I
strove, But who can stand a - gainst thy love?—Love con - quers e - ven me.

343. C. P. M.

NEWTON.

The Penitent Surrendering.

- 2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to awe my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.

- 2 Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

344.* S. H. M.

ANONYMOUS.

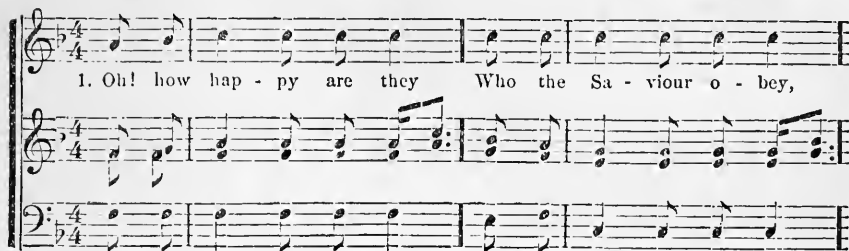
Excellence of Faith.

- 1 Faith is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;

- 3 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

CONVERT'S TUNE. P. M.

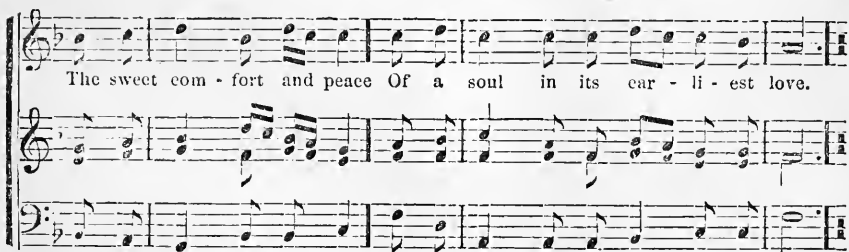
WESTERN MELODY.



1. Oh! how hap - py are they Who the Sa - viour o - bey,



And have laid up their treas - ures a - bove! O what tongue can ex - press



The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

345. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

Convert's Hymn.

1 Oh! how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
O what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 It was heaven below
My Redeemer to know!
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

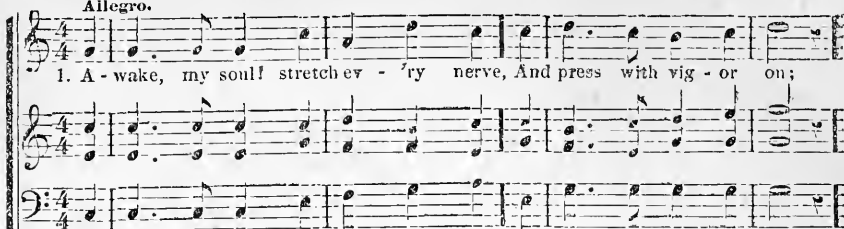
3 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy; and my song
Was redemption through faith in his name;
O that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

NERVE. C. M.

L. MARSHALL.

Allegro.



346. C. M.

DODDIDGE.

The Christian Race.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ;—
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Must blend in common dust.

347. C. M.

DODDIDGE.

Consecration.

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay ;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end ?
I live thy smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live ;
To him who for my ransom died ;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more ;
And my last hours of life confess
His dying love's constraining power.

348. C. M.

BOWRING.

Holy Aspirations.

- 1 The Saviour now is gone before
To yon blest realms of light :
O, thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight.
- 2 Lord, make us to those joys aspire,
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,
And faith alone can see.
- 3 To guide us to thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky,
O, may thy Spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high.

349. C. M.

ROSCOE.

Work of Love.

- 1 This is the first and great command—
To love thy God above;
And this the second—as thyself
Thy neighbor thou shalt love.
- 2 Who is my neighbor? He who wants
The help which thou canst give;
And both the law and prophets say,
This do, and thou shalt live.

350. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The whole Armor.

- 1 O, speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.
- 3 The shield of faith repels the dart,
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.
- 4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.

351. C. M.

WESLEY'S COLL.

"Thy Kingdom Come."

- 1 Father of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our doings reign:
- 3 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in:
- 4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
Th' omnipotence of love.

352. C. M.

J. WEISS.

Living to Christ.

- 1 The world throws wide its brazen gates;
With thee we enter in;
O, grant us, in our humble sphere,
To free that world from sin!

- 2 We have one mind in Christ our Lord
To stand and point above;
To hurl rebuke at social wrong;
But all, O God, in love.

- 3 The star is resting in the sky;
To worship Christ we came;
The moments haste; O, touch our tongues
With thy celestial flame!
- 4 The truest worship is a life;
All dreaming we resign;
We lay our offerings at thy feet,—
Our lives, O Christ, are thine!

353. C. M.

LYRA CATH.

Nearness to Christ.

- 1 O, see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love,
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove!
- 2 His sacred name a common word
On earth he loves to hear;
There is no majesty in him
Which love may not come near.
- 3 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.

354. C. M.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

BALERMA. C. M.

1. O hap - py is the man who hears In - struction's warn - ing voice;
And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

355. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Wisdom.

- 2 Her treasures are of more esteem,
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honors joined,
Her left hand full displays.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise;
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

356. C. M.

SCHMIDTCK.

Death and Life in Christ.

- 1 Lord, let thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenwards up to thee.
- 2 We bury all our sin and crime
Deep in our Saviour's tomb,
And seek the treasures there, that time
Nor change can e'er consume.

- 3 We die with thee; O let us live
Henceforth to thee aright;
The blessings thou hast died to give,
Be daily in our sight.
- 4 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

357. C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

For Grateful Submission.

- 1 One prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly thine;
"Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine."
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.
- 5 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

358. C. M.

Law of Love.

BRENNAN.

- 1 All nature feels attractive power,
A strong, embracing force;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.
- 2 Thus, in the universe of mind,
Is felt the law of love;
The charity both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.
- 3 In this fine sympathetic chain
All creatures bear a part;
Their every pleasure, every pain,
Linked to the feeling heart.
- 4 More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul;
Our neighbor is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.

359. C. M.

Prayer for Faith.

BATH COLL.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

360. C. M.

The same.

WRECFORD.

- 1 Lord! I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord! I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord! I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak;
Strengthen my weakness, and bestow
The confidence I seek!
- 4 Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord! to thy truth my spirit bow,
Help thou my unbelief!

[14*]

361. C. M.

"Take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

J. LOMBARD.

- 1 Thou God our heavenly Father art;
In thee we live and move;
O let thy Spirit fill each heart,
That we may know thy love!
- 2 Thy Spirit in a world of strife
Is peace within the breast,
In all the care and toils of life
It gives a holy rest.
- 3 Though dark the cloud and black the sky
The world without may wear,
We have no fear, since thou art nigh,
And we are in thy care.
- 4 Then Father, let thy Spirit make
Our hearts thy dwelling place,
And glad shall be the songs we wake
For all thy truth and grace!

362. C. M.

Acknowledgment of Divine Love.

LYRA CATH.

- 1 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting God!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!
- 2 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 3 Only to sit and think of God—
O what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the name,
Earth has no higher bliss!
- 4 Father of Jesus! love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee!

363. C. M.

A Rest Remaineth.

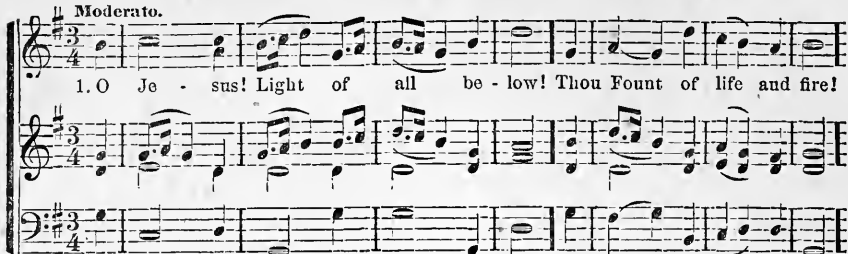
C. WESLEY.

- 1 Lord! we believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns;—
For thou art served alone:—
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that we now that rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Thou Holiest! now the power bestow,
And let us cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from our heart,
This unbelief remove;
The rest of perfect faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WM. TANSUR, 1735.

Moderato.



364. C. M.

LYRA CATH.

Plea, for Christ's Love.

- 2 O Jesus! Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.
- 3 Poor souls! that know not how to love;
They feel not Jesus near;
And they who know not how to love,
Still less know how to fear.
- 4 The majesty of God ne'er broke
On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
Lay trembling in the light.
- 5 Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

365. C. M.

METHODIST COLL.

Seeking God.

- 1 Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

366. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Words and Deeds.

- 1 Beneath the thick but struggling clouds,
We talk of Christian life;
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with man at strife.
- 2 Traditions, forms, and selfish aims,
Have dimmed the inner light;
Have closely veiled the spirit-world,
And angels from our sight.
- 3 Strong souls and willing hands we need,
Our temple to repair;
Remove the gathering dust of years,
And show the model fair.
- 4 We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest;
Wouldst thou see truth? To action wake:
Do the divine behest.

367. C. M.

The Importance and Influence of Love. WATTS.

- 1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast :
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear :
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble, too ;
But they can never love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.

368. C. M.

Universal Prayer. POPE.

- 1 Father of all ! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !
- 2 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 3 This day be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.
- 4 To thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

369. C. M.

The same. POPE.

- 1 Father of all ! whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,
Through every age let praise ascend,
And every clime adore.
- 2 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath ;
Lord, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.
- 3 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
- 4 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

- 5 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

370. C. M.

Blessing of Prayer. BEDDOM.

- 1 Prayer is the spirit of our God
Returning whence it came ;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened soul repose,
And soothes the wounded breast ;
Yields comfort to the mourner here,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays ! "
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

371. C. M.

The same. T. WHITTEMORE.

- 1 Our Father, who in heaven art,
All hallowed be thy name ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
On earth, in heaven the same.
- 2 Give us this day our daily bread,
Our debts, O Lord, forgive,
As we forgive our enemies,
And thus obedient live.
- 3 Into temptation lead us not,
From evil keep us clean ;
Thine is the kingdom, glory, power,
Forevermore, Amen.

372. C. M.

" Abide with us. " STEGMANN.

- 1 Abide among us with thy grace,
Lord Jesus, evermore,
Nor let us e'er to sin give place,
Nor grieve him we adore.
- 2 Abide among us with thy ray,
O light that lighten'st all,
And let thy truth preserve our way,
Nor suffer us to fall.
- 3 Abide among us as our shield,
O captain of thy host ;
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forsake our post.
- 4 Abide with us in faithful love,
Our Lord and Saviour be,
Thy help at need, O let us prove,
And keep us true to thee.

WINCHELSEA. L. M

1. Press on, press on! ye sons of light, Un - tir - ing in your ho - ly fight,

Still tread - ing each tempta - tion down, And bat - tling for a brighter crown.

373. L. M.

GASKELL.

Press On.

- 2 Press on, press on! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.
- 3 Press on, press on! still look in faith
To him who vanquished sin and death;
Then shall ye hear God's word, "Well done!"
True to the last, press on, press on!

- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbids our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

374. L. M.

GIBBONS.

Heavenly Life Here.

- 1 Now let our souls on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

375. L. M.

WATTS.

The Christian Race.

- 1 Awake, our souls, away our fears;
Let every trembling thought begone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

376. L. M.

God hidden and manifest.

T. H. GILL.

- 1 What secret place, what distant star,
Is like, dread Lord, to thine abode?
Why dwellest thou from us so far?
We yearn for thee, thou hidden God!
- 2 Yet, Lord, thou dost to us appear
In the dear Saviour's smiling face;
The heavenly majesty draws near,
And offers us its soft embrace.
- 3 To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come.
From us thou hidest thine abode,
But thou wilt make our souls thy home.
- 4 O glory that no eye may bear!
O presence bright, our soul's sweet guest!
O furthest off, O ever near!
Most hidden and most manifest!

377. L. M.

Enjoyment of Christ's Love.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 Jesus, thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare,
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray,
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 O, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.
- 4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

378. L. M.

The Highest Good Sought.

GEORGE WITHER.

- 1 Sometime, O Lord! at least in show,
A thankful heart we do profess,
When thou such blessings dost bestow,
As outward riches, health, or peace;
- 2 But for that means which may conduce
Our souls to their true bliss to raise,
We make not very frequent use
Of thankful words or hymns of praise.
- 3 O God, forgive this crying sin,
More wise, more thankful, let us grow,
To mend this fault let us begin,
And grace obtain more grace to show:
- 4 For all of earthly wealth's increase,
Soundness of body, strength of brain,
A free estate, an outward peace,
Without this blessing were in vain.

379. L. M.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits."

WATTS.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour, God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

380. L. M.

The Christian Graces.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 Faith, hope, and charity, these three.
Yet is the greatest charity;
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.
- 2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And charity, whose name above,
Is God's own name, for God is love.
- 3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form.
- 4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

381. L. M.

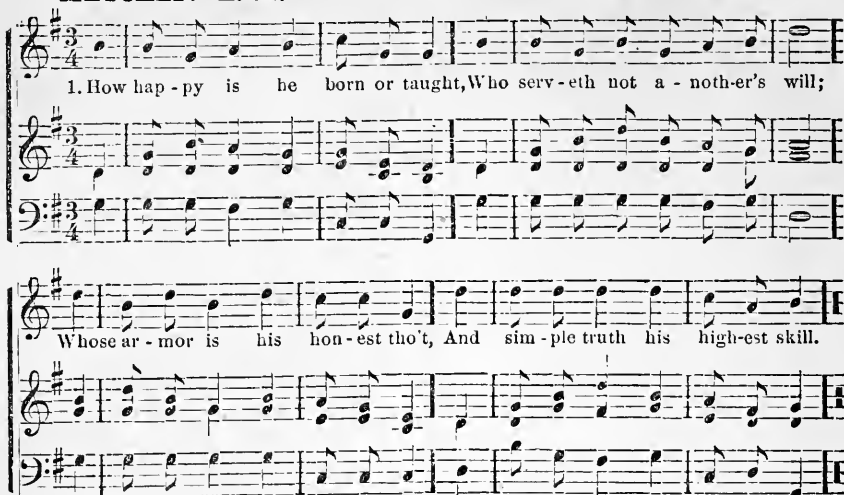
Christian Charity and Fellowship.

WATTS

- 1 Not different food nor different dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banished hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

METCALF. L. M.

S. B. BALL.



1. How hap-py is he born or taught, Who serv-eth not a - noth-er's will;
Whose ar-mor is his hon-est tho't, And sim-ple truth his high-est skill.

382. L. M.

SIR H. WOTTON.

The Independent and Happy Man.

- 2 Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath ;
- 3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his graco than goods to lend,
And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.
- 4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

383. L. M.

G. WESLEY.

Prayer for Christian Renewal.

- 1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe ;
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee ;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

384. L. M.

W. SCOTT.

Divine Guidance Implored.

- 1 When Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray !
- 4 And, O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

385. L. M.

ANONIMOUS.

Charitable Judgment.

- 1 Omniscient God, 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.
- 3 If wrong, forgive; accept, if right,
Whilst faithful, we obey our light,
And judging none, are zealous still,
To follow, as to learn thy will.

386. L. M.

STEELE.

Assurance of the Divine Favor.

- 1 In vain the world's alluring smile
Would my unwary heart beguile;
Deluding world! its brightest day—
Dream of a moment—flits away.
- 2 To nobler bliss my soul aspires;
Come, Lord, and fill these large desires
With power, and light, and love divine;
O speak and tell me thou art mine.
- 3 The blissful word with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heavenly hope, serenely bright,
Illume and cheer my darkest night.
- 4 So shall my joyful spirit rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies;
Then dwell forever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

387. L. M.

WATTS.

All things vain without Love.

- 1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or, could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the cravings of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

388. L. M.

G. ROGERS.

Religion.

- 1 Religion! in its blessed ray
All thought of hopeless sorrow flies,
Despair and anguish melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.

How dark our sinful world would be—
A flowerless desert, dry and drear!
Did not this light, O God, from thee
Its gloom dispel, its aspect cheer.

- 2 Oh! by it many a heart is soothed,
Which else would be with sorrow crushed,
And many a dying pillar smoothed,
And sob of parting anguish hushed.
Across the troubled sky of time
It doth the bow of promise bend,
A symbol of that cloudless clime
That waits the soul when time shall end.
- 3 Religion! may its holy light
Our footsteps guide to paths of peace!
Our solace in deep sorrow's night,
Our stay as mortal powers decrease.
With this our guide, we care not when
Death's signal to depart is given;
Its word shall bring our spirits then
The calm and holy peace of heaven.

389. L. M.

DODDGE.

Praising God in Life and Death.

- 1 God of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise,
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

390. L. M.

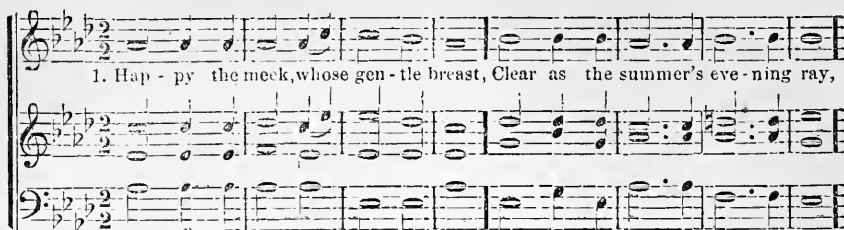
COWPER.

Panting for Heavenly Things.

- 1 I thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First weaned my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.
- 4 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of my Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



391. L. M.

SCOTT.

The Blessing of Meekness.

- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

392. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Who shall stand in his Holy Place?

- 1 The earth is thine, Jehovah; thine
Its peopled realms and wealthy stores;
Built on the floods by power divine,
The waves are ramparts to the shores.
- 2 But who shall reach thy holy place,
Or who, O Lord, ascend thy hill?
The pure in heart shall see thy face;
The perfect man that doth thy will.
- 3 He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood,—he shall stand
Redeemed, and owned, and kept by thee.

393. L. M.

KEBLE.

*"Not that thou wouldst take them out of the world,
but keep them from its evil."*

- 1 Sweet is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn and steadfast mein,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.
- 2 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!
- 3 We need not bid for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

394. L. M.

NEWTON.

Men ought always to pray.

- 1 What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

395. L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Christian Watchfulness and Life.

1 Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mastering his pale, terrific bands;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

3 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Deceitful snares beset thee round;
Beware of all; guard every part;
But most the traitor in thy heart.

396. L. M.

HEBER.

Call to Duty.

1 The God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each, with awful sound,
"No longer stand ye idle here!"

2 "Ye, whose young cheeks are rosy-bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are
clear,

Waste not of hope the morning light,
Ah, fools, why stand ye idle here?"

3 "And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day!
And stand ye yet so idle here?"

4 O thou, by all thy works adored,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to serve thee here!

397. L. M.

DRUMMOND.

Faith without Works is dead.

1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring

2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted arm or bended knee.

[15]

3 To doers only of the word,
Propitious is the righteous Lord;
He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
Binds up their wounds, and soothes their cares.

398. L. M.

SCOTT.

The True Life.

1 Th' uplifted eye, and bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee:
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

4 Love God and man—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well-beloved preach.

399. L. M.

WESLEY.

Prayer.

1 Prayer is to God the soul's sure way;
So flows the grace he waits to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict or wrong oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every need still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though poor and broken be its word;
Pray if thou canst, or canst not, speak:
The breathings of the soul are heard.

4 Depend on him; thou shalt prevail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his mercy will not fail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

400. L. M.

WATTS.

Love to God and our Neighbor.

1 Thus saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With sacred fervor and delight.

2 "Then shall thy neighbor next in place,
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Define and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove,
For want of this the law is broke,
And all the law's fulfill'd by love.

FERTILE PLAINS. L. M.*

HANDEL.

1. Fa - ther of spir - its! Na - ture's God! Our in - most tho'ts are known to thee;

Thou, Lord, canst hear each i - dle word, And ev - 'ry pri - vate ac - tion see.

401. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God's constant Presence.

- 2 Could we on morning's swiftest wings
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.
- 3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thine all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.
- 4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin;
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where naught impure shall enter in.

402. L. M.

WATTS.

The Indwelling of God desired.

- 1 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.

- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

403. L. M. 6 lines.

ADDISON.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through deserts, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,—
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

* 6 lines by repeating two first lines.

404. L. M. 6l.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ Desired.

- 1 Come, O thou universal good !
 Baln of the wounded conscience, come !
 The hungry, dying spirit's food ;
 The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home ;
 Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
 My everlasting rest from sin !
- 2 Come, O my comfort and delight ! {sun ;
 My strength, and health, and shield, and
 My boast, my confidence, and might,
 My joy, my glory, and my crown ;
 My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,
 My tree of life, my paradise.

405. L. M. 6l.

O. WESLEY.

Christ our Strength.

- 1 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am while Thou art mine :
 And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.
- 2 Jesus, my all in all thou art ;
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
 The medicine of my broken heart ;
 In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
 In shame, my glory and my crown.

406. L. M. 6l.

MONTGOMERY.

Humility.

- 1 The bird that soars on highest wing,
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,
 Sings in the shade when all things rest :—
 In lark and nightingale we see
 What honor hath humility.
- 2 When Mary chose the better part,
 She meekly sat at Jesus' feet :
 And Lydia's gently opened heart
 Was made for God's own temple meet :—
 Fairest and best adorned is she,
 Whose clothing is humility.
- 3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
 In deepest adoration bends ;
 The weight of glory bows him down,
 Then most, when most his soul ascends ;
 Nearest the throne itself must be
 The footstool of humility.

407. L. M. 6l.

ENG. BAP. COLL.

A Support in Temptation.

- 1 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;

Support by thy almighty hand ;
 Show forth in me thy saving power ;
 Still be thine arm my sure defence ;
 Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

- 2 In suffering be thy love my peace ;
 In weakness be thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 O Saviour, in that trying hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my Guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

408.* S. M.

HERBERT.

Living to God wholly.

- 1 Teach me, my God and King,
 Thy will in all to see ;
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for thee !
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
 While still to thee I tend ;
 In all I do, be thou the way,
 In all, be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake ;
 Nothing so small can be,
 But draws, when acted for thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,
 E'en servile labors shine ;
 Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;
 The meanest work, divine.

409.* S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"Blessed are the Meek."

- 1 "Blest are the meek," he said,
 Whose doctrine is divine ;
 The humble-minded earth possess,
 And bright in heaven will shine.
- 2 While here on earth they stay,
 Calm peace with them shall dwell,
 And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
 Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs,
 They own his gracious sway ;
 And yielding all their wills to him,
 His sovereign laws obey.

410.* S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

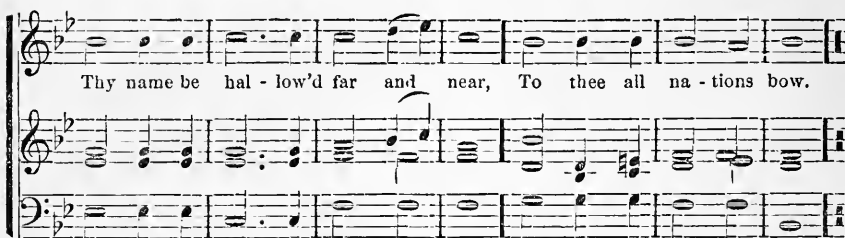
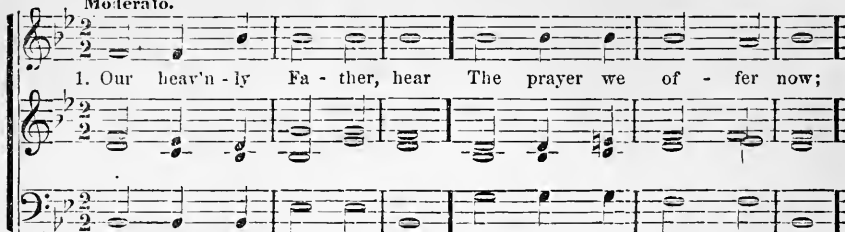
The Watchful Servant.

- 1 Ye servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait ;
 With joy obey his heavenly word,
 And watch before his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame ;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.

PELHAM. S. M.

By permission.

Moderato.



411. S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne and majesty,
Of heaven and earth are thine.

412. S. M.

WATTS.

The Bond of Peace.

- 1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

413. S. M

SCOTT.

Private Judgment and Accountability.

- 1 Imposture shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.
- 2 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 3 Lord, give the light we need;
Our minds with knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.
- 4 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

MILFORD. S. M.

Arranged by C. H.

1. I want a heart to pray— To pray and nev - er cease;
This bless - ing, a - bove all— Al - ways to pray— I want;
Nev - er to mur - mur at thy stay, Or wish my suff - 'rings less.
Out of the deep on thee to call, And nev - er, nev - er faint.

414. S. M. Double.

C. WESLEY.

Christian Desire.

- 2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
- 3 I rest upon thy word—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

415. S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Daily Prayer.

- 1 Come to the morning prayer,
Come, let us kneel and pray,—
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
To walk with God all day.

- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the heat,
When the sun smiles by day.
- 3 At evening, shut thy door,
Round the home altar pray;
And finding there the house of God,
At heaven's gate close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray!

416.* 7s.

C. WESLEY.

The Harmony of Love.

- 1 Lord! subdue our selfish will:
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
- 2 Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings:
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

CHARLES STREET.* 7s. 6 lines.

By permission.

Andante.

1. Who shall towards thy cho - sen seat Turn, O Lord, his fa - vor'd feet?

Who shall at thine al - tar bend? Who shall Zi - on's hill as - cend?

Who, great God, a wel - come guest, On thy ho - ly moun - tain rest?

417. 7s.

MERRICK.

"Who shall abide in thy tabernacle!"

- 2 He whose heart thy love has warmed ;
He whose will to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run ;
He whose word and thought are one ;
Who, from sin's contagion free,
Lifts his willing soul to thee.
- 3 He, who thus with heart unstained,
Treads the path by thee ordained,
He shall towards thy chosen seat,
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet ;
He thy ceaseless care shall prove,
He shall share thy constant love.

418. 7s.

W. ROSCOE.

The Golden Rule.

- 1 Thus saith Jesus :—"Go and do
As thou would'st be done unto ;"

Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee.

- 2 Would'st thou, when thy faults are known,
Wish that pardon should be shown ?
Be forgiving, then, and do
As thou would'st be done unto.
- 3 Should'st thou helpless be and poor,
Would'st thou not for aid implore ?
Think of others, then, and be
What thou would'st they should to thee.
- 4 For compassion, if thou call,
Be compassionate to all ;
If thou would'st affection find,
Be affectionate and kind.
- 5 If thou would'st obtain the love
Of thy gracious God above,
Then to all his children be
What thou would'st they should to thee.

* 7s. by omitting the third and fourth lines.

419. 7s.

Self-distrust.

NEWTON.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,—
Oft it causes anxious thought,—
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord, indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 4 Father, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

420. 8 & 7s.

The Conflict of Life.

S. JOHNSON.

- 1 Onward, brother, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!
- 2 Listen, brother, their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee—"God is love,"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever—heaven's above."
- 3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother,
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!
- 4 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver,
O, for their sake, press thou on!

421. 8 & 7s.

Be thou ready.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Be thou ready, fellow-mortal,
In thy pilgrimage of life,
Ever ready to uphold thee,
In the toil and in the strife.
- 2 Be thou ready, when thy brother
Bows in dark affliction's shade;
Be thou ready when thy sister
Needs thy kindness and thy aid;
- 3 Let thine arm sustain and cheer them,
They have claims upon us all;
And thy deeds like morning sunlight,
On their weary hearts shall fall.
- 4 Be thou ready, in thy meekness,
To do good to friend and foe,

As thy Father sheddeth freely
Light on all that dwell below.

422. 8 & 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

Call to Action.

- 1 Up, my soul! with clear sedateness
Read heaven's law, writ bright and broad,
Up! a sacrifice to greatness,
Truth and goodness,—up to God!
- 2 Up to labor! from thee shaking
Off the bonds of sloth, be brave!
Give thyself to prayer and waking,
Toil some fainting heart to save!

423. 8 & 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

Life's Work.

- 1 All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.
- 2 Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.
- 3 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor,
Still be sure to do our part.
- 4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish,
In the coming stormy night.
- 6 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,—
Lest before to-morrow's sun,
We, too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

424.* 8 & 7s.

GRANT.

Rejoicing in Hope of the Glory of God.

- 1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear;
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are there;
Think what Jesus did to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

AMSTERDAM.* 7 & 6s.

DR. NARES.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place; }

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre - par'd a - bove.

425. 7 & 6s.

Rising towards heaven.

ANONYMOUS.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Who can trace a beam of light,
From the day-star parted?
Prayer, more rapid in its flight,
From the mind is darted.

- 2 Wheresoe'er thy lot command,
Brother, pilgrim, stranger,
God is ever near at hand,
Golden shield from danger.
Rocks of granite, gates of brass,
Alps to heaven soaring,
Bow, to let the wishes pass,
Of a soul imploring!

426.* 7 & 6s.

Power of Prayer.

J. MARSDEN.

- 1 Prayer its way to God can find,
From earth's deepest centre;
Though a wall of steel confin'd,
Prayer that wall would enter.

- 3 Deity in every place,
On the earth or ocean,
Opens wide the gates of grace
To sincere devotion;
'Neath the sceptre or the rod,
Or by stream or fountain,
Lift thy spirit up to God,
Who can stop its mounting!

* Use the slurs and small notes at the end of lines for the 426th hymn.

HYMN CHANT.

GREGORIAN.

1. Come, let us pray; 'tis sweet to feel that God himself is near;
That, while we at his foot-stool kneel,

His mercy deigns to hear: Though sorrows cloud
life's dreary way, This is our solace— let us pray. A - men.

427. C. H. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Come, let us Pray.

- 2 Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that | throng us | now,
Will be relieved by prayer:
Our God will chase our griefs away;
O, glorious thought!—come, | let us | pray.
- 3 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
Our heavenly Father | waits to | greet
The contrite spirit there:
O, loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us; | let us | pray.

428.* 7 & 6s.

EDIN. LIT. REVIEW.

Pray without ceasing.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

* Sing to Blodgett, page 142.

BOWEN. L. M.

HAYDN.

Sostenuto.

1. My God, per-mit me not to be, A stran-ger to my-self and thee;

A - mid a thou-sand tho'ts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

429. L. M.

WATTS.

Divine Life sought.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth;
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

430. L. M.

WATTS.

The soul looking upward.

- 1 Up to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes!
- 3 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

- 4 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 5 Great all in all, eternal king!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

431. L. M.

MRS. GILMAN.

Our sufficiency of God.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

432. L. M.

RITCHIE.

Light implored.

- 1 My soul before thee prostrate lies ;
To thee, her source, my spirit flies ;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;
O, let thy presence set me free !
- 2 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore ;
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.
- 3 Take full possession of my heart ;
The lowly mind of Christ impart ;
I still will wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till, in thy light, the light I see.

433. L. M.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Prayer for Divine Help.

- 1 Be with me, Lord, where'er I go ;
Teach me what thou would'st have me do ;
Show me my weakness,—let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.
- 2 Enrich me always with thy love ;
My kind protection ever prove ;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy spirit on me rest.
- 3 Assist and teach me how to pray ;
Incline my nature to obey ;
What thou abhor'st that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

434. L. M.

WATTS.

Retirement from the World.

- 1 Far from my thoughts, vain world ! be gone,
Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see ;
I wait a visit, Lord ! from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire ;
Come, my dear Jesus ! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour ! what delicious fare—
How sweet thine entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine :
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known !

435. L. M.

STOWELL.

The Mercy-seat.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place of all on earth most sweet ;
It is the heavenly mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

436. L. M.

BEDDOME.

The Spirit invoked.

- 1 Come, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfin'd,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The deeper darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals ;
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love ;
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

437. L. M.

MADAME GUYON.

How to learn of God.

- 1 If thou of God would'st truly learn,
His wisdom, goodness, glory see,
All human arts and knowledge spurn,
Let love alone thy teacher be.
- 2 Love is my master. When it breaks
The morning light, with rising ray,
To thee, O God ! my spirit wakes,
And love instructs it all the day.
- 3 And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

438. L. M.

BODDRIDGE.

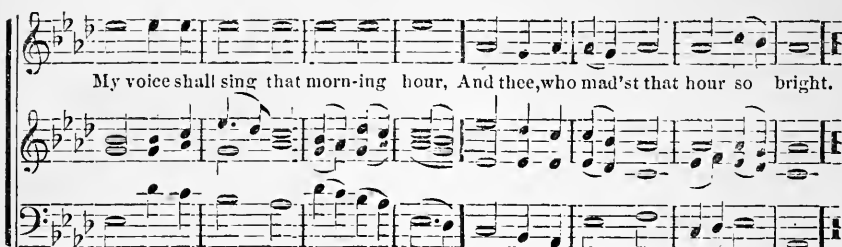
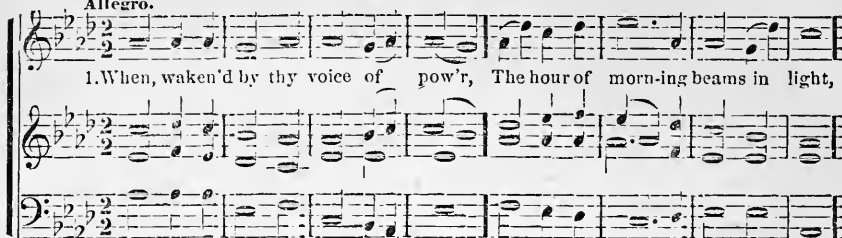
Weeping Seed-time and joyful Harvest.

- 1 The darkened sky, how thick it lowers !
Troubled with storms, and big with showers,
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 But seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown ;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !
- 3 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

PRAY. L. M.

G. HEWES.

Allegro.



439. L. M.

BOWRING.

Perpetual Praise.

- 1 When, wakened by thy voice of power,
The hour of morning beams in light,
My voice shall sing that morning hour,
And thee, who mad'st that hour so bright.
- 2 The morning strengthens into noon ;
Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair ;
And noon and morning shall attune
My grateful heart to praise and prayer.
- 3 When 'neath the evening western gate
The sun's retiring rays are hid,
My joy shall be to meditate,
E'en as the pious patriarch did.
- 4 As twilight wears a darker hue,
And gathering night creation dims,
The twilight and the midnight, too,
Shall have their harmonies and hymns.
- 5 So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,
My constant inspirations be ;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God, a light from thee.

440. L. M.

FABER.

The Gifts of God.

- 1 My soul ! what hast thou done for God ?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;
Sun up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God hath done for thee.
- 2 He made thee when he might have made
A soul that would have loved him more ;
He rescued thee from nothingness,
And set thee on life's happy shore.
- 3 The Son hath come ; and maddened sin
The world's Redeemer crucified ;
The Spirit comes, and stays, while man
His presence doubt, his griefs deride.
- 4 And now the Father keeps himself
In patient and forbearing love,
To be his creature's heritage
In that undying life above.
- 5 What hast thou done for God, my soul ?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,
Cry for his mercy upon thee !

441. L. M.

The Soul's constant need.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 My Lord, if thou one moment leave,
That moment I from thee depart;
Fall into sin, thy spirit grieve,
And to the tempter yield my heart.
- 2 O, do not at a distance stand,
Or from my helpless soul remove;
Trouble and sin are hard at hand,
And naught can save me but thy love.
- 3 I feel throughout my evil day,
Temptation intimately near;
Oh could I without ceasing pray,
And always watch, and always fear!
- 4 Jesus, for this to thee I cry;
Upon my thirsty, gasping soul,
Pour out thy spirit from on high,
And floods o'er all the desert roll.

442. L. M.

Night-watches.

BREVIAKY.

- 1 Throughout the hours of darkness dim,
Still let us watch and raise the hymn;
And in deep midnight's awful calm,
Pour forth the soul in deepest psalm.
- 2 Amid the silence, else so dear,
Think the Almighty leans to hear;
Well pleased to list at such a time,
The wakeful heart in praise sublime.
- 3 Still watch and pray and raise the hymn,
Throughout the hours of darkness dim!
God will not spurn the humblest guest,
But give us of his holy rest.

- 4 Glory to God, who is in heaven!
Praise to his blessed Son be given!
Thee, Holy Spirit, we implore,
Be with us now and evermore!

443. L. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

Divine Aid implored.

- 1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, sweet spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way!
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail,
Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale.

444. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

For Self-renunciation.

- 1 Father of might, my bonds I feel,
And long for perfect liberty;
I would deny my selfish will,
And, Father, give up all to Thee!
O, with Thy strength my weakness fill!
That strength shall every foe subdue;
The doubts that tempt, the sins that kill,
The wishes to the cross untrue.
- 2 A sinless mind in me reveal,
Thy spirit's fulness, Lord, impart!
Till all my spotless life shall tell
The abundance of a loving heart.
So shall I own Thy perfect sway,
And, sitting humbly at Thy feet,
Thy law with all my heart obey,
And all my soul to Thee submit.

CHANT.

NOVELLO.



445. L. M.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

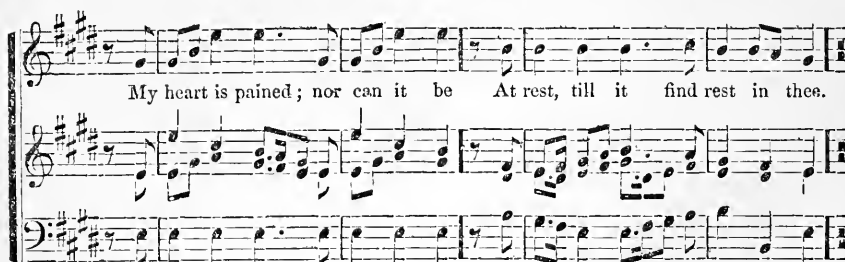
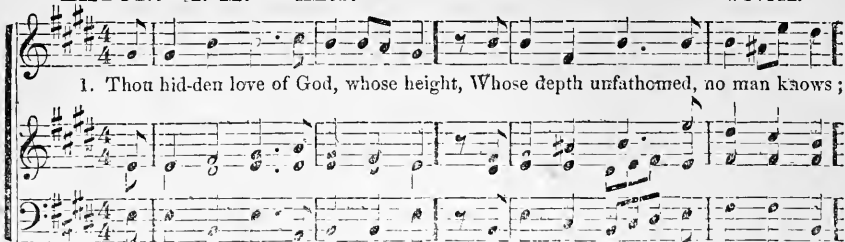
Detained from the Sanctuary.

- 1 Sweet Sabbath bells! I love your voice,
You call me to the | house of | prayer;
Oft have you made my heart rejoice,
When I have gone to | worship | there.
- 2 But now a prisoner of the Lord,
His hand forbids, I | cannot | go;
Yet may I here his love record,
And here the sweets of | worship | know.

- 3 Each place alike is holy ground,
Where prayer from humble | souls is |
poured,
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silent- | ly a- | dored.
- 4 His sanctuary is the heart—
There, with the contrite, | will he | rest;
Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
And make thy temple | in my | breast.

EATON. L. M. 6 lines.

WYVILL.



446. L. M. 6l.

Seeking God.

MORAVIAN.

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
 And fain I would ; but though my will
 Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove !
 Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee ;
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see.
 O, when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend !

- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there !
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.

447. L. M. 6l.

DOWLING.

"Help thou my unbelief."

- 1 If listening, as I listen still,
 O God ! to thine instructive word,
 In spite of all my spirit's will,
 Some whispering voice of doubt is heard,
 That voice spontaneous from the soul,
 Which nought can check and nought control.

- 2 If when most earnestly I pray,
For light, for aid, for strength from thee,
Some struggling thoughts will force their way,
And break my soul's serenity;—
If reason, thy best gift, will hold
The sceptre only half controlled;—
- 3 Help and forgive! heaven's alphabet
Hath many a word of mystery;
I read not all thy record yet,
Though perseveringly I try;
But teach me, Lord! and none shall be
More prompt, more pleased to learn of thee.

448. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Divine Presence implored.

- 1 Speak with us, Lord; thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rave;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All toil, and time, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou art present there.
- 3 Here then, my God, be pleased to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

449. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Our Heaven within.

- 1 There is a world,—and O, how blest!
Fairer than prophets told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its peace unfold.
- 2 Look not abroad, with roving mind,
To seek that fair abode;
It comes where'er the lowly find
The perfect peace of God.

450. C. M.

LYRA CATH.

God with the lowly.

- 1 Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts,
Thou makest there thy rest.
- 2 Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.
- 3 Who made this beating heart of mine,
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it then but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

451. C. M.

COWPER.

Walking with God.

- 2 O, for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!

A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

452. C. M.

MORAVIAN.

The Saviour sought.

- 1 O dearest Lamb, take thou my heart!
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?
- 2 If there's a fervor in my soul,
And fervor sure there is,
Now it shall be at thy control,
And but to serve thee rise.
- 3 If love, that mildest flame, can rest
In hearts so hard as mine;
Come, gentle Saviour, to my breast,
Its love shall all be thine.
- 4 Now the gay world, with treacherous art,
Shall tempt my heart in vain;
I have conveyed away that heart,
Ne'er to return again.
- 5 'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace,
And all the heaven I hope above,
Is but to see his face.

453. C. M.

HARTFORD SELEC.

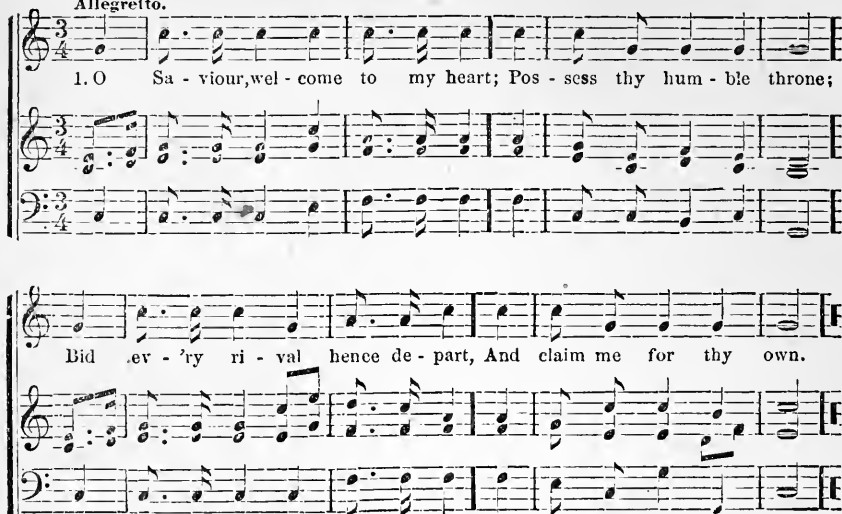
Daily Life in God.

- 1 O could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor never take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

Sing *Arlington*, page 150, or *St. Martin's*, page 162, to the above Hymns.

HOLMAN. C. M.

Allegretto.



1. O Sa - viour, wel - come to my heart; Pos - sess thy hum - ble throne;

Bid - ev - 'ry ri - val hence de - part, And claim me for thy own.

454. C. M.

BOURNE'S COLL.

Self-Dedication.

- 2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Saviour, take,
And fill with love divine.
- 3 O, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide;
I give it all to thee.

455. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Still Small Voice.

- 1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, untrembling love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

- 4 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But listening spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

456. C. M.

LYRA CATH.

Blessing of God's Love.

- 1 O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Should give that gift to me?
- 2 How many hearts thou might'st have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!
- 3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
- 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.
- 5 O, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

457. C. M.

R. BAXTER.

Looking to Christ.

- 1 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by the door.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?
- 3 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

458. C. M.

FABER.

The Soul's True Life.

- 1 God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road,
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.
- 2 O, utter but the name of God,
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once,
All tempting light departs.
- 3 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?
- 4 How little of that road, my soul!
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee farther on.

459. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

For Freedom from Secret Sin.

- 1 Searcher of hearts! before thy face
I all my soul display;
And conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat thy strict survey.
- 2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
O, let a ray of light divine,
The secret guile reveal.
- 3 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

- 4 To humble penitence and prayer,
Be gentle pity given;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

460. C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Detention from the Sanctuary.

- 1 Thousands, O Lord of hosts, to-day,
Within thy temples meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.
- 2 They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.
- 3 The dew lies thick on all the ground—
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?
- 4 Behold thy prisoner; loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will;
If not, contented in thy hands,
Behold thy prisoner still.
- 5 I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
O give me here a house of prayer,
Here Sabbath-joys impart.

461. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Heart's Love.

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face,
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood,
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

NEW YORK. C. M.

WHITTON.

Maestoso.



462. C. M.

T. H. GILL.

The Life Within.

- 2 Some joy of thine own seeking win;
To thine own strength repair:
Breathe, breathe the awful life within,—
Feel all the glory there!
- 3 Thyself amidst the silence clear,
The world far-off and dim,
Thy vision free, the Bright One near,
Thyself alone with him.
- 4 Thus sweetly live, thus greatly watch,—
Soul, be but inly bright!
All outward things must smile, must catch
Thy strong, transcendent light.
- 5 Near thee no darkness dares abide,
Thou makest all things shine;
Soul, whom the Lord has glorified,
Is not all glory thine?

463. C. M.

FABER.

Distraction in Prayer.

- 1 Had I, dear Lord! no pleasure found
But in the thought of thee;
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty.

- 2 Yet thou art oft, most present, Lord!
In weak, distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self,
Most often finds thee there.
- 3 And prayer that humbles, sets the soul
From all illusions free;
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord! it hangs on thee.
- 4 These surface troubles come and go,
Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but thee!

464. C. M. 6l.

S. SCHOOL GAZETTE.

Seeking a True Life.

- 1 Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out to me;
The changes that must surely come,
I do not fear to see;
I ask thee for the present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.
- 2 I ask thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching wise;
To meet the glad with cheerful smile,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

- 3 I would not have the restless will,
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am
In whatsoe'er estate,
I would have fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
A work of holy love to do,
For him on whom I wait.

465. C. M.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

True Love to God and Christ.

- 1 My God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love thee not
Must burn eternally.
- 2 Thou, blessed Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself—and all for one
Who was thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell.
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever loving Lord!
- 6 E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my Lord,
And my eternal King.

466. S. M.

MISS FLETCHER.

Where is Heaven?

- 1 Our heaven is everywhere,
If we but love the Lord,
Unswerving tread the narrow way,
And ever shun the broad.
- 2 'Tis where the trusting heart
Bows meekly to its grief,
Still looking up with earnest faith
For comfort and relief.

- 3 Where guileless infancy
In happiness doth dwell,
And where the aged one can say,
"He hath done all things well."
- 4 Wherever truth abides,
Sweet peace is ever there;
If we but love and serve the Lord,
Our heaven is everywhere.

467. S. M.

BARTON.

"The Word is nigh thee—in thy heart."

- 1 Say not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee;
That heavenly law within may shine,
And there its brightness be.
- 2 Soar not, my soul, on high,
To bring it down to earth;
No star within the vaulted sky
Is of such priceless worth.
- 3 Thou need'st not launch thy bark
Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
To bring this dove to thee.
- 4 Cease, then, my soul, to roam,
Thy wanderings all are vain:
That holy word is found at home;
Within thy heart its reign.

468. S. M.

COWPER.

Dependence on God.

- 1 To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.
- 5 In God is all our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

FRANCONIA. S. M. Double.

(By permission.)

1. I want a so - ber mind, A self - re - nounc - ing will,

That tram - ples down and casts be - hind The baits of pleas - ing ill;

A soul in - ured to pain, To hard - ship, grief, and loss,

Bold to take up, firm to sus - tain The con - se - cra - ted cross.

469. S. M. Sl.

ANONYMOUS.

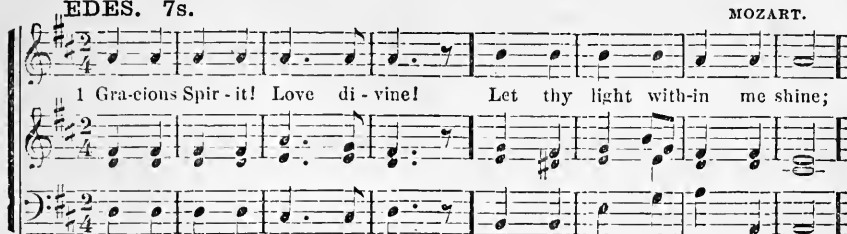
For a Right Spirit.

- 2 I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 Forever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

- 3 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To thee and thy great name;
 A zealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.

EDES. 7s.

MOZART.



470. 7s.

STOCKER.

The Spirit Invoked.

- 2 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 3 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

471. 7s.

BEAUMONT.

The Heaven Within.

- 1 As earth's pageant passes by,
Let reflection turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast;
There alone dwells solid rest.
- 2 That's a close immured tower,
Which can mock all hostile power;
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.
- 3 Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall;
In a cleanly, sober mind,
Heaven itself full room doth find.
- 4 The infinite Creator can
Dwell in it; and may not man?
Here, content, make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

472. 7s.

C. WESLEY

Progress and Perfection Sought.

- 1 When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?
- 2 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

473. 7s.

C. WESLEY

Divine Guidance Sought.

- 1 Lord, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.
- 2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride;
Not to man, but God, submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet;—
- 3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.
- 4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of true righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,—
Life eternal to my heart.

TURIN. 7s. 6 lines.

GIARDINI.

1. As the hart, with ea-ger looks, Pant-eth for the wa-ter-brooks,
So my soul, a-thirst for thee, Pants the liv-ing God to see;
When, O when, with fil-ial fear, Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

474. 7s. 6l.

MONTGOMERY.

The Soul panting for God.

- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

475. 7s.

WESLEYAN.

Life in God.

- 1 Father, they who thee receive,
And in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Fix, O, fix my wavering mind!
To the cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove,
Fill the soul with perfect love.
- 3 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the promise now receives;

He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

476. 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

Silent Worship.

- 1 Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour?
I will teach thy soul to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.
- 2 Sweeter songs than poets sing,
Thou shalt for thine offering bring;
Softly murmured hymns, that dwell
In devotion's deepest cell.
- 3 Know that music's holiest strain
Loves to linger, loves to reign,
In that calm of quiet thought
Which the passions trouble not.
- 4 Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour?
Thus thy soul may learn to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

HUDSON. 8 & 7s.

By permission.



477. 8 & 7s.

W. BOSTON COLL.
A Heart-Offering.

- 2 Father ! make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
- 3 Ever let thy grace surround it,
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound it ;
Make it to be wholly thine.
- 4 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven ;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,—
Guide it in the path to heaven.

478. 8 & 7s.

J. G. ADAMS.
Heaven Here.

- 1 Heaven is here. Its hymns of gladness
Cheer the true believer's way,
In this world where sin and sadness
Often change to night our day.
- 2 Heaven is here : where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen,
Where the face of sorrow brightened
By the deed of love hath been :
- 3 Where the bound, the poor, despairing
Are set free, supplied and blest ;
Where, in others' anguish sharing,
We can find our surest rest :

- 4 Where we heed the voice of duty
Rather than man's praise, or rod ;
This is heaven,—its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the smile of God.

479. 8 & 7s.

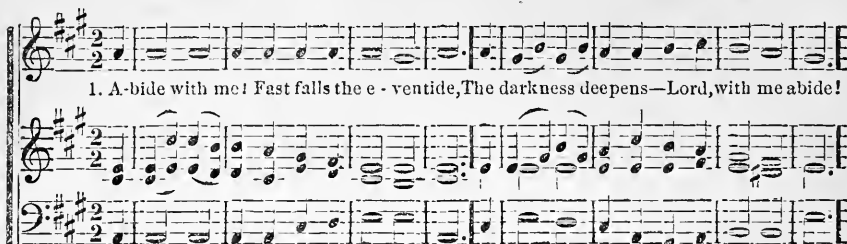
ANONYMOUS.

The Kingdom of God within.

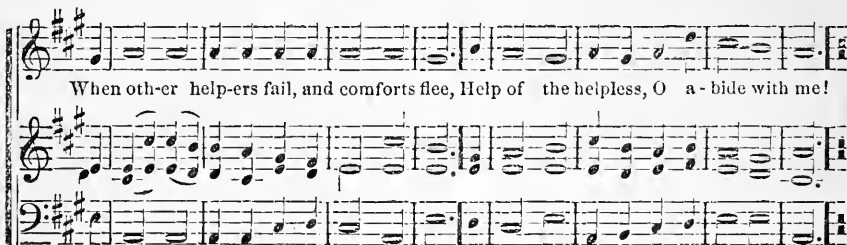
- 1 Pilgrim to the heavenly city,
Groping wildered on thy way ;
Seek not for the outward landmark,
List not what the blind guides say.
- 2 For long years thou hast been seeking
Some new idol found each day ;
All that dazzled, all that glistened,
Lured thee from the truth away.
- 3 Thou art heir to vast possessions,
Up, and boldly claim thine own ;
Seize thy crown, that waits thy wearing,
Leap at once into thy throne.
- 4 Look not to some cloudy mansion,
Midst the planets far away ;
Trust not to the distant future,
Let thy heaven begin to-day.
- 5 When the struggling soul hath conquered,
When the path lies fair and clear,
When thou art prepared for heaven,
Thou wilt find that heaven is here.

DAY OF REST. 10s.

W. O. PERKINS.



1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!



When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!

480. 10s.

LYTZ.

Christ's Presence sought.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

481. 10s.

MRS. STOWE.

"Abide in me."

- 1 That mystic word of thine, O Sovereign Lord!
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Wearied of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.
- 2 Abide in me—o'ershadow by thy love,
Each half-formed purpose, and dark thought of sin
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as thine—calm and divine.
- 3 As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.
- 4 The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that hand divine;
Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer thine.

HAYWARD. 7 & 6s.*

By permission.

Andante.

1. O - pen, Lord, my in - ward ear, And bid my heart re - joice;
Nev - er in the whirl - wind found, Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Bid my qui - et spir - it hear The com - fort of thy voice;
Still and si - lent is the sound, The whis - per of thy grace.

482. 7 & 6s.

METHODIST COLL.

Quiet Religion.

- 2 From the world of sin and noise
And tumult I withdraw;

For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

HYMN CHANT.

W. O. PERKINS.

483. P. M. The Heart's Prayer.

MOORE.

- 1 As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no | mortal can | see,
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises, | silent, to | thee,
My God! silent, to thee,—
Pure, warm, | silent, to | thee.
- 2 As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully | o'er the dim | sea,
So, dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns, | trembling, to | thee,
My God! trembling, to thee,—
True, sure, | trembling, to | thee.

[17]

* 5th line, see small note.

REST. 6 & 5s.

S. B. BALL.

1. If life's plea - sure's charm thee, Give them not thy heart:
Lest the gift en - snare thee From thy God to part.

484. 6 & 5s.

F. S. KEY.

The True Strength and Rest.

- 2 If distress befall thee,
Painful though it be,
Let not grief appall thee,
To thy Saviour flee.
- 3 When earth's prospects fail thee,
Let it not distress;
Better comforts wait thee,
Christ will freely bless.
- 4 Let not death alarm thee,
Shrink not from his blow,
For the conflict arm thee,
Triumph o'er the foe.

485.* L. M.

JANE ROSSCOE.

The Bitter Cup.

- 1 Thy will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.
- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Tho' these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years?
- 3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

- 4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night remove.
- 5 That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil and care and woe;
O Father! joyful on my way,
To drink thy bitter cup, I go.

486.* L. M.

WATTS.

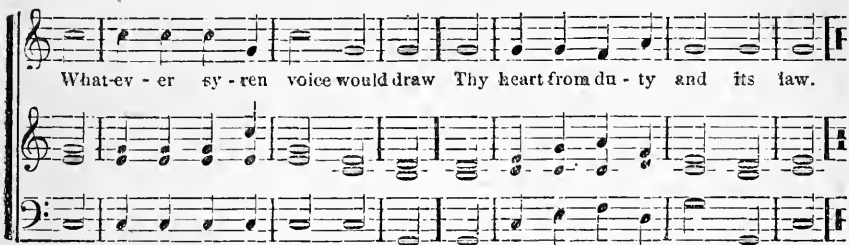
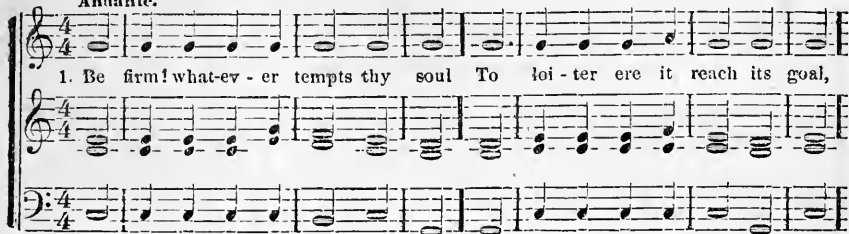
Trusting in God in Times of Despondency.

- 1 My spirit sinks within me, Lord;
But I will call thy grace to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
- 3 I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge in grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 4 O God, thou art my hope, my joy;
Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill.

RELiance. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Andante.



487. L. M.

MRS. MAYO.

Firmness and Trust.

- 2 O that distrust! Go bravely on,
Firm till the victor crown be won,
Firm when thy conscience is assailed,
Firm when the star of hope is veiled.
- 3 Firm in defying wrong and sin,
Firm in life's conflict, toil, and din,
Firm in the path by martyrs trod,—
Be firm in love to man and God.

488. L. M.

BOWLING.

Temptation.

- 1 Oh, what a struggle wakes within,
When in the spirit's solitude,
The tempting, treacherous thoughts of sin,
In all their luring smiles intrude!
- 2 'Tis then, my Father! then I feel
My nature's weakness, and, oppressed,
Like a poor, trembling child I steal
To thee, for safety, and for rest.
- 3 Beneath thy shadow let me live!
Be thou my friend—my Father be!
I bend in trust—I pray! forgive
The erring child that flies to thee!

489.* C. M.

LYRA CATH.

Divine Strength Invoked.

- 1 I worship thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.
- 2 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
- 3 Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will!
- 4 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.
- 5 I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
Hast made thy triumph mine.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love,
His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.

490. C. M.

B. BARTON.

Walking in the Light.

- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly ms,
Who dwells in clondless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

491. C. M.

EXETER COLL.

Prayer for Guidance.

- 1 Lord, through the dubious paths of life
Thy feeble servant guide;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.
- 2 To thee, O my unerring Guide,
I would myself resign,
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.

- 3 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me:
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

- 4 Lord, by thy counsel, while I live,
O, guide my wandering feet;
And when my course on earth is run,
Conduct me to thy seat.

492. C. M.

RYLAND.

Strength in the Lord.

- 1 O Lord! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!
- 3 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

493. C. M.

URWICK'S COLL.

Prayer for Grace in Trial.

- 1 Father of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.
- 2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope and love;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

494. C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Grace implored.

- 1 I cannot call affliction sweet,
And yet 'twas good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.
- 2 My wearied soul was all resign'd
To thy most gracious will:
O had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!
- 3 Where are the vows which then I vow'd?
The joys which then I knew?
Those, vanished like the morning cloud;
These, like the early dew.
- 4 Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be,
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

495. C. M.

TOPLADY.

Sweetness of Submission.

- 1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look by faith abroad,
And long to fly away;
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whisper of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend;
- 4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

496. C. M.

MRS. STEEL.

Trust in the Divine Will.

- 1 My God, my Father—blissful name—
O may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just and wise;
O bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

497. C. M.

FABER.

Prayer for Trust.

- 1 One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread—
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.
- 2 But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.
- 3 So in this darkness I can learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more.
- 4 O blessed be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
God's own Supremacy!

498. C. M.

BARTRUM.

My God, remember me.

- 1 O, from these visions dark and drear,
Kind Father, set me free;
I struggle yet with darkness here,—
My God, remember me!
- 2 Refresh my drooping soul with grace,
And quickening energy;
Still running, toiling in the race,—
My God, remember me!
- 3 Some cheering ray of hope impart,
Sweet influence from thee;
And raise this feeble, drooping heart,
My God, remember me!
- 4 For the inheritance in light,
On trembling wings I flee;
With sins, and doubts, and fears, I fight,
My God, remember me!

THATCHER. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. My spir - it on thy care, Blest Sa - viour, I re - cline;
Thou wilt not lead me to des - pair, For thou art love di - vine.

499. S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

True Safety.

- 2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good—I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

500. S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"Fear not; for ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified."

- 1 'Tis not for thee to fear,
Disciple of the Lord!
The Saviour, though unseen, is near,
To those who trust his word.
- 2 Weeping may last the night,
But joy will come with day;
Then watch, as for the morning light:
He'll shine thy fears away.
- 3 Perchance thy faith is weak,
Thy heart is full of pain;
Yet he, whom thou art led to seek,
Was never sought in vain.

- 4 He waits thy soul to bless,
To pour forth all his love;
Once tried himself, he marks distress,
And notes thy tears above.
- 5 In time—his time is best,
If mourning all thy days,
Still fear not; bright will be thy rest,
And sweet thy song of praise.

501. S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Trust in God.

- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Through each succeeding day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

502. S. M.

O. WESLEY.

All fulness in Christ.

- 1 Thou very present aid
In suffering and distress;
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

- 3 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.
- 4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.
- 5 Stripp'd of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one:
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

AH PERDONA. 7s.

ENGLISH.

1. They who on the Lord re - ly, Safe - ly dwell, tho' dan - ger's nigh;

Wide his sheltering wings are spread O'er each faith - ful ser - vant's head.

503. 7s.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Safety in God.

- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christian's are Jehovah's care;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep:
Death and danger may be near;
Faith and love have nought to fear.

- 2 Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round;
God's own banner in their hand,
In his service faithful found.
- 3 What our foes? Each thought impure;
Passions fierce, that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;
- 4 Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land:
Every error of our age.

504. 7s.

BULFINCH.

The Battle of Life.

- 1 There's a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close;
Bless the bold who dare engage!
Woe for him who seeks repose!

- 5 On, then, to the glorious field!
He who dies, his life shall save;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

SCHOOL ST. CHOIR.

Arranged from RHOADES.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly;
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past, Safe in - to the
ha - ven guide, Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last.

505. 7s.

The True Refuge.

WESLEYAN.

- 2 Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

506. 7s.

Trial Profitable.

COWPER.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Father's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

KALKBRENNER. C. M.

Subject from PAER.

Allegro.

1. From thee, my God, my joys shall rise In rap-ture - breath - ing sounds,
Range o'er the lim - its of the skies, O'er heaven's e - ter - nal bounds.

507. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Joy in God.

- 2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 O, then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent hope shall rise [spring,
To those bright scenes where pleasures
Immortal in the skies.

508. C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Strength in the Lord.

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all, who are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his surety trust.
- 5 Oh! make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide—
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

509. C. M.

HIGINBOTHAM.

Exulting in God's Praise.

- 1 My soul shall bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care, or keen distress,
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread his praise abroad.
- 5 When death is past, in purer strains
My grateful praise I'll pay;
The theme demands a nobler song,
And an eternal day.

MUNICH. C. M. Double.

MOZART.

1. My God! the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights;

Fine.

The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights.
Thou art my soul's bright morn-ing-star, And thou my ris-ing sun.

D. S.

2. In dark-est shades, if thou ap-pear, My dawn-ing is be-gun;

510. C. M.

WATTS.

God's Presence in Light and Darkness.

- 3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

511. C. M.

WATTS.

Psalms 27.

- 1 The Lord of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too:
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires—
Oh grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

512. C. M.

J. Q. ADAMS.

Psalms 23.

- 1 My Shepherd is the Lord on high ;
His hand supplies me still ;
In pastures green he makes me lie,
Beside the rippling rill :
He cheers my soul, relieves my woes,
His glory to display ;
The paths of righteousness he shows,
And leads me in his way.
- 2 Tho' walking thro' death's dismal shade,
No evil will I fear ;
Thy rod, thy staff shall lend me aid,
For thou art ever near :
For me a table thou dost spread
In presence of my foes :
With oil thou dost anoint my head ;
By thee my cup o'erflows.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy mercy sure
Shall bless me all my days ;
And I, with lips sincere and pure,
Will celebrate thy praise :
Yes, in the temple of the Lord
Forever I will dwell ;
To after time thy name record,
And of thy glory tell.

513. C. M.

COWPER.

The Mysteries of God's Providence.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

514. C. M.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

The Noble Army of Martyrs.

- 1 The triumphs of the martyred saints
The joyous lay demand ;
The heart delights in song to dwell
On that victorious band—
Those whom the senseless world abhorred,
Who cast the world aside,
Deeming it worthless, for the sake
Of Christ, their Lord and Guide.
- 2 What tongue can tell the crown prepared
The martyr's brow to grace ?
His shining robe, his joys unknown,
Before thy glorious face ?
Vouchsafe us, Lord, if such thy will,
Clear skies and seasons calm ;
If not, the martyr's cross to bear,
And win the martyr's palm.

515.* L. M.

WATTS.

Divine Aid.

- 1 Lord, I will bless thee all my days ;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue ;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me ;
Let every heart exalt his name ;
I sought the Eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my silent grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears ;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.
- 4 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord ;
O fear and love him all his saints,
Accept his grace and trust his word.

516.* L. M.

ALICE CARY.

The Way.

- 1 I cannot plainly see the way,
So dark my path is ; but I know
If I do truly work and pray,
Some good will brighten out of woe.
- 2 I said I could not see the way,
And yet what need is there to see,
More than to do what good I may,
And trust the great God over me ?
- 3 Why should my spirit pine, and lean
From its clay house ; or restless, bow,
Asking the shadows if they mean
To darken always, dim as now.
- 4 Why should I vainly seek to solve
Free-will, necessity, the pall ?
I feel, I know that God is love,
And knowing this, I know it all.

MUSIC. L. M. 6 lines.

DR. ARNE.

1. O love, thou fath-om - less a - byss! Our sins are swal low'd up 'in thee;

From all our past un - right - eous - ness And con-dem - na - tion we are free;

While Je - sus' voice, thro' earth and skies, Mer-cy-free, bound-less mer - cy-cries.

517. L. M. 6l.

ANONYMOUS.

Rejoicing in Divine Love.

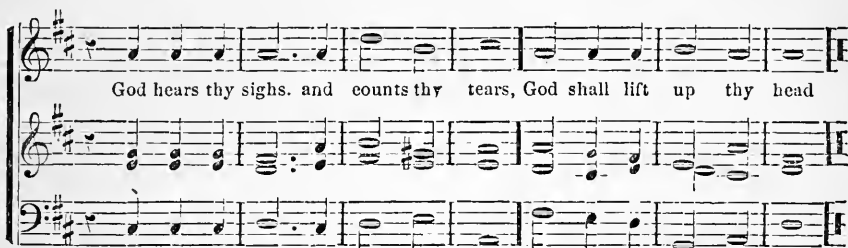
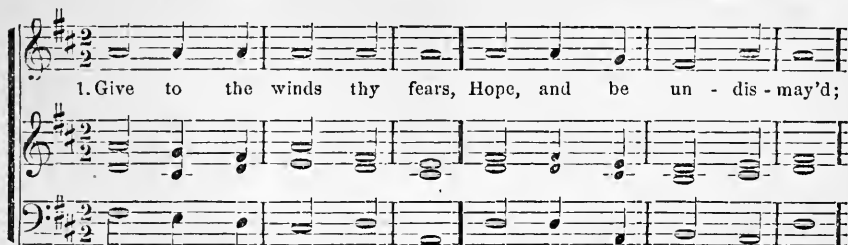
- 2 In faith we cast our souls on thee!
 Here is our hope, our joy, our rest;
 Hither, when fears assail, we flee:
 We look into our Saviour's breast.
 Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,—
 Mercy is all that's written there!
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er our head,—
 Though strength, and health, and friends
 be gone,—

Though joys be withered all, and dead,—
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,—
 Steadfast on this our soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies!

- 4 Fixed on this ground would we remain,
 Though our heart fail, and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall our soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full power we then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

PRAYER. S. M.

L. MARSHALL.



518. S. M.

GERHARD.

Reliance on God.

- 2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart!
Still sink thy spirits down!
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.
- 4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.
- 5 What, though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

519. S. M.

MORAVIAN

The same.

- 1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;

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- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause,—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 4 Then on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

520. S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Rejoicing.

- 1 Now let our voices join,
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways
With music pass along.
- 2 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To him who leads his followers on
To realms of endless day.

SWITHIN. H. M.

JESSER.

1. O Zi - on, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high;

Tell all the earth thy joys, And shout sal - va - tion high:

Cheer-ful in God, a - rise and shine, And wide ex - tend thy rays di - vine.

521. H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Beauty and Exaltation of Zion.

- 2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He sheds upon thy head:
Thy form the nations round shall view,
Divinely crowned with lustre new.
- 3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
His praise pursue, till sovereign love
The glory raise in worlds above.

522. H. M.

WATTS.

Safety in God.

- 1 To Heaven I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid—
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;

God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
No blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there;
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not pledged thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home.

ADAMS. 7 & 6s.

GIORNIVICHI.

1. To Thee, my God and Sa-viour, My heart ex-ult-ing springs,

Re-joicing in thy fa-vor, Al-mighty King of kings; I'll cel-e-brate thy glo-ry

With all the saints a-bove, And tell the wondrous sto-ry Of thy re-deem-ing love.

523. 7 & 6s.

God our Supporter.

HAWES.

- 2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice in supplication,
Jehovah, thou shalt hear;
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There cast my crown before thee,
My toils and conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore thee—
What can an angel more?

524. 7 & 6s.

Confidence in God. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My Light, my Help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?
- 2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine alliance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen;
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

LINTON. 6s.

B. F. BAKER.

1. Cheer up, des - pond - ing soul, Thy long - ing pleas'd I see;

'Tis part of that great whole, Where - with I long'd for thee!

525. 6s.

LYRA CATH.

Christ and the Believer.

- 2 Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left my Father's throne,
From death to set thee free,
And claim thee for my own!
- 3 To claim thee for my own,
I suffered on the cross;
O, were my love but known,
All else would be as dross!
- 4 All else would be as dross!
And souls, through grace divine,
Would count their gains but loss
To live for ever mine!

526. 6s.

LUTHER.

The Death of Martyrs.

- 1 Flang to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last:
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.
- 2 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And trumpet-tongued proclaim
To many a waking land
The one availing name.

527. 11 & 10s.

Strength in Weakness.

W. H. HURLBERT.

- 1 We will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.
- 2 We will not faint; if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us;
We shall be braver for the past despair.
- 3 Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts that faint without their friend!
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, till the joyous end.

SHILLABER. 11 & 10s.

1. For - ev - er wake - ful - ly the ear is turn - ing To catch some
to - ken from the sha - dowy sphere; For - ev - er is the full heart
For - ev - er is the
strange - ly yearn - ing Some word of pro - mise from its depths to hear.
full heart strangely yearn - ing,

528. 11 & 10s.

E. P. SHILLABER.

Spirit Longing.

- 2 And there are kindred spirits dwelling by us,
And mingling yet their loving thoughts with ours,
Forever dwelling in communion nigh us,
In virtue's way to cheer our lagging powers.
- 3 Oh, there are voices that will at our asking
Come to assure us of that better state,
Where, evermore in endless pleasure basking,
Those gone before, our fond reunion wait.
- 4 The grave is not a bourn whose sombre portal
Closeth eternal o'er the bright and fair,
But to its gate, to blessedness immortal,
The spirit passeth endless life to share.
- 5 Still old affection hereward back is turning,
And whispering words to us of joy and peace,
And spiritual eyes are round us burning,
With holier love as heavenly powers increase.

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CONSOLATION. 11 & 10s.

S. WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish; Come, at the shrine of God,

Duet.

fer-vent-ly kneel, Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish;

Cho.

Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal, Here bring your wounded hearts,

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.

529. 11 & 10s.

T. MOORE.

The same.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the comforter, in God's name saying,
 Earth has no sorrow, that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, living and pure;
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

H. BOND.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath, And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

530. L. P. M.

WATTS

Source of Consolation.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;—he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train.
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

531.* C. P. M.

COTTON.

Contentment and Resignation.

- 1 If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies;
Nor need we roam abroad;
The world has little to bestow;
From pious hearts our joys must flow,
Hearts that delight in God.
- 2 To be resigned, when ills betide,
Patient, when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
This is the wise, the virtuous part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.
- 3 Thus through life's changing scenes we'll go,
Its checkered paths of joy and woe,
With holy care we'll tread:
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

WICKLOW. 8, 7 & 4s.

FLORIO.

1. Ev - 'ry hu-man tie may perish; Friend to friend un-faith-ful prove;

Moth - ers cease their own to cherish; Heav'n and earth at last re - move;
Heav'n and earth at last re - move,

But no changes, but no changes Can a - vert the Fa - thers' love.

532. 8, 7 & 4s.

KELLY.

God Unchanging.

- 2 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

- 2 Starting from this dying state,
Up-ward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre;
Dwell forever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

533. 7 & 4s.

MRS. GILBERT.

Support in Death implored.

- 1 When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
O my Father, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

- 3 From the sparkling turrets there
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night and cloud by day,
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

UXBRIDGE. 8s.

DR. ARNE.

1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone;

O bear me, ye eber - u - bim up, And waft me a - way to his throne.

My Sa - viour, whom ab - sent I love; Whom, not hav - ing seen, I a - dore;

Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo - ry, do - min - ion, and pow'r.

534. 8s.

COWPER.

Heaven in Prospect.

2 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee,
 Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.
 When that happy era begins,
 When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline:

3 O then shall the vail be removed!
 And round me thy brightness be poured;
 I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
 I shall see, whom unseen I adored.
 And then, never more shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken this valley of tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose.

CAMIDGE. 8 & 7s.

ENGLISH.



1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, ci-ty of our God!

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed What can shake thy sure re- pose?

He whose word can- not be bro-ken Form'd thee for his own a- bode.

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

535. 8 & 7s.

J. NEWTON.

"Glorious things spoken of Zion."

- 2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove,
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Lovers of that truth so holy,
Which can make our nature free;
Friends of him whose kingdom glorious
Is the true believer's soul;—
Welcome! in his name victorious;—
Welcome to the Christian roll!

- 2 Known and read of generations
Are its pages bright and clear;
Faith's great champions of all nations,
Saints and martyrs eluster here.
Praising souls in earth and heaven,
Hosts redeemed from death and sin,
Have the invitation given,
Christ's own church to come within.

- 3 Come, and though amidst temptation,
And the world's seductive power,
Ye may make your declaration
Of discipleship this hour;
Keep in mind this great assurance
Which may all your steps attend;
Strength is born of faith's endurance;—
"I am with you to the end."

536. 8 & 7s.

J. G. ADAMS.

Recognition of a Church.

- 1 Servants of our Master lowly,
Who would his disciples be;

537. 8 & 7s.

LYRA CATH.

At the Cross.

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend:
Here alone I find my heaven,
Humbly on the Lamb to gaze;
Feel how much has been forgiven,
To his own eternal praise!
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
Here I'll spend my latest breath;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death:
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove each day his wounds more healing,
And himself more deeply know!

538. 8 & 7s.

FREISWEEK

Strength of the Church.

- 1 God his church hath firmly founded,
He will guard what he began;
We, by sin and foes surrounded,
Build her bulwarks as we can.
- 2 Frail and fleeting are our powers,
Short our days, our foresight dim,
And we own the choice not ours,
We were chosen first by him.
- 3 Onward then! for nought despairing,
Calmly follow at his word,
Thus through joy and sorrow bearing
Faithful witness to our Lord.
- 4 Though we here must strive with weakness,
Though in tears we often bend,
What his might began in meekness
Shall achieve a glorious end.

539. 8 & 7s.

BOWRING.

Glorying in the Cross.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

540. 8 & 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

Desires after Christian Obedience.

- 1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing:
Peace from God, through endless day.

541. 7s.

AIST.

"Follow thou Me."

- 1 Christ doth lead, no longer stand;
Follow me, is his command;
None may look behind him now,
Who to Christ hath pledged his vow.
- 2 Draw me up, O Lord, from hence,
Raise me high, o'er earth and sense;
That I lose not thee from sight,
Nor in life nor death, my Light!
- 3 In my soul's most deep recess,
Let me cherish holiness;
Not for show or human praise,
But for thy sake, all my days.
- 4 Grant me here, to trust thy grace,
There with joy to see thy face;
This in time my portion be,
That through all eternity.

542. 7s.

WESLEYAN.

Keeping Christ in view.

- 1 Partners of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up!
Nobly let us bear the strife,
Keep the holiness of life,—
- 2 Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.
- 3 Jesus, fill us with thy love,
Never from our souls remove;
Heart to heart unite and bless,
Keep us in thy perfect peace!
- 4 In our lives our faith be known,
Faith by holy actions shown;
Faith that mountains can remove,
Faith that always works by love.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.

1. Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in - deed;

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread.

543. 7s.

CONDER.

The Body and Blood of Christ.

- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died;
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

544. 7s.

WINDHAM.

Christ our all.

- 1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground—
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.
- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

- 3 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll!
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul.

- 4 Thus—O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it, "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

545.* 7s.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Glory of the Church.

- 1 On thy church, O Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons, from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.
- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound,
With the voice of praise resound.

* Repeat the first two lines of music.

546. 7s.

The Lord's Supper.

CONDOR.

- 1 Many centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordain'd,
Ever by his church retained :
Those his body who discern,
Thus shall meet till his return.
- 2 Through the church's long eclipse,
When from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth divine was never heard—
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To his love who died to save.
- 3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim ;
Though diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, one body to unite ;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common Head.
- 4 Come, the blessed emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare ;
Come, on truth immortal feed,
For his flesh is meat indeed :
Saviour ! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are thine.

547.* L. M.

WATTS.

Consecration in view of the Cross.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

548.* L. M.

GREGG.

Christian Profession.

- 1 Jesus ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star :
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain !
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

549.* L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Uniting with the Church.

- 1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my Lord !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.
- 3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart !
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- 5 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

550.* L. M.

KELLY.

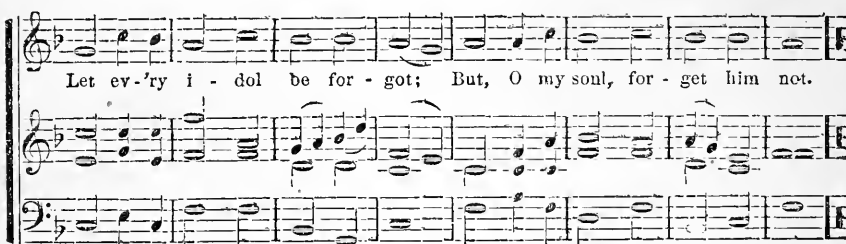
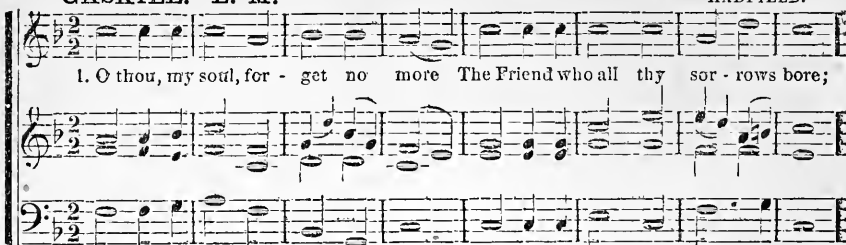
Receiving Members.

- 1 Come in, thou blessed of the Lord ;
O, come in Jesus' precious name ;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known ;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's ease our own.
- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat ;
Receive assurance of our love ;
O, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

* Sing Truro, page 72.

GASKILL. L. M.

HADFIELD.



551. L. M.

KRISHNA PAL.

Remembering Christ.

- 1 O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such grace, such matchless grace, forget?
- 4 O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

552. L. M.

Christ's Compassion celebrated.

- 1 Our spirits join to praise the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?

The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 In vain our mortal voices strive

To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

553. L. M.

COLLYER.

The Baptism of a Household.

- 1 United prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind!
Smile on this waiting family;
Thy blessing let thy servants find.
- 2 Let the dear pledges of their love,
Like tender plants, around them grow;
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.
- 3 Receive, at their believing hand,
The charge which they devote as thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command;
And seal, with power, the rite divine.
- 4 To every member of their house,
Thy grace impart, thy love extend;
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

554. L. M. 6l.

RAMBACH.

Baptismal Vow.

- 1 I am baptized into the name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
In the true church a place I claim,
Among the consecrated host;
Buried with Christ, and dead to sin,
The Spirit now shall live within.
- 2 And I have promised fear and love,
And to obey thee, Lord, alone;
I felt thy Spirit in me move,
And dared to pledge myself thine own,
Renouncing sin to keep the faith,
And war with evil to the death.
- 3 I bring thee here, my God, anew
Of all I am or have the whole;
Quicken my life, and make me true,
Take full possession of my soul;
Let nought within me, naught I own,
Serve any will but thine alone.

555. L. M.

GASKELL.

Bearing with us the Dying of Jesus.

- 1 Not in this simple rite alone
May Calvary's cross to us be shown;
But may we turn, in many an hour,
To feel its soul-constraining power.
- 2 When indolence would have its will,
And selfish ease would keep us still,
Then to the Saviour may we look,
And meet his eye's serene rebuke.
- 3 When men have done us cruel wrong,
And angry thoughts are rising strong,
May we with softened hearts turn there,
And learn the Lord's forgiving prayer.
- 4 When sin looks tempting in our eyes,
May Jesus on the cross arise,
And ask if we will him forsake,
And wear the chains he died to break.
- 5 When pain, or sickness, or distress,
Our fainting souls would oppress,
To him on Calvary looking still,
May we find strength to bear God's will.

556. L. M.

J. LOMBARD.

"That they may all be one."

- 1 When death was on the path he trod,
And Jesus saw his work was done,
He raised his eyes and prayed to God,
That his disciples might be one.
- 2 This, Father, is our prayer to-day,
That we may one in spirit be,
Thro' Christ, who came to teach the way,
And all united, God, in thee!

- 3 One in the Faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart and life;
One in the Hope that looks above,
And sees an end of sin and strife:
- 4 One in the Love that warms the heart,
And makes it thy most worthy shrine;
And one in thee, O God, who art
The Giver of these gifts divine:
- 5 Through life, and till we reach its goal,
When what we have to do is done,
Heart linked to heart, and soul to soul,
And all, through Christ, in thee be one.

557. L. M.

DAWSON'S COLL.

Christ Remembered.

- 1 When on the midnight of the East
At the dead moment of repose,
Like Hope on Misery's darkened breast,
The planet of salvation rose,—
- 2 The shepherd, leaning o'er his flock,
Started, with broad and upward gaze—
Kneeled—while the star of Bethlehem broke
On music wakened into praise.
- 3 Shall we, for whom that star was hung
In the dark vault of midnight heaven,—
Shall we, for whom that strain was sung,
That song of peace and sin forgiven,—
- 4 Shall we, for whom the Saviour bled,
Careless his banquet's blessings see,
Nor heed the parting word that said,
"Do this in memory of me"?

558. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The same.

- 1 Lord, we adore thy wondrous grace,
Who crown'st the gospel with success;
Subjecting sinners to thy yoke,
And bringing to the fold thy flock.
- 2 May those who have thy truth confessed
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
From day to day still more increase
In faith, in love, and holiness.
- 3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear,
And active in their stations prove
In all the offices of love.
- 4 From all temptations now defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end,
While in thy house they still improve,
Until they join the church above.

CAPUA. C. M.

J. B. BRAY.

1. Be - hold, the moun-tain of the Lord, In lat - ter days shall rise

On moun-tain tops, a - bove the hills, And draw the wond'ring eyes.

559. C. M.

LOGAN.

Increase of the Church.

- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house we'll go."
- 3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Come, then—oh come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

560. C. M.

S. JUDD.

Hymn to Jesus.

- 1 O Son of God! thy children we;
Train us in holiness:
As thou the Father's image bore,
Thine own on us impress.
- 2 O Bread of God! our natures crave
The lost beatitude:
The Father gave thee meat unknown;
Give us thy flesh and blood.

- 3 O Vine of God! of thee bereft,
Our virtues wilt and die:
Thou wert the Father's tender care,
Shield us when danger's nigh.
- 4 O Crucified! we share thy cross;
Thy passion, too, sustain;
We die thy death, to live thy life,
And rise with thee again.

561. C. M.

DODDGE.

Hymn for Baptism.

- 1 Baptized into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.
- 2 There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.
- 3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies,—
And be our hearts above.
- 4 But earth and sin will draw us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong, attractive power
To fix our souls on high.

562. C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Self-Consecration in Baptism.

- 1 While in this sacred rite of thine,
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.
- 2 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.
- 3 O may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God.

563. C. M.

JAS. NEWTON.

After Baptism.

- 1 Let pious grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove,—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

564. C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Looking to Jesus.

- 1 Thou to our woe who down didst come,
Who one with us would be,
Wilt lift us to thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with thee.
- 2 Our earthly garments thou hast worn,
And we thy robes shall wear;
Our mortal burdens thou hast borne,
And we thy bliss may bear.
- 3 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O, mighty grace, thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to thine!
- 4 O strange the gifts, and marvellous,
By thee received and given!
Thou tookest woe and death from us,
And we receive thy heaven!

565. C. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for the enlargement of the Church.

- 1 Shine, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through every land,
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

[19*]

- 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands;
Sing loud, with joyful voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

566. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Church Below and Above.

- 1 The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to the Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

567. C. M.

A. C. COXE.

Strength and endurance of the Church.

- 1 O where are kings and empires now
Of all that went and came?
But holy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.
- 2 Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear within, the solemn voice,
And her unending song.
- 3 Fear not like kingdoms of the world
The holy church of God!
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her,
And tempests are abroad:
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuild by hands.

568. C. M.

J. STENNETT.

Humble Communion.

- 1 Lord, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.
- 3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers.
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. Plant-ed in Christ, the liv-ing Vine, This day, with one ac-cord,
Our-selves, with hum-ble faith and joy, We yield to Thee, O Lord!

569. C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

One in Christ.

- 2 Joined in one body may we be :
One inward life partake ;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide ;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.
- 4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

570. C. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Thoughts at the Communion.

- 1 O here, if ever, God of love !
Let strife and hatred cease ;
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 "Thy kingdom come ;" we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

571. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

One in Christ.

- 1 A holy air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above ;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.
- 2 O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not thee nor thine ;
- 3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

572. C. M.

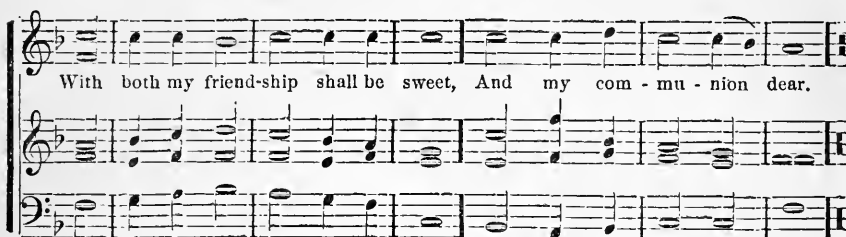
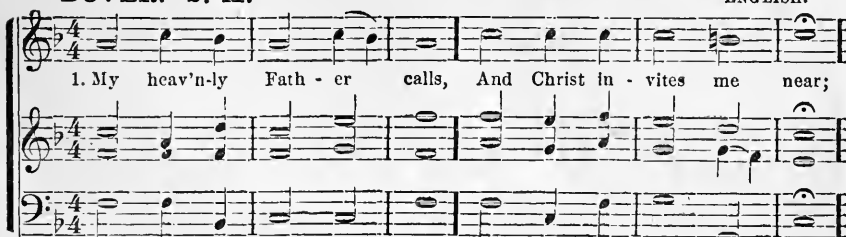
GASKELL.

Following after Jesus.

- 1 In vain we thus recall to mind
The cross our Master bore,
Unless a holier strength we find,
And love his spirit more.
- 2 May we, like him, though thanked with ill,
Insulted, and withstood,
In hope and patience labor still
To do our brethren good.
- 3 Like him may we, unmurmuring, go
Our heaven appointed way,
And learn, 'midst gathering storms of woe,
"God's will be done !" to say.

DOVER. S. M.

ENGLISH.



573. S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Communion with God and Christ.

- 2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way,
- 3 Jesus, my living Head,
I bless thy faithful care;
My Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix my roving heart;
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

574. S. M.

DWIGHT.

Attachment to the Church.

- 1 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

- 4 Father and Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

575. S. M.

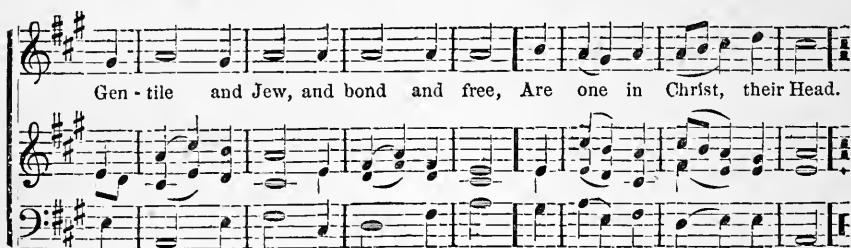
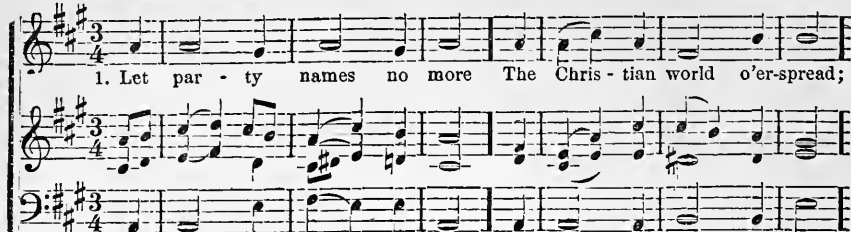
WATTS

Gospel Order.

- 1 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thy holy ground,
And mark the building well,—
- 3 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 4 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
- 5 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die—
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

REPOSE. S. M.

L. MARSHALL.



576. S. M.

BEDDOME.

Christian Unity.

- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned:
- 3 Envy and strife be gone,
And only kindness known:
Where all one common Father have,
One common Master own.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

577. S. M.

ENG. BAP. COLL.

Obedying Christ.

- 1 Here, Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way;
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.
- 2 O, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee;
And may we find that as our day
Our strength shall also be.

578. S. M.

FURNESS.

The Communion.

- 1 Here, in the broken bread,
Here, in the cup we take,

His body and his blood behold,
Who suffered for our sake.

- 2 O thou, who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus,
Father, what more couldst thou have done,
Than thou hast done for us?
- 3 We are persuaded now
That nothing can divide
Thy children from thy boundless love,
Displayed in him who died;—
- 4 Who died to make us sure
Of mercy, truth, and peace,
And from the power and pains of sin
To bring a full release.

579. S. M.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Baptism.

- 1 Saviour, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.
- 2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led;—
- 3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

580. S. M.

S. P. SMITH.

Baptism into Christ.

- 1 With willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod ;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.
- 2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.
- 3 We trust thy sacrifice ;
To thy dear cross we flee ;
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

581. S. M.

N. L. PROTHINGHAM.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 The Son of God gave thanks,
Before the bread he broke ;
How high that calm devotion ranks
Among the words he spoke !
- 2 Thanks, o'er that loaf's dread sign ;
Thanks, o'er that bitter food ;
And o'er the cup that was not wine,
But sorrow, fear, and blood.
- 3 O shame us, Lord !—whate'er
The fortunes of our days,
If, suffering, we are weak to bear,
If, favored, slow to praise.

582.* H. M.

FELLOWS.

The Holy Spirit sought.

- 1 Descend, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known ;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own :
Unblest by thee, | Nor can we e'er
Our works are vain ; | Acceptance gain.
- 2 When our beloved Lord,
The sovereign Prince of light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the holy rite,
In open view | And, dove-like flew
Thy form came down, | The King to crown.
- 3 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire :
This ordinance is thine ;
Do thou our souls inspire :
Thou wilt attend | " Till time shall end,"
On all thy sons : | Thy promise runs.

583.* H. M.

MONTGOMERY

Brotherly Love.

- 1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity !

'Tis like the precious ointment shed
O'er all his robes from Aaron's head.

- 2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cup of Hermon's flowers ;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers ;
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.
- 3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love !

584.† L. M.

COWPER.

Spiritual Worship.

- 1 O Lord ! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat.
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabiteh the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

585.† L. M.

SLYNN.

Prayer for the display of Power.

- 1 Arise in all thy splendor, Lord ;
Let power attend thy gracious word ;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.
- 2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' almighty God ;
Make bare thine arm, thy power display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.
- 3 Send forth thy messengers of peace ;
Make Satan's reign and empire cease ;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.

586.† L. M.

STENNETT.

Presence of Christ desired.

- 1 Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise—
- 2 " There," says the Saviour, " will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

* Sing Newbury, page 70.

† Sing Pray, page 180.

SURREY. L. M.

COSTELLO.

1. O ho - ly Fath - er! 'mid the calm And still - ness of this
even - ing hour, We now would lift our sol - emn psalm To praise thy
good - ness and thy pow'r, To praise thy good - ness and thy pow'r.

587. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Evening Praise for Divine Goodness.

- 2 For over us, as over all,
Thy tender mercies shall extend,
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
On thee, our Father, and our Friend!
- 3 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgivings to thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars—we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore!
- 4 In grief, console—in gladness, bless—
In darkness, guide—in sickness, cheer;
Till, in the Saviour's righteousness,
Before thy throne our souls appear.

588. C. M.

SELECT HYMNS.

Opening of a Conference Meeting.

- 1 Within these doors assembled now,
We wait thy blessing, Lord!
Appear within the midst, we pray,
According to thy word.

- 2 May some sweet promise be applied,
When we attempt to read:
For this alone can give support
In every time of need.
- 3 O breathe upon our lifeless souls,
And raise each drooping heart!
That we may see thy smiling face
Before we hence depart.
- 4 And now, O blessed Spirit, come!
We long to see thee move;
Strengthen our faith, revive our zeal,
And fill us all with love.

589. C. M.

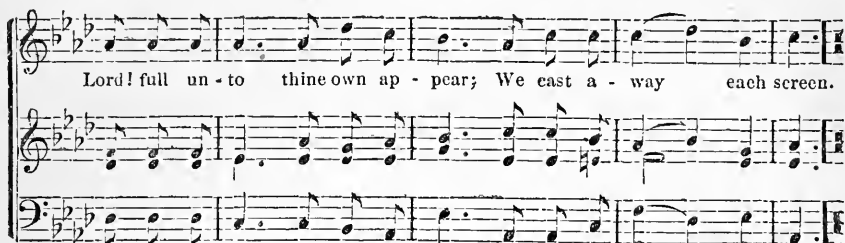
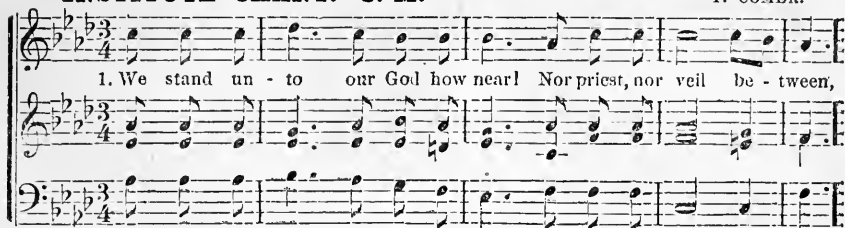
METHODIST COLL.

Mutual Aid.

- 1 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 2 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

INSTITUTE CHANT. C. M.

T. COMER.



590. C. M.

Nearness to God.

T. H. GILL.

- 2 Full feels our solemn privacy,
The sweet celestial air;
In humble joy we lay on thee
The loving clasp of prayer.

- 3 We mingle now our inmost fires,
A glowing spirit throng!
All free and strong of wing, aspires
The passion of our song.

- 4 Thou biddest, Lord, thy sons be bold,
Lord, thou hast set us free;
The dear adoption fast we hold,—
The glorious liberty!

59. C. M.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

Christian Conference.

- 1 O, it is joy in us to meet
Whom one communion blends,
Council to hold in converse sweet,
And talk as Christian friends.

- 2 'Tis joy to think the angel train,
Who 'mid heaven's temple shine,
To seek our earthly temples deign,
And in our anthems join.

- 3 But chief 'tis joy to think that he,
To whom his church is dear,
Delights her gathered flock to see,
Her joint devotions hear.

- 4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
While here such joys are given?
"This is indeed the house of God,
And this the gate of heaven!"

592. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christian Union.

- 1 Our souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

- 2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and bless'd,
And filled the enlarged desire.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee, God!

TURNER. C. M.

G. MAXIM.

1. O 'tis a scene the heart to move, When, at the close of day, Whom
 Whom God u - nites in
 God u - nites in Christian love, Whom God unites in Christian love Unite their thanks to
 Chris - - - tian love,
 pay, Whom God u - nites in Christian love U - nite their thanks to pay.

593. C. M.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

Social Evening Worship.

- 1 O 'tis a scene the heart to move,
 When, at the close of day,
 Whom God unites in Christian love
 Unite their thanks to pay.
- 2 What though the number be but small,
 Whenever two or three
 Join on the Saviour's name to call,
 There in the midst is he.
- 3 When faithful and repentant hearts
 His heavenly grace ensue,
 His grace, entreated, he imparts
 To many or to few.
- 4 O, come, then, and, with joint accord,
 In social worship meet;
 And, mindful of the Saviour's word,
 The Saviour's boon entreat.

594. C. M.

SWAIN.

Mutual Seeking.

- 1 How sweet and heav'nly is the sight,
 When those who fear the Lord,
 In mutual love and peace unite,
 And thus fulfil his word.
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part;
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 When love in one delightful stream
 Through every bosom flows,
 And union sweet, with fond esteem,
 In every action glows.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above;
 And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
 His bosom fill'd with love.

595. C. M.

BROWN.

Prayer for the Spirit's Presence.

- 1 Assembled round thine altar, Lord,
To lift our hearts in prayer,
To read the pages of thy word,
And learn our duty there :
- 2 We ask thy Spirit's guiding ray ;
Thy presence we implore ;
Dear Saviour, teach us how to pray,
And how to love thee more.
- 3 So shall our worship here below
Resemble that above,
Where saints thy joy and glory know,
And sing redeeming love.

596. C. M.

SUTTON.

Christian Hope.

- 1 Hail, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one ;
Hail, sacred hope ! that tunes our minds
To sing what God hath done.
- 2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot ;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot ;
- 3 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows ;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
- 4 O sacred hope ! O blissful hope !
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

597. C. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

Christ and His True Church.

- 1 Our Christ hath reached his heavenly seat,
Through sorrows and through scars ;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.
- 2 O Lord of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun !
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.
- 3 We hail the Church, built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff ;
Tby Providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."
- 4 O, may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love—
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
A ray from worlds above !

[20]

598. C. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for Renewal.

- 1 Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look ! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys !
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great !
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

599. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The same.

- 1 Here in thy presence, gracious God,
We've met to seek thy face :
O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace !
- 2 O may this be a happy hour
To every mourning soul !
Display thy love, make known thy power,
And make the wounded whole.
- 3 Let every soul the Saviour see,
And taste his love divine ;
And every heart forever be
United, Lord, with thine.

600. C. M.

HOWE'S COLL.

The Hour of Prayer.

- 1 The hour of prayer once more is come,
And here again we meet ;
Thanks to the Lord, there yet is room
To bow at Jesus' feet.
- 2 By faith in prayer before thee, Lord,
Help us to spread our case ;
And to our waiting souls afford
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 3 The helpless, poor and needy soul,
The tempted and distressed,
Dear Lord, relieve ! O Lord, make whole,
And calm each troubled breast.
- 4 The faith and hope, the joy and love,
Of all thy saints increase ;
Hardness and blindness, Lord, remove,
And fill our hearts with peace.

ACKRON. C. M.

(By permission.)

Andante.

1. How good and pleasant is the sight, How great the bliss they share,
 When Christ's as - sem - bled flock u - nite In acts of so - cial prayer!
 God thith - er, with pa - ter - nal care, His face be - nig - nant bends;
 And Je - sus, by his spir - it there, On faith - ful hearts de - scends.

601. C. M.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

The Joy of Social Worship.

- 2 To such, by hallowed lips expressed,
 His grace confirms his word,
 As once Cornelius' house it blest,
 From holy Peter heard:
 On prayer and praise, in faith preferred,
 His heavenly dew is shed;

And he to all, who come prepared,
 Dispenses heavenly bread.

- 3 To God, adored in ages past,
 Enthroned in majesty,—
 To God, whose worship aye shall last
 Throughout eternity,—
 To thee, great God, we bend the knee,
 And in the Holy Ghost,
 Through Christ, all glory give to thee,
 With all thy heavenly host.

WESTBORO'. S. M.

By permission.

1. Je - sus, we look to thee, Thy pro - mis'd pre - sence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As - sem - bled in thy name.

602. S. M.

Spiritual Seeking.

ANONYMOUS.

- 2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 3 Present we knew thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart,
The mighty comfort feel.
- 4 O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

603. S. M.

Morning Prayer Meeting.

S. LYRICS.

- 1 How sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!
- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
Or on the chilling mount did stay
And wrestle all the night.

604. S. M.

STERNHEIT.

Presence of Jesus sought.

- 1 How charming is the place
Where the dear Son of God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy bless'd abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

GREGORIAN.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

605. S. M.

Christian Fellowship.

FAWCETT.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

606. S. M.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

WATTS.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

607.* 7s.

METHODIST COLL.

Call to Social Worship.

- 1 Let us join, as God commands,
Let us join our hearts and hands,
Help to gain our calling's hope;
Help to build each other up;
Carry on the Christian's strife;
Walk in holiness of life;
Faithfully our gifts improve,
For the sake of him we love;—
- 2 Still forget the things behind;
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
Toward the mark unwearied press;
Seize the crown of righteousness.
While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts will still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove—
Fellowship in Jesus' love.

608.† 7s.

HAMMOND.

Seeking the Lord.

- 1 Lord, we come before thee now—
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee yet in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend—
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

609.* 7s.

WESLEY'S COLZ.

For Brotherly Love.

- 1 God of love, we look to thee;
Let us in thy Son agree;
Show to us the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars forever cease,
By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.
- 3 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.
Let us, then, with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

610.† 7s.

NEWTON.

Parting Hymn.

- 1 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

- 3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

611.* 8 & 7s.

ROBINSON.

Praise to God and the Lamb.

- 1 Mighty God, while angels bless thee,
May not mortals lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.
- 2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought,—
For created works of power—
Works with skill and kindness wrought,—
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
- 3 For the rich, thy free redemption,—
Bright, tho' veiled in darkness long,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.

612.* 8 & 7s.

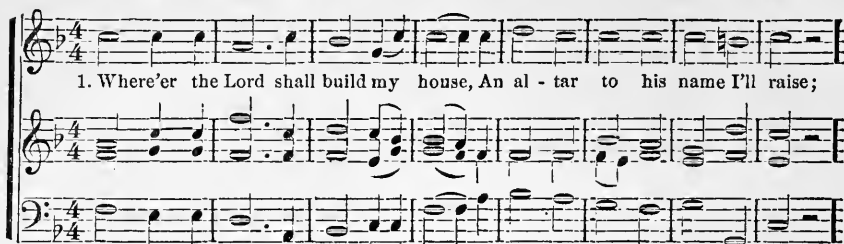
TOPLADY.

Divine Light Implored.

- 1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, Thyself revealing—
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.
Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek, benighted heart.
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

LONGWORTH. L. M.

J. L. GILBERT.



613. L. M.

SCOTT.

Domestic Worship.

- 2 With duteous mind, the social band
Shall search the records of thy law;
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence and awe.
- 3 Here may God fix his sacred seat,
And spread the banner of his love;
Till, ripened for a happier state,
We meet the family above.

614. L. M.

WATTS.

God's Constant Care.

- 1 My God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thon spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

615. L. M.

BREVIAZY.

Morning.

- 1 Now doth the sun ascend the sky,
And wake creation with its ray;
Keep us from sin, O Lord most high!
Through all the actions of the day.
- 2 Curb thou for us th' unruly tongue;
Teach us the way of peace to prize;
And close our eyes against the throng
Of earth's absorbing vanities.
- 3 O, may our hearts be pure within!
No cherished madness vex the soul!
May abstinence the flesh restrain,
And its rebellious pride control.
- 4 So when the evening stars appear,
And in their train the darkness bring,
May we, O Lord, with conscience clear,
Onr praise to thy pure glory sing.

616. L. M.

BREVIAZY.

The same.

- 1 True sun! upon our souls arise,
Shining in beauty evermore;
And thro' each sense the quickening beam
Of the eternal Spirit pour.
- 2 Confirm us in each good resolve;
The tempter's envious rage subdue;
Turn each misfortune to our good;
Direct us right in all we do.

- 3 May Christ himself be our true food,
And faith our daily cup supply ;
While from the spirit's tranquil depth
We drink unfailling draughts of joy.
- 4 Still, ever with the peep of morn,
May saintly purity attend ;
Faith sanctify the mid-day hours ;
Upon the soul no night descend.

617. L. M.

BREVARIAT.

Morning and Evening.

- 1 Great framer of the earth and sky,
Who dost the light and darkness give !
And all the cheerful change supply
Of alternating morn and eve !
- 2 Awake us from false sleep profound,
And through our senses pour thy light ;
Be thy blest name the first we sound
At early dawn, the last at night.
618. L. M.
Evening Hymn. LYRA CATH.
- 1 O blest Creator of the light !
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring,
And framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin ;
- 2 Who, gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day :
Thick flows the flood of darkness down :
O, hear us as we come to pray !
- 3 Keep thou our souls from schemes of crime ;
Nor guilt remorseful let them know ;
Nor, thinking but on things of time,
Into the spirit's darkness go.
- 4 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door ;
Teach us the prize of life to win ;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

619. L. M.

BREVARIAT.

Morning Aspirations.

- 1 Pierced by the sun's ethereal dart,
Night's gloomy mass is cleft in twain ;
And, in the smiling face of day,
Nature resumes her tints again.
- 2 O God, we know no sun but thee !
Shine in our souls divinely bright !
We seek thee in simplicity ;
Through all our senses shed thy light.
- 3 A thousand objects all around
In false delusive colors shine ;
To purge them clear, we ask, O Lord,
But one immortal beam of thine.

620. L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Work of the Day.

- 1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labor to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.
- 2 Still would we bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
Would still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.
- 3 For thee alone we would employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given ;
Would run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

621. L. M.

KEBLE.

The Day's Life.

- 1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove :
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And keep us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

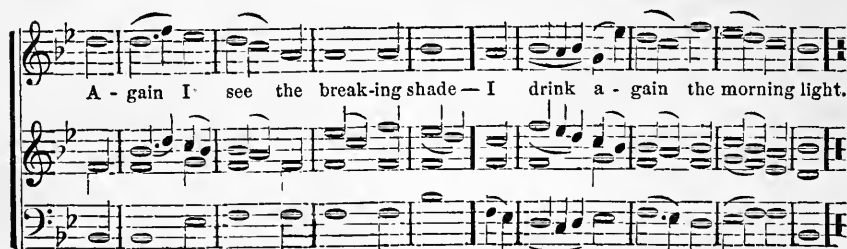
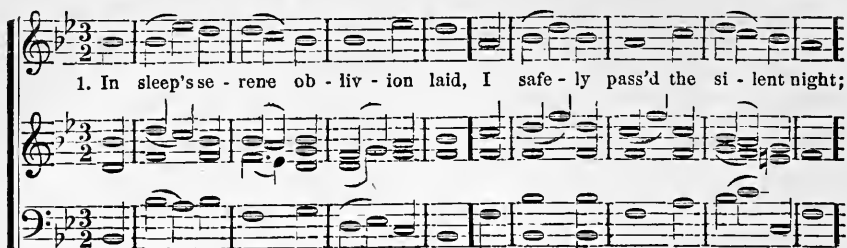
622. L. M.

Morning Aspirations.

- 1 Now with creation's early song,
Let us, the children of the day,
Cast off the darkness which so long
Has led our guilty souls astray.
- 2 O, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil ;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will :
- 3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein ;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the body suffer stain.
- 4 Grant us the grace, for love of thee,
To scorn all vanities below ;
Faith to detect each falsity ;
And knowledge, thee alone to know.

ATLANTIC. L. M.

GEORGE OATES.



623. L. M.

HAWKSWORTH.

The same.

- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee!
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade will soon impend;
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day—
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.
- 2 To him may each assembled house
Present their night and morning vows;
Their servants and their rising race
Be taught his precepts and his grace.
- 3 Then shall the charms of wedded love
Still more delightful blessings prove;
And parents' hearts shall overflow
With joy that parents only know.
- 4 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall see our children's children rise;
Till pleased and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.

625. L. M. 6l.

METHODIST COLL.

Religion at Home.

- 1 When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joys thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.
- 2 O may the gracious words divine
Mingled with all my converse be:
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

624. L. M.

DODDRIDGE & MERRICK.

Family Worship.

- 1 To him who condescends to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell,
Be our domestic altars raised,
And daily let his name be praised.

- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O, may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While, trusting in my gracious Lord,
I sink in peaceful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day!
- 4 Rising to sing my Father's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

626. C. M.

MILTON.

The Blessedness of the Devout.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free;
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee.
- 2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high,
They are the truly blest,
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.
- 3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.
- 4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.
- 5 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from him shall be withheld,
Whose ways are just and right.

627. C. M.

TAYLOR'S COLL.

The Family Altar.

- 1 Great God! where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last,
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

628. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

- 1 On thee, each morning, O my God!
My waking thoughts attend;
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.

- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
Her sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit in thy hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

629. C. M.

BRIDGES.

A Christian's Day.

- 1 Soil not thy plumage, gentle dove,
With sublunary things—
Till in the fount of light and love
Thou shalt have bathed thy wings.
- 2 See—where the Sun of Righteousness
Unfolds the gates of day;
Go—meet him in his glorious dress,
And quaff the orient ray!
- 3 There, where ten thousand seraphs stand,
To crown the circling hours—
Soar thou—and from that blissful land
Bring down unfading flowers.
- 4 Some Rose of Sharon, dyed in blood,
Some spice of Gilead's balm,
Some lily washed in Calvary's flood,
Some branch of heavenly palm!
- 5 And let the drops of sparkling dew,
From Siloam's spring be shed,
To form a fragrance fresh and new—
A halo round thy head.
- 6 Spread then thy plumes of faith and prayer,
Nor fear to wend away;
And let a glow of heavenly air
Gild every earthly day!

630. C. M.

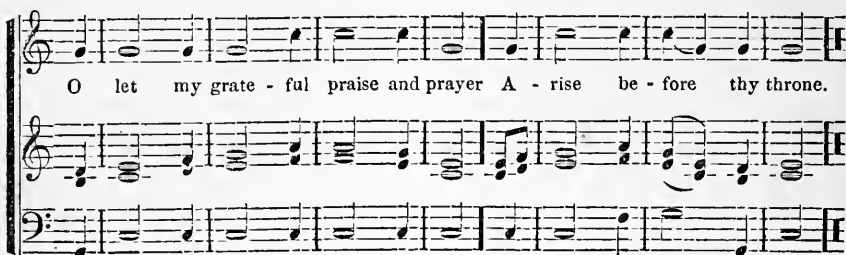
LYRA CATH.

God of the Evening.

- 1 O Thou, the heaven's eternal King!
Lord of the starry spheres!
Who with the holy Father art,
From everlasting years;
- 2 Eternal Shepherd! who thy flock,
In thy pure fount dost lave,
Where souls are cleansed, and all their guilt
Buried as in a grave;
- 3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for thine own—
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship at thy throne!

PHILLIPS. C. M.

F. HUNTEN.



631. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The same.

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may soft slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.

4 Thus bless this future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er;
And then, to realms of endless light
O let my spirit soar.

632. C. M.

VESPER SERVICE.

The same.

1 Father of lights, by whom each day
Is kindled out of night,
Who, when the heavens were made, didst lay
Their rudiments in light!

2 O God unchangeable and true,
Of all the life and power;
Dispensing light and silence through
Every successive hour!

3 Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane,
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.

633. C. M.

HEBER.

In Times of Domestic Distress.

1 O God, that makest earth and sky!
The darkness and the day!
Give ear to this thy family,
And help us when we pray!
For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart
To view the rocky shore.

2 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair;—
Then mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew;
And when thy sorrows visit us,
O send thy patience too.

EVENING. S. M.

AMERICAN MELODY.

1. How pleas - ing, Lord! to see, How pure is the de - light,

When mu - tual love, and love to thee, A fam - i - ly u - nitel

634. S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Domestic Affection.

- 2 From these celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.
- 3 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet;
While mingled praise and mingled prayers
Make their communion sweet.
- 4 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
There joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

635. S. M.

DWIGHT.

Morning Thanksgiving.

- 1 O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
The feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.
- 2 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept—and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near.
- 3 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

636. S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The same.

- 1 Behold, night's shadows fade,
And morn is in the skies!
To him by whom all things were made
Our aspirations rise.
- 2 To break this deathly trance
Help us, our God, our stay!
Give the freed spirit utterance,
Its languors charm away;
- 3 So sin shall cease to reign,
So safety shall be nigh;
Rend, Spirit blest, the heavy chain,
Of death, in victory!

637. S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 The day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near!
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears!

PETITION. S. M.

By permission.

1. Come at the morn - ing hour, Come, let us kneel and pray;

Prayer is the Chris - tian pil - grim's staff To walk with God all day.

638. S. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

At all Seasons.

- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!
With thee to watch and pray.

639.* 7s.

DODDRIDGE.

God's Guardian Care.

- 1 Heavenly Father, gracious name!
Night and day his love the same!
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot!
- 2 What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 3 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest.
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure,—for still with thee.

640.* 7s.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

A Morning Prayer.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now is past the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day:
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Make our souls as noon-day clear;
Banish every doubt and fear:
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.
- 3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last!
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

641.* 7s.

HEINRICH ALBERT.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 God, I thank thee from my heart,
That through all the livelong night,
Thou hast kept me safe apart
From all danger, pain, afflict.
- 2 As each morn of life shall break,
Chasing darkness from the skies,
Let my soul from sin awake,
In thy spirit to arise.

3 Ever lead me, ever guide
All my wanderings by thy word;
As thou hast been, still abide,
My defence, my refuge, Lord.

4 Mighty God, I now commend
Soul and body unto thee,
All the powers that thou dost lend,
By thy hand directed be!

642. 7s.

METHODIST COLL.

Thoughts on Retiring to Rest.

1 O thou holy God! come down,
God of spotless purity!
Claim and seize me for thy own,
Consecrate my heart to thee;
Under thy protection take;
Songs in the night season give;
Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
Let me die to thee, and live.

2 Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free;
Draw with stronger influence
My unfettered soul to thee:
In me, Lord, thyself reveal;
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me thee, when waking, feel,
Let me in thy image rise.

643.* L. M. 6l.

Hymn in Sickness.

H. WARE, JR.

1 Father, thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul;
I see its merciful intent,
To warn me back to thy control,
And pray that while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

2 The errors of my heart I know;
I feel my deep infirmities;
For often virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise,
But, like the morning clouds decay,
As empty, though as fair as they.

3 Forgive the weakness I deplore,
And let thy peace abound in me,
That I may trust my heart no more,
But wholly cast myself on thee.
O let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be thine!

644.† C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Sickness and Recovery.

1 Lord, in thy service I would spend
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thy own almighty power and love
Did this weak frame sustain;
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 I calmly bowed my fainting head,
On thy dear, faithful breast;
And waited for my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

5 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

645.* L. M.

WORDSWORTH.

Noonday Hymn.

1 Up to the throne of God is borne,
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

2 Nor will he turn his ear aside,
From holy offerings at noontide;
Then, here assembling, let us raise
Our song of gratitude and praise.

3 In heaven, behold the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run!
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

4 Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

5 Help with thy grace, thro' life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink into our rest.

* Sing Pray, page 180.

† Sing Lanesboro', page 116.

CUTTING. L. M.



Andante.

1. Fa - ther, we bless the gen - tle care That watch - es o'er us day by day,
That guards us from the tempt - er's snare, And guides us in the heav'nward way:
We bless thee for the ten - der love, That min - gles all our hearts in one, —
The mu - sic of the soul; — a - bove 'Tis pur - er spir - its' u - ni - son.

646. L. M.

S. S. CUTTING.

Family Hymn.—Evening.

- 2 Father, 'tis evening's solemn hour,
And cast we now our cares on thee;
Darkly the storm may round us lower,—
Peace is within,—Christ makes us free;
And when life's toil and joy are o'er,
And evening gathers on its sky,
Our circle broke,—we sing no more,—
O may we meet and sing on high.

647. L. M.

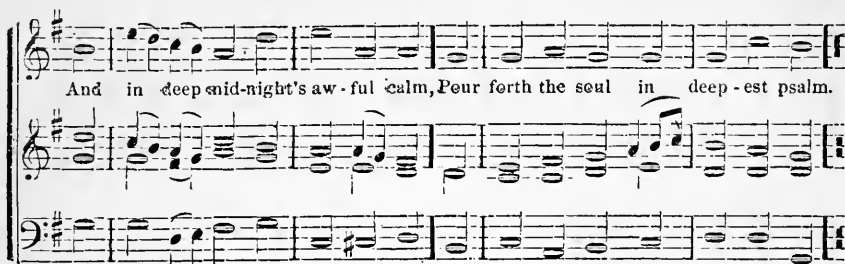
STEELE.

Evening Song.

- 1 Great God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

TALLIS. L. M.

TALLIS.



648. L. M.

KEBLE.

"Abide with us—the day is far spent."

- 1 'Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.
- 2 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

649. L. M.

KENN.

Midnight.

- 1 My God, I now from sleep awake;
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.
- 2 Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest,
Before the throne, and never rest.
- 3 I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.
- 4 Blest Jesus, thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.
- 5 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardor kindle in my heart:
One ray of thy all-quicken'g light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

NIGHT. 7s.

WEBER.

1. Slow - ly, by God's hand un - fur'l'd, Down a - round the wea - ry world
Falls the dark - ness; O, how still Is the work - ing of his will.

650. 7s.

FURNESS.

Night.

- 1 Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O, how still
Is the working of his will!
- 2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh!
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 Living stars to view be brought,
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!
- 4 Holy truth, eternal right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

651. 7s.

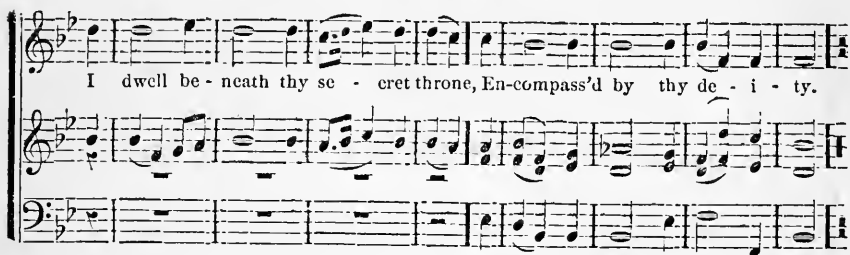
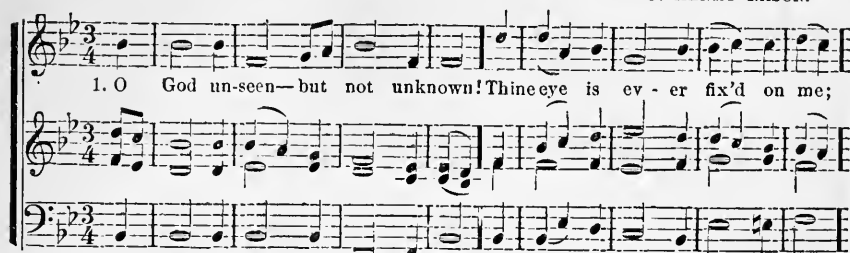
DODDRIDGE.

The same.

- 1 Interval of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!
- 2 My great master still allows
Needful periods of repose:
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest.
- 3 Heavenly Father, gracious name!
Night and day his love the same!
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot!
- 4 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good;
Thy kind eye which cannot sleep,
My defenceless hours shall keep.
- 5 Blest vicissitude to me!
Day and night I'm still with thee;
Guarded thus I sink to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.

EPPING. L. M.

J. HENRY NASON.



652. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Hour of Death, and Entrance on Immortality.

- 2 The moment comes when strength must fail,
When health and hope and comfort flown,
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with thee alone :
- 3 Alone with thee ;—in that dread strife,
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.
- 4 Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveiled presence stands
Of thee, my Saviour and my God :
- 5 Be mine eternal portion this,
Since thou wert always here with me,
That I may view thy face in bliss,
And be forevermore with thee.

653. L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

The Shortness of Time, and Frailty of Man.

- 1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days I
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

[21*]

- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show !
Vain are the cares which rack his mind !
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O, be a nobler portion mine :
My God ! I bow before thy throne ;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

654. L. M.

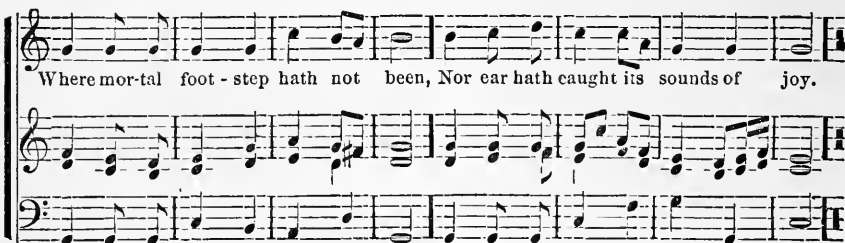
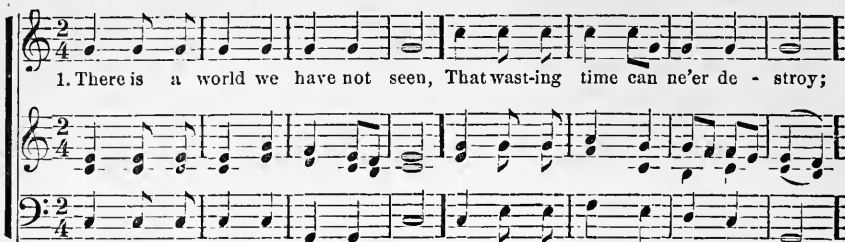
NEWTON.

Heaven in Prospect.

- 1 As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains,
He sees his home, though distant still.
- 2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day
Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

BRISTOL. L. M.

By permission.



655. L. M.

The World to come.

ANONYMOUS.

- 2 That world to come! and O how blest!—
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel-guest
One half its blessedness unfold.
- 3 It is all holy and serene,—
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
No tear of sorrow ever flows.
- 4 It is not fanned by summer gale;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.
- 5 There forms unseen by mortal eye,
Too glorious for our sight to bear,
Are walking with their God on high,
And waiting our arrival there.
- 2 Silent and swift they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Great source of wisdom! teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

657. L. M.

T. J. GREENWOOD.

Funeral Chant.

- 1 Sad were our pilgrimage below,
And dark indeed our way would be,
Could not our souls our Father know,
Dear Saviour! as revealed by thee.
- 2 Sickness and pain and sorrow here,
Hang o'er our ever-changing way,
And death's cold hand is ever near,
To bear our cherish'd ones away.
- 3 Yet, O my soul, the blissful thought,
The grace of God in mercy given;
Glad tidings by the Saviour brought,
Behold! man's heritage is heaven!

656. L. M.

Redeeming the Time.

DODDRIDGE.

God of eternity! from thee
Did infant time its being draw;
Moments and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

4 Though blight be o'er all earthly things,
Yet faith in God's all conquering love,
Spreads from the tombs her radiant wings,
And singing, soars to realms above !

5 This faith can make the soul serene,
Though shadows wrap our earthly way,
While far beyond all gloom, is seen
The holy light of endless day.

658. L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Death of the Righteous.

- 1 Sweet is the scene when virtue dies !
When sinks a righteous soul to rest ;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blessed the righteous when he dies !"

659. L. M.

BOWRING.

Joy from the Life to Come.

- 1 If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound ;
If travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond ;—
- 2 O, who could check the rising sigh ?
What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
O, who would venture then to die ?
O, who could then endure to live ;
- 3 And such were life, without the ray
From truth's eternal altar given ;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day ;
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.
- 4 Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom ;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

660. L. M.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

Death of an Infant.

- 1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy
Perhaps has spared a heavier doom—
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ill to come.

4 He died to sin ; he died to care ;
But for a moment felt the rod ;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soared to God.

661. L. M.

BOWRING.

Memory of the Just.

- 1 Earth's transitory things decay,
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away ;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.
- 2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain :—
- 3 As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light forever shine ;
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age :—
- 4 So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears ;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

662. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Death of Parents.

- 1 The God of mercy will indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When honored parents fall around,
When friends beloved and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought,
Should with our mourning passions blend ;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Their mighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one ;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 4 To thee, our Father, would we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend ;
And on thy gracious love and truth
With humble, steadfast hope depend.

INTERMENT. L. M.

HANDEL.

1. Un-veil thy bo-som, faith - ful tomb! Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To seek a slum-ber in thy dust.
And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To seek a slum-ber in thy dust.

663. L. M.

WATTS.

Death and Burial of a Christian.

- 1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in thy dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blessed the bed;
Then rest, dear saint, for from his throne
Morning shall break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Hail! glorious resurrection morn!
Attend, O earth, thy Sovereign's word!
Not earthy dust, but souls new-born
Shall live forever with the Lord.

664. L. M.

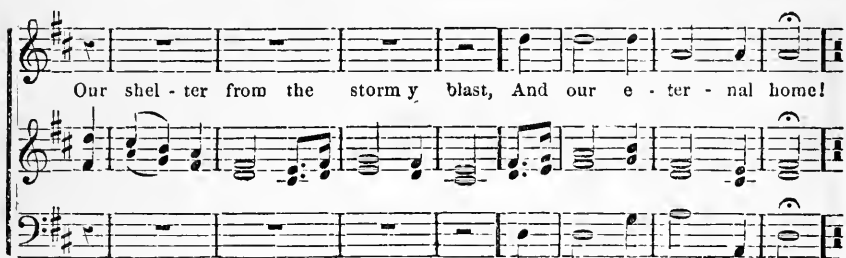
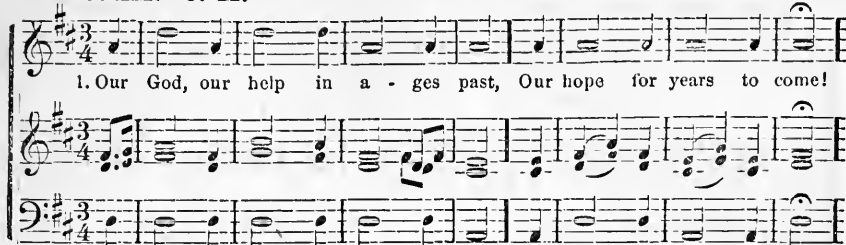
SARAH F. ADAMS.

The Angel at the Tomb.

- 1 The mourners came, at break of day,
Unto the garden sepulchre,
With saddened hearts to weep and pray
For him, the loved one, buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 2 The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low;
The spring returns, the flow'rets bloom,—
An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 3 Then mourn we not beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit hath but fled
To brighter realms of heavenly day;
Immortal hope dispels the gloom;—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



665. C. M.

WATTS.

Our Hope in Goa.

- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

666. C. M.

JANE TAYLOR.

The Unseen World.

- 1 There is a state, unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.
- 2 I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

- 3 The things unseen, O God, reveal!
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall see, and know and feel,
That those I love are near.

- 4 Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

667. C. M.

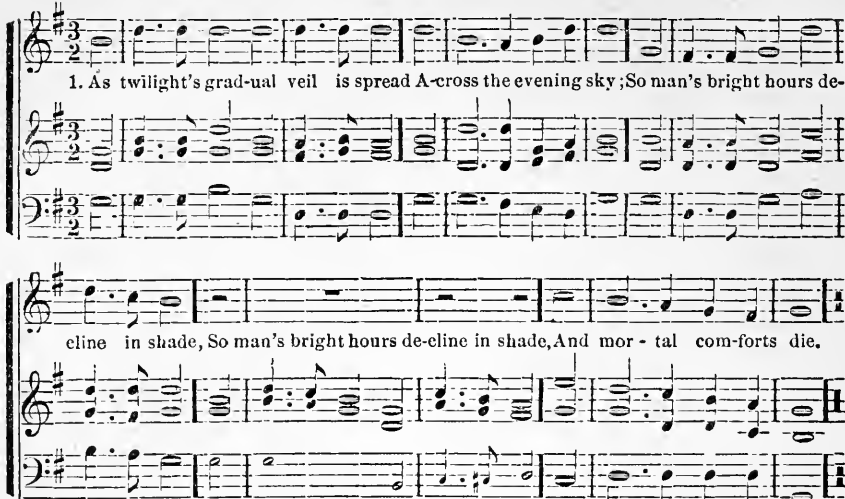
STENNETT.

Prospect of the Promised Land.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie,
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness nor sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. GOULD.



668. C. M.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

The Changes of Nature Types of Immortality.

- 2 The bloom of spring, the summer rose,
In vain pale winter brave;
Nor youth, nor age, nor wisdom knows
A ransom from the grave.
- 3 But morning dawns and spring revives,
And genial hours return;
So man's immortal soul survives,
And scorns the mouldering urn.
- 4 When this vain scene no longer charms,
Or swiftly fades away,
He sinks into a Father's arms,
Nor dreads the coming day.

669. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

- 1 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
Thou must go forth alone,
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.
Thou must go forth alone, my soul,—
To tread the narrow vale;
But he, whose word is sure, hath said,
His comforts shall not fail.

- 2 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
Along the darksome way;
Where the bright sun has never shed
His warm and glad some ray.
And yet the Sun of Righteousness
Shall rise amidst the gloom,
And scatter from thy trembling gaze
The shadows of the tomb.
- 3 Thou must go forth alone, my soul!
To meet thy God above;
But shrink not—he hath said, my soul,
He is a God of love.
His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
In heaven's serene abode.

670. C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

Death of the Young.

- 1 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

671. C. M.

WHITTIER.

The same.

- 1 Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.
- 2 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought has reconciled ;
That he whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken home his child.
- 3 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.
- 4 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

672. C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

The same.

- 1 When blooming youth is snatched away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which sorrow must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power, I too must die,
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms ;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 4 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet the minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul !

673. C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Death of a Child.

- 1 Life is a span,—a fleeting hour ;
How soon the vapor flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Thy Saviour dwells on high ;
There everlasting spring appears ;
There joy shall never die.

674. C. M.

H. BACON.

The same.

- 1 Thou gavest, and we yield to thee,
God of the human heart !
For bitter though grief's cup may be,
Thou givest but our part.
- 2 O, thou canst bid our grief be stilled,
Yet not rebuke our tears ;
How large a place his presence filled !
How vacant it appears !
- 3 We mourn the sunshine of his smile,
The tendrils of his love ;
Oh, was he loved too well the while
Ere he was called above ?
- 4 Our chastened spirits bow in prayer,
And blend all prayers in one,—
Give us the hope to meet him there,
When life's full task is done.

675. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Death of a Minister.

- 1 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own hoase invade ;
What though our teacher and our friend
Is numbered with the dead ;
- 2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young ;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb th' instructive tongue ;—
- 3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teaching to impart :
Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
And rule and keep our heart.
- 4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives forevermore.

676. C. M.

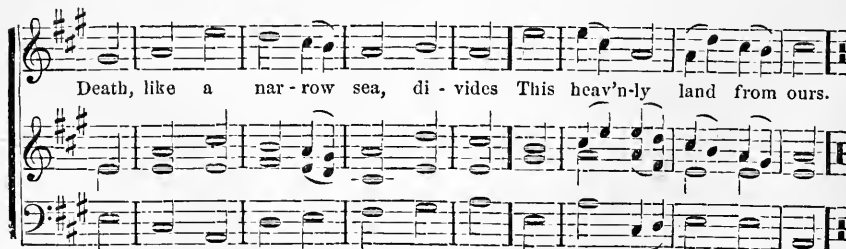
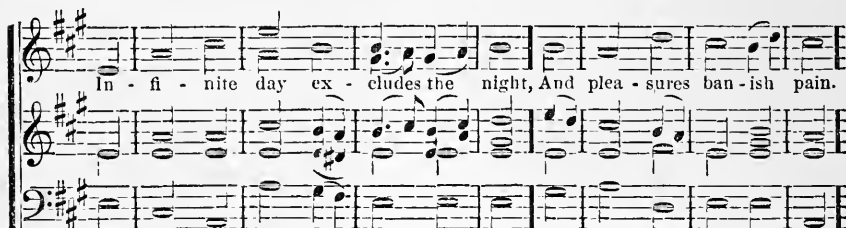
DODDRIDGE.

Comfort, on the loss of Children.

- 1 Ye mourning ones, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,—
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly parent nigh.
- 3 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place ;
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace."
- 4 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears
Thro' which thy face we see, [hearts
And bless those wounds, which thro' our
Prepare a way for thee.

JORDAN. C. M.

BILLINGS.



677. C. M.

WATTS.

A Prospect of the Heavenly Canaan.

- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes:
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

678. C. M. 8l.

ANONYMOUS.

Spring, an Emblem of the Resurrection.

- 1 All nature dies, and lives again :
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,—
Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.
- 2 Yet, soon reviving, plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
But an eternal morning wakes
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 3 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise and dwell
Forever with the blest !
Cheered by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

679. C. M.

Heavenly Zion.

H. BALLOU.

- 1 Behold, on Zion's heavenly shore,
A pure and countless band,
Whose conflicts and whose toils are o'er,
In glorious order stand.
- 2 From earth's remotest bounds they came,
From tribulations great,
And, through the victories of the Lamb,
Have reached the heavenly state.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they know no more,
From burning heats refreshed ;
The Lamb shall feed them from his store,
And give them endless rest.
- 4 God all their tears shall wipe away,
And they his wonders tell,
While in his temple they shall stay,
And God with them shall dwell.

[22]

680. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Peaceful Death of the Righteous.

- 1 I looked upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield to death :
There was no anguish on his brow,
Nor terror in his eye :
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
But lost the victory.
- 2 I looked upon the righteous man,
And heard the holy prayer
Which rose above the breathless form,
To soothe the mourners' care ;
And felt how precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave—
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.
- 3 I looked upon the righteous man ;
And all our earthly trust
Of pleasure, vanity, or pride,
Seemed lighter than the dust,
Compared with his celestial gain—
A home above the sky :
O, grant us, Lord, his life to live,
That we like him may die.

681. C. M.

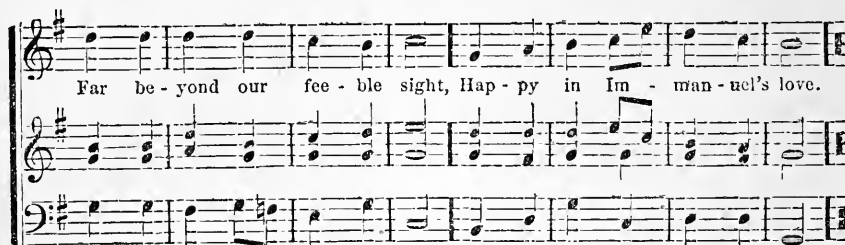
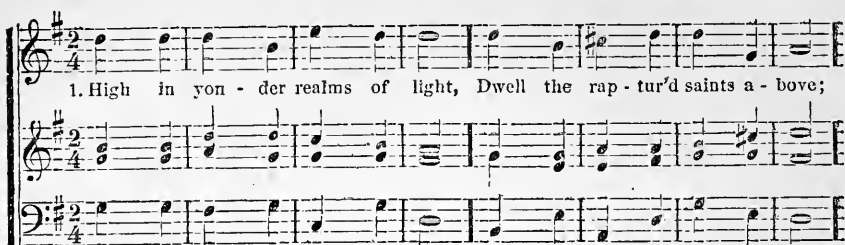
Heavenly Trust.

MRS. HEMANS.

- 1 Answer me, burning stars of night !
Where is the spirit gone,
That, past the reach of human sight,
E'en as a breeze hath flown ?
- 2 O many-toned and chainless wind !
Thou art a wanderer free ;
Tell me, if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea ?
- 3 Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer ! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run ?
- 4 O speak, thou voice of God within !
Thou of the deep, low tone !
Answer me, through life's restless din,
Where is the spirit flown ?
- 5 And the voice answers, "Be thou still ;
Enough to know is given ;
Clouds, winds, and stars their part fulfil ;
Thine is to trust in heaven !"

PUTNAM. 7s.

W. O. PERKINS.



682. 7s.

HAFFLES.

The Saints in Glory.

- 2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pains and heavy woe.
- 3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
- 4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

683. 7s.

C. WESLEY.

The Christian's Death.

- 1 Now the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the crown is won,
Death is swallowed up of life.
- 2 Borne by angels on their wings,
From the earth his spirit flies
To the Lord he loved, and sings
Triumphing in paradise.

- 3 Join we, then, with one accord
In the new and joyful song;
Absent from our glorious Lord
We shall not continue long;

- 4 We shall quit the house of clay,
Better joys with him to share;
We shall see the realms of day,
We shall meet our brethren there.

684. 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

The same.

- 1 Spirit, leave thy house of clay;
Ling'ring dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death.
- 2 Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.
- 3 "Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe;
Welcome to a land of rest!"

685. 7s.

The Freed Spirit.

TOPLADY

- 1 Deathless principle, arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn,
Born of God—to God return.
- 2 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love,
Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.
- 3 Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore;
Mount, thy transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joys in heaven.

686. 8 & 7s.

To the Weary in Heart.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 There's a glorious era coming
Through the mist of future years,
When the heart shall cease from sorrow,
And the eye be free from tears.
When the visions we have cherished
In our labor and our strife,
Immortality shall waken
To reality and life.
- 2 Brother, raise thine eye to heaven,
View its bright and blessed sky,—
'Tis the home our God hath given,
'Tis our heritage on high.
Every eye shall glow with gladness,
Every brow be free from care,
And the blessed gift of loving
Shall be granted even there.

687.† 8 & 7s.

Burial of a Christian Brother.

DAP. MEMORIAL.

- 1 Brother, rest from sin and sorrow;
Death is o'er, and life is won:
On thy slumber dawns no morrow;
Rest; thine earthly race is run.
- 2 Brother, wake; the night is waning;
Endless day is round thee poured;
Enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.

- 3 Brother, wake; for he who loved thee,—
He who died that thou mightst live,—
He who graciously approved thee,—
Waits thy crown of joy to give.
- 4 Fare thee well; though woe is blinding
With the tones of earthly love,
Triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above.

688.† 8 & 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

The Dying Believer.

- 1 Let me go, the day is breaking—
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way;
Part we here at break of day.
- 2 Let me go; I may not tarry,
'Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears;
Friends and kindred, weep not so—
If ye love me, let me go.
- 3 'Tis not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight,
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But translated into light,
Like the lark on mountain wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.
- 4 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die;
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither—come and see!

689.† 8 & 7s.

S. F. SMITH.

Interment of a pious young Female.

- 1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more shalt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

* Sing Cleveland, page 55.

† Sing Mount Vernon, (Boston Academy,) page 208.

‡ Sing Cambridge, page 214. Repeat the first two lines of music—slur for the third line.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH.

1. O spir - it, freed from earth, Re - joice, thy work is done!

The wea - ry world's be - neath thy feet, Thou bright - er than the sun!

690. S. M.

He is Risen.

MRS. HOWITT.

- 2 Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime!
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time!
- 3 Awake, lift up thine eyes!
See, all heaven's host appears!
And be thou glad exceedingly,—
Thou, who hast done with tears.
- 4 Ascend! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth;
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth!

691. S. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

The peaceful Death of the Righteous.

- 1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!
- 2 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.
- 3 With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give—
Our praises and our tears.

- 4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

692. S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*On the Death of an aged Christian.**"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course."*

- 1 Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame—
He fell, but felt no fear.
- 2 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.
- 3 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

CLAPTON. S. M.

JONES.

1. Far from these scenes of night, Un - bound - ed glo - ries rise,
And realms of joy and pure de - light, Un - known to mor - tal eyes.

693. S. M.

Glories of Heaven.

STEELE.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe;
Can never enter there.

4 O, may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

694. S. M.

MONTGOMERY

Forever with the Lord.

1 "Forever with the Lord,"
Amen! So let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.
[22*]

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word,
E'en here to me fulfil.
Be thou at my right hand,
So shall I never fail:
Uphold me, and I needs must stand;
Fight, and I shall prevail.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing "as I am known,"
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throue,
"Forever with the Lord!"

MARGATE. 7 & 6s.

LOCKHART.

1. In the broad fields of hea - ven, In the im - mor - tal bow'rs, By life's clear riv - er
dwell - ing, A - mid un - dy - ing flow'rs,—There hosts of beau - teous spir - its, Fair
children of the earth, Link'd in bright bands ce - les - tial, Sing of their hu - man birth.

695. 7 & 6s.

ANONYMOUS.

Children in Heaven.

- 2 They sing of earth and heaven,—
Divinest voices rise
To God, their gracious Father,

Who called them to the skies :
They all are there,—in heaven,—
Safe, safe, and sweetly blest ;
No cloud of sin can shadow
Their bright and holy rest.

696.* 10s. *Man Immortal.*

SIR H. WOTTON.

- 1 O, what is man, great Maker of mankind !
That thou to him so great respect dost bear !
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer ?
2 O, what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire ;
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower,
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire !

697.* 10s. *God and Man.*

DR. JOHNSON.

- 1 O thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !
On hopeful man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer his waiting mind with light divine.
2 'Tis thine alone to calm the troubled breast
With silent confidence and holy rest ;
From thee, great God ! we spring ; to thee we tend :
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

* Sing Day of Rest, page 192.

BALLOU.* 6s.

L. H. SOUTHARD.

Con Expression.

1. On Zi-on's ho-ly walls Is quench'd a bea-con light, In vain the watch-man

Recitando.

calls — "Sentry! what of the night?" No answering voice is here, Say, does the

Ritard.

sol-dier sleep? O yes—up-on the bier, His watch no more to keep.

698. P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Death of a faithful Minister.

- 2 Still is that heaven-touched tongue,
Pulseless the throbbing breast;
That voice with music strung,
Forever put to rest.
To rest? A living thought,
Undimmed, unquenched he soars,
An essence spirit wrought,
Of yon immortal shores.
- 3 Peace to thee, man of God!
Thine earthly toils are o'er,

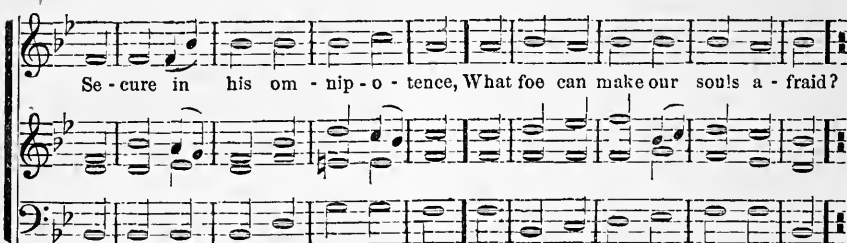
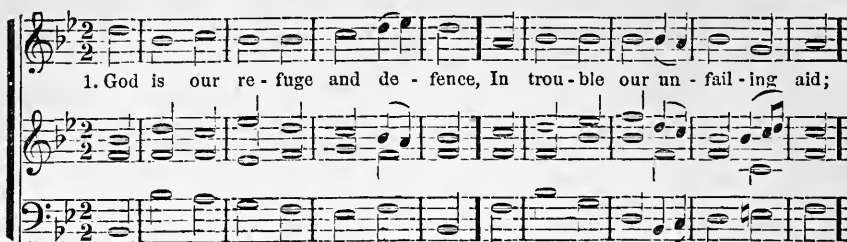
The thorny path is trod,
The Shepherd trod before,—
Full well he kept his word—
"I'm with thee to the end;
Fear not! I am the Lord,
Thy never failing friend!"

- 4 We weave no dirge for thee,
It should not call a tear
To know that thou art free;
Thy home—it was not here!
Joy to thee, man of God!
Thy heaven-course is begun,
Unshrinking, thou hast trod
Death's vale,—thy race is run.

* This tune was composed expressly for this hymn, by L. H. S., and sung at the Funeral of Father Ballou, June 9, 1852.

REFUGE. L. M.

C. H.



699. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

God and Man.

- 2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.
- 3 There is a river pure and bright, [plains;
Whose streams make glad the heavenly
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.
- 4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blessed,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

700. L. M.

NORTON.

Trust and Submission.

- 1 My God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy reads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.

- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know:
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

701. L. M.

O. W. HOLMES.

Hymn of Trust.

- 1 O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while thou art near!
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrows crowd each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near!
- 4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

702. L. M.

Affliction cometh not forth of the dust.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Affliction's faded form draws nigh,
With wrinkled brow and tearful eye;
With sackcloth on her bosom spread,
And ashes scattered o'er her head.
- 2 But deem her not a child of earth;
From heaven she draws her sacred birth:
Beside the throne of God she stands,
To execute his wise commands.
- 3 The messenger of grace, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies;
And onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day.
- 4 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn,
And from her lips these accents steal,
God smites to bless, he wounds to heal.

703. L. M. 6l.

Peace in the Lord.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd;
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.
- 3 As spring the winter—day the night,
So peace the gloom shall chase away,
And smiling joy a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay;
While glory weaves the immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

704. L. M.

"Thy will be done."

MISS DODD.

- 1 My Father, grant thy presence nigh
To bear aloft my sinking soul,
When sorrow o'er my pathway here
In widely whelming waves doth roll.
O, teach mine else unguarded heart,
The clouds of gloomy doubt to shun,
To bow unto thy chastening hand,
And meekly say, "Thy will be done."
- 2 Though dark to us thy ways may seem,
Thy needful chastisements severe;
Thou dost not willingly afflict,
Nor grieve thy erring children here.
O, teach my heart to lean on thee,
To faith and resignation won,

To see thy love in all its ways,
And humbly say, "Thy will be done."

705. L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's presence makes Death easy.

- 1 Why should we start and fear to die!
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

706. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Gone Before.

- 1 O, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe have reached the heavenly shore,
Released from all their fears and woes?
They are not lost,—but gone before.
- 2 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
O, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost,—but gone before.

707.* C. M.

T. MOORE.

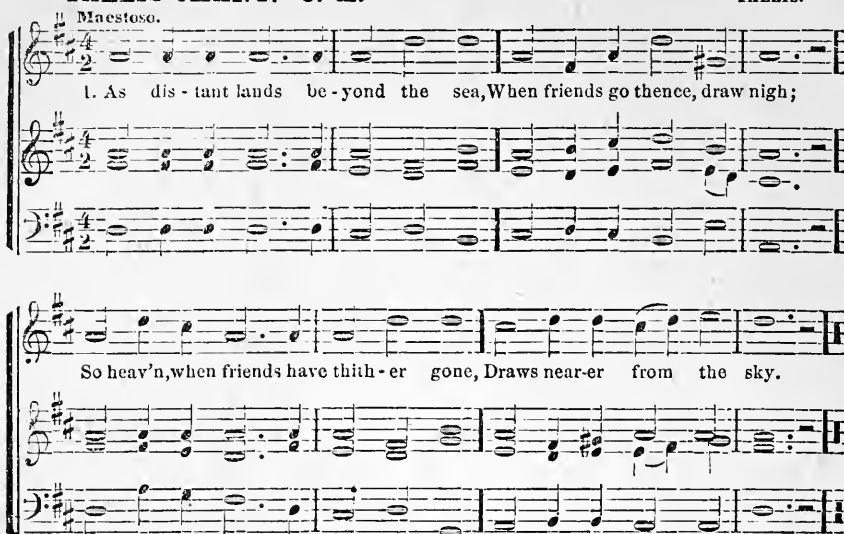
Consolation.

- 1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
- 2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
It dimmed and vanished too;
- 4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
- 5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

TALLIS CHANT. C. M.

TALLIS.

Maestoso.



1. As dis-tant lands be-yond the sea, When friends go thence, draw nigh;
So heav'n, when friends have thiith-er gone, Draws near-er from the sky.

708. C. M.

C. D. STUART.

Attractions of Heaven.

- 2 And as those lunds the dearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So heaven itself, though loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.
- 3 Heaven is not far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very hearts,
Of those who see aright.

709. C. M.

WATTS. (Altered.)

Mourn not the Departed.

- 1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
The grave where once our Saviour lay,
Hath lost its fearful gloom.
- 3 Thence he rose—and now commends
To us his gracious charms!
The glory that his truth attends,
Death of its sting disarms.

- 4 Though earth and all its joys be dim,
On him in faith rely;
Our life is hid with Christ, in him
That life can never die.

710. C. M.

BARTON.

The Dead are Ours.

- 1 The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.
- 2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.
- 3 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and by-gone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;
- 4 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

711. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

- 1 In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief,
That brings me near to thee.

712. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Heavenly Home.

- 1 Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' bright or stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 4 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy peace shall see.

713. C. M.

WATTS.

Triumph in the Assurance of Heaven.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile on Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

714. C. M.

CHR. REGISTERED.

Faith triumphant over Sorrow.

- 1 Thanks, Father, for the ministry
Of sorrow's lonely hour,
When darkly o'er my stricken head
I see the storm-clouds lower;
Thy love can still the billows' roar,
And whisper, "Peace; be still!"
While faith doth on thy promise rest,
And bless the Father's will.
- 2 The shadow and the storm must come;
O, grant that faith divine
Which triumphs o'er the might of grief,
And moulds man's will to thine!
In hours of deepest gloom, mine eye
One blessed ray can see;
A sunlit side that cloud must have,
Which hides thy face from me.

715. C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Christian Hope.

- 1 The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before the mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream;
- 2 And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite these broken ties,
Around us each dis severed chain
In sparkling ruin lies.
- 3 O, who, in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?
- 4 That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies;—
Hope, that unites our souls to heaven,
By faith's endearing ties.

716. C. M.

BRIGGS' COLL

A Vision of Heaven.

- 1 O, heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt us by its power;
Where from the past no gloom is shed
Upon the present hour.
- 2 And there the living waters flow
Along the radiant shore;
The soul, now wandering here, shall know
Its burning thirst no more.
- 3 The burden of the stranger's heart,
Which here unknown we bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart
With our first wakening there.
- 4 And, borne on eagle's wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every sphere, from every star,
Of glory and of power.

DEDHAM, C. M.

GARDINER.

1. The Lord is nev - er far a - way, Nor sun - der'd from his flock;
He is their re - fuge and their stay, Their peace, their trust, their rock.

717. C. M.

SCHUTZ.

Unfailing Goodness.

- 1 The Lord is never far away,
Nor sundered from his flock;
He is their refuge and their stay,
Their peace, their trust, their rock.
- 2 And for the creatures he has made,
Our God shall well provide;
His grace shall be their constant aid,
Their guard on every side.
- 3 And when earth cannot comfort more,
Nor earthly help avail,
The Maker comes himself, whose store
Of blessings cannot fail.
- 4 Ah! then till life hath reached its bound,
My God, I'll worship thee,
The chorus of thy praise shall sound,
Far over land and sea.

718. C. M. 8l.

ANONYMOUS.

Look Up and Persevere.

- 1 Should sorrow's gate be open wide,
And on us pour a flood;

Should hopes we cherish, withered lie,
E'er they begin to bud;
Should clouds upon our pathway rise,
And all seem dark and drear,
Our motto in the hour should be,—
Look up and persevere.

- 2 Remember, if the night came not
To make more bright the morn,
We could not hail with untold joy
The advent of the dawn.
And if our life was but one scene
Of pure unceasing bliss;
We might grow weak upon our way,
And live our time amiss.

- 3 Useless indeed repinings are,
They but increase our pain;
The noblest plan is, when we fail,
To rise and try again;
No matter how the storms may rage,
Let hope a fabric rear—
And as we gaze, our cry should be,—
Look up and persevere.

719. C. M.

The Happy Death.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Lord, must we die! O let us die
Trusting in thee alone!
Our living testimony given,
Then leave our dying one.
- 2 If we must die, O let us die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasure all refined.
- 3 If we must die,—as die we must,—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear us on his friendly wing
To our celestial home!
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May we but have a view!
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
We'll boldly venture through.

720. C. M.

The True Rest.

ALICE CARY.

- 1 Each fearful storm that o'er us rolls,
Each path of peril trod,
Is but a means whereby our souls
Acquaint themselves with God.
- 2 Our want and weakness, shame and sin,
His pitying kindness prove,
And all our lives are folded in
The mystery of his love.
- 3 His sun is shining, sure and fast,
O'er all our nights of dread;
Our darkness by his light, at last
Shall be interpreted.
- 4 No promise shall he fail to keep
Until we see his face;
E'en death is but a tender sleep
In the eternal race.
- 5 Time's empty shadows cheat our eyes,
But all the heavens declare
The substance of the things we prize
Is there, and only there.

721. C. M.

LUTHER.

"Out of the depths have I called unto thee."

- 1 Out of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord God! O hear my prayer,
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair.

- 2 My hope is ever in the Lord,
My works I count but dust,
I build not there, but on thy word,
And in thy goodness trust.
- 3 Though thou should'st tarry till the night,
And round again to morn,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust thy might,
Nor count itself forlorn.
- 4 Tho' great our sins and sore our wounds,
And deep and dark our fall,
Thy helping mercy hath no bounds,
Thy love surpasseth all.

722.* S. M.

The Unfailing Power.

WATTS

- 1 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 3 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

723.* S. M.

The True Rest.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

* Sing St. Thomas, page 136, or Boylston, page 151, Boston Academy's Coll.

RESIGNATION. 11s.

J. A. GOULD.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter
storm ri - ses dark o'er the way: The few lu - cid morn - ings that
dawn on us here Are fol - low'd by gloom, or be - cloud - ed with fear.

724. 11s.

BUHLENBURG.

Longing for Heaven.

- 2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within :
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway ; no—welcome the tomb :
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ;
There sweet be my rest ;—he will bid me arise,
To share in his joy and his life in the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?
- 5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

HOME. 11s.

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion, and crea-ture complaints, } To find at the
 1. How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with saints; } And feel in the

Pre-pare me, dear

Fine. **♩ Dal Segno.**

ban-quet of mer-cy there's room, } Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
 pre-sence of Je-sus at home. }

Sa-viour, for glo-ry, my home. *ritard.*

725. 11s.

ANONYMOUS.

The same.

- 2 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 O give me submission, and strength as my day;
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.
- 3 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
 The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face,
 Endue me with patience until thou shalt come
 And bless me, while here, with a foretaste of home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.
- 4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
 And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

726. 11s.

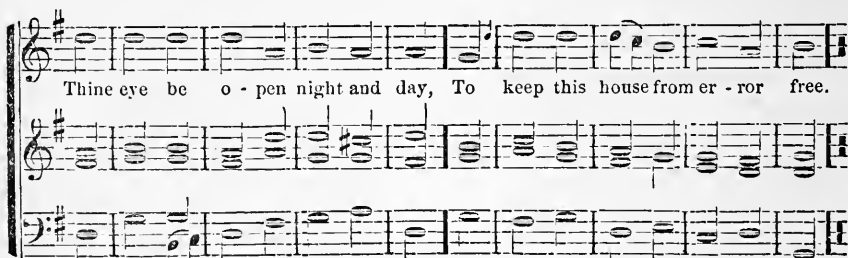
ANONYMOUS.

Are they not all Ministering Spirits?

- 2 How dear is the thought, that the angels of God
 May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod;
 Will leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
 To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!
- 2 They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
 Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
 Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
 And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.
- 3 They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
 In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
 A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
 Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

HAGUE. L. M.

GERMAN.



727. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Laying of a Corner-Stone.

- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Thy glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

- 2 Lord! be the spot where now we meet,
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.
Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn, of him, to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

- 3 Here may the sick and wandering soul,
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave.
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That thy true shrine's a loving heart,
And thy best praise a holy life!

728. L. M. Sl.

E. H. CHAPIN.

Opening of a Christian Church.

- 1 Our Father God! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret Majesty.
Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
In rev'rent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy spirit there.

729. L. M.

J. LOMBARD.

The same.

- 1 Thou hast thy temple, Lord of all,
Where'er thy light and glory shine;
While suns and stars before thee fall,
And own thy majesty divine.
- 2 And there are shrines in groves and dells,
On mountains, deserts, and the sea,
Where thy most holy presence dwells,
And praise is ever sung to thee.

3 Lord! in thy sight completed stands
This temple to thy truth and grace;
And now we lift our hearts and hands
To thee, to consecrate the place.

4 May all by whom these aisles are trod,
Who here shall pray to be forgiven,
Find this indeed the house of God,
And this the very gate of heaven.

5 Lord! in our hearts thy kingdom build,
That they may living temples be,
That with thy faith and comfort filled,
We may each day live nearer thee.

730. L. M.

J. G. ADAMS.

Dedication of a Country Church.

1 On this fair spot where nature pays
From hill, and vale, and flower, and tree,
In morning beams, in evening rays,
Its homage, God of all, to thee;—

2 Thy children meet to dedicate
This temple to thy gracious name;
Our hearts and songs to elevate,—
Thy grace and glory to proclaim.

3 Descend, and with thy spirit bless
The offering; may it ever be
Sacred to truth and righteousness,
From error's dread dominion free.

4 Here let the standard of thy word
Be raised and held by faithful hands;
Hither bring hearts with one accord,
To learn and do thy great commands.

5 And when we leave these courts below,
To join the hosts in praise above,
May others here rejoice to know
Thy boundless, everlasting love.

731. L. M.

H. BACON.

Dedication.

1 Framers of worlds, and God of mind
That sees thee in thy works of power,
The chain of earthly care unwind,
And thine be every thought this hour.

2 The stars their choral sing to thee;
And incense from her thousand hills
The earth sends up, while yet the sea
With its wild song the valley thrills.

3 But holier worship rises where
The soul thy wondrous love hath known;
Own thou in heaven this place of prayer,
And here thy works of grace be shown.

[23*]

4 Hallowed, O Father, be this place!
Thy mercy seat its altar be;
And here proclaimed in power thy grace,
The wandering heart to win to thee:

5 Here childhood learn the pilgrim song
That manhood and old age shall sing;
And Sabbaths as they pass along,
New victories of redemption bring.

732. L. M.

MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.

Re-opening of a Church.

1 Here, where our fathers came of yore,
Bringing their burdened hearts to thee,
Here, where their anthem-echoes rolled,
Here, where they bent the suppliant knee:

2 We, their glad children come to-day
To consecrate the place anew,
Which art and skill have beautified,
Till now it standeth fair to view.

3 A lowly fane it is for thee,
Oh God, who art above all thought,
Whose temple is the realm of space,
Where eye of man may reach thee not!

4 Yet deign again to own this house,
Which once our fathers gave to thee,
And may it still be joined to heaven,
And worship the bright gateway be!

5 So shall we in this Sabbath home,
Grow like the God our souls adore;
And with true hearts and holy lives,
Make heaven of earth yet more and more.

733. L. M.

H. C. LEONARD.

The same.

1 O thou! whose thought pervades all space,
Whose light illumines the earth and skies,
Within these walls reveal thy face,
And smile upon our sacrifice.

2 We give to thee this house once more,
Improved by human art and skill:
O may the power of sacred lore,
And thine own love this temple fill.

3 Through all our Sabbaths here below,
May we within this temple wait;
And unto thee, as moments go,
Our souls divinely consecrate.

4 And when have run our life's quick sands
And we shall reach the fane on high,
Within this temple made with hands,
Our children's spirits sanctify.

ETERNAL REST. L. M.

*

1. O thou, who art a - bove all height! Our God, our Fa - ther, and our Friend!

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. It is in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 2/2 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

Be - neath thy throne of love and light, Let thine a - dor - ing child - ren bend.

This section continues the musical score from the previous block, maintaining the same key and time signature. The lyrics are written below the musical notation.

734. L. M.

PIERPONT.

Ordination of a Minister.

- 2 Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and heaven,
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!
- 3 Here may his doctrine drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.
- 4 And when he sinks in death,—by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed,—
O God! remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

Oh! they had died in gloom and fear,
Had not their prophet-guide been near.

- 2 "Smite thou the rock of Horeb!" hark,
A voice far down the still air broke,—
The prophet-guide obeyed,—and lo!
Cool waters gushed beneath his stroke;
Fell rushing streams swept down the plain,
And Israel drank and lived again.
- 3 So brother, 'mid life's sultry wastes,
When all around is parched and drear,
And fainting spirits sink to die,
A faithful guide, may'st thou be near
To smite the rock whose healing wave
The thirsting soul from death can save!

735.* L. M. 6l.

MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

The Pastor's Work.

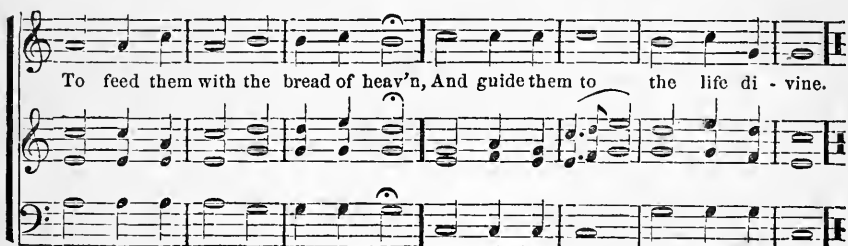
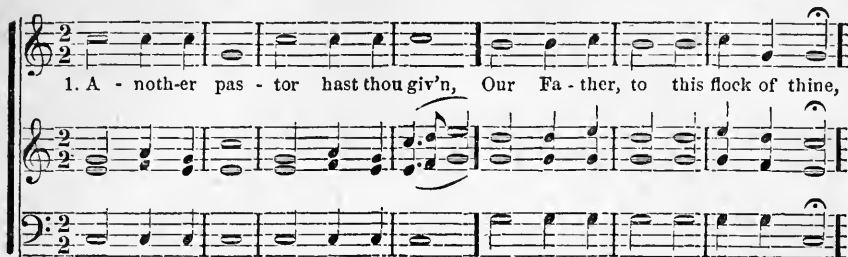
- 1 When Israel smitten 'mid the waste
Which wide and burning round them lay,
Sank, worn with toil and parched with thirst,
With helpless moanings by the way,—

- 4 Go forth! an Israel waits for thee!
Be wakeful, watchful at thy post!
Guard well thy followers by the way,
Nor let the feeblest one be lost.
Be faithful,—and beneath thy rod
The wave shall gush whose fount is God!

* Repeat the first two lines of music.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



736. L. M.

C. H. FAY.

Installation of a New Pastor.

- 1 Another pastor hast thou given,
Our Father, to this flock of thine,
To feed them with the bread of heaven,
And guide them to the life divine.
- 2 O, make him here we humbly pray,
So faithful to the trust he bears,
That from his fold no lamb may stray,
Or fall within the tempter's snares.
- 3 And when the dying need his aid,
Then may he speak those truths sublime,
Which lift from death its fearful shade,
And ope to view the better clime.
- 4 Where death has been, in homes of grief,
And sorrow's lowest depths are stirred,
There may he offer sweet relief,
Through Christ the life and living word.
- 5 Here may he labor while 'tis day, [on,
That when night's gloom comes deep'ning

Like his loved Master he may say,
The work thou gavest me is done.

737. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

A Pastor Welcomed.

- 1 We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant; so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.
- 3 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

WESTMORELAND. C. M.

1. O thou, who didst or - dain the word, And its strong her - alds send, }
We draw the ho - ly veil of prayer, And in thy pre - sence bend. } **Fine.**

O! seal it with thy sanc - tion now, And con - se - crate, and bless.

D. C.

The sol - emn bur - den of this rite, Deep let our hearts con - fess;

738. C. M. 8l.

E. H. CHAPIN.

Ordination of a Minister.

- 2 To this young warrior of the cross,
Who takes his station here,
Be thou a teacher and a guide,
And be thy spirit near.
Make him a faithful soldier, Lord,
Give him sustaining might;
We ask thy favor for his shield,
Thy wisdom for his light.
- 3 A pure disciple, let him tread
The way his Master trod—
Giving the weary spirit rest,
Leading the lost to God—
Stooping to lend the sufferer aid,
Crushed sorrow's wail to hear,
To bind the widow's broken heart,
And dry the orphan's tear.
- 4 For war with error make him strong,
And sin, the soul's dark foe—
But let him humbly seek for truth,
Where'er its waters flow.
And when, O Father, at the grave
He lays his armor down,
Give him the victor's glist'ning robe,
The palm-wreath and the crown.

739. C. M.

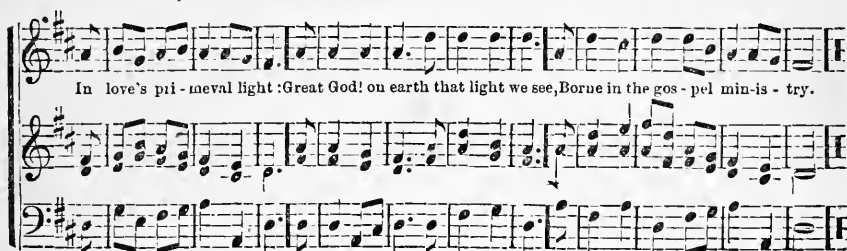
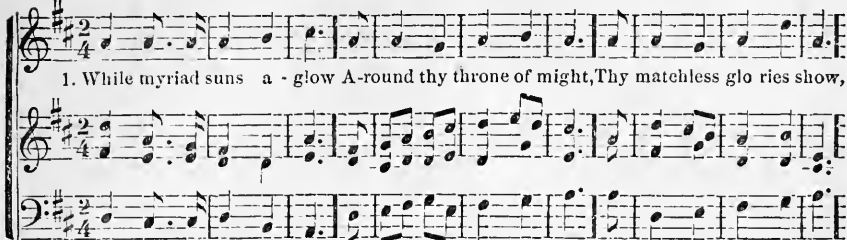
H. BACOM.

The same.

- 1 Not for the prophet tongue of fire,
Nor voice of trumpet tone,
We lift our prayer, Immortal Sire,
For him before thy throne.
- 2 We ask for wisdom's gifts and grace,
The heart alive to love,
The earnest zeal to save our race,
All selfish aims above.
- 3 Lord, bless him now! by holy rite,
We consecrate to thee!
Make to his eye the chief delight
Christ's prospering work to see.
- 4 Bold let him be for truth and man,
For God and righteousness!
Free let him speak the gospel plan,
And the whole truth confess.
- 5 Be cloud and fire about his way,
Till Canaan's land is trod!
Then o'er his grave thy church shall say,
He led us to our God!

WARSAW. H. M.

T. CLARK.



740. H. M.

T. J. GREENWOOD.

Installation Hymn.

- 2 We bless thy holy name,
That unto us is given
The Spirit's fervent flame,
That bears our soul to heaven,
While faith and hope around us shine,
Owning all worlds, all creatures, thine!
- 3 Here, at thine altar, God,
In filial trust we bend,
That thou wilt shed abroad,
And to all creatures send,
The sacred truth, that Jesus came,
To bless us in our Father's name.
- 4 Inspire our souls, we pray,
With wisdom's sacred zeal,
That here our little day
Fidelity may seal;
And when the world fades from our sight,
Baptize us in thy life,—thy light!

And hears the solemn call
Of anxious, waiting hands,
Who seek along the waning night
For heralds of thy coming light.

- 2 Oh, may he never sleep
Upon his weary post,
Nor shrink, though round him swæp
The storm's embattled host;
But, whatso'er the night may be,
Stand firm in duty and in thee!

- 3 And let his visioned eye,
Rest on the truth sublime,
That sin and woe shall fly
Before advancing time,
Till in thine own eternal day
The latest tear hath passed away.

741. H. M.

MRS L. J. B. CASE.

The same.

- 1 Lord! on thy Zion's wall
A faithful watchman stands,

- 4 And, when his watch is done,
Oh, let unclouded light,
From heaven's all-glorious sun,
Gleam on his closing sight:—
That all who see his death shall know
His spirit walked with thee below.

CHAPIN. 7s.

PLEYEL.

1. Fa-ther, lo! we con-se-crate Un-to thee this house and shrine,

Oh! may Je-sus vis-it here, As he did in Pal-es-tine.

Here may blind eyes see his light, Deaf ears hear his ac-cents sweet,

And we, like those groups of old, Sit and lin-ger at his feet.

742. 7s.

E. H. CHAPIN.

Dedication of a Church.

- 2 And to learn of faith and love,
 Strong in sorrow, pain and loss,
 May we come and find them here,
 In the garden, on the cross.
 Like the spices that enfold
 Him we love in rich perfume,
 May our thoughts embalm him here,
 While he slumbers in the tomb.

- 3 When we watch by shrouded hopes,
 Weeping at death's marble door,
 May the angels meet us here—
 Lo! your Christ has gone before!
 And while we stand "looking up,"
 In our faith and wonder lost,
 Here send down thy Spirit's power,
 Like the tongues of Pentecost.

EVENING. 7s.

A. DOTY.

1. Lo! re-new'd this tem-ple stands! Strength and beau-ty here com-bine;

Work of wil-ling hearts and hands; Sae-ri-fice to love di-vine.

743. 7s.

J. BOYDEN.

Re-opening of a Church.

2 Father, we would worship thee,—
Every soul before thee bow,
Christ-like in humility,
Faithful to his sacred vow.

3 Let thy grace in mercy shine;
Never from our souls depart:
Guide us unto life divine:
Reign supreme in every heart:

4 Let thy kingdom wide prevail,
And thy love, from sea to sea;
Bring the hush of sorrow's wail;
Wake the anthem of the free.

5 Then redemption's work is done;
Sin no more the soul enthrall;
Heaven and earth in spirit one,
Witness, God is all in all.

With the breathings of thy love
May this sacred hour be blest.

2 Consecrating hands we lay
On thy waiting servant, Lord,
Who, within these courts to-day
Takes new vows to preach thy word

3 Vows of faith in truth and thee;
Help him, Lord, to keep them here;
Watchful, wakeful may he be,
In thy work and in thy fear.

4 Give him light, thy word to see;
Speech, its riches to proclaim;
Souls, to bless his ministry,
Born of heaven in Jesus' name.

5 In his timely ministries
Make him faithful to the right;
Let no fear of man be his,
While his Lord he keeps in sight.

744. 7s.

J. G. ADAMS.

Ordination.

1 Holy Father! from above
Let thy blessing on us rest;

6 When his work is done below,
And his rest is gained above,
May his field of conflict show
How he triumphed in thy love.

NANTWICH. L. M.

DE MADAN.

1. Pour out thy spir - it from on high; Lord! thine as - sem - bled
ser - vants bless; Gra - ces and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe thy
priests with right - eous - ness, And clothe thy priests with right - eous - ness.

745. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Meeting of Ministers.

- 2 Within thy temple where we stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour! like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be!
- 3 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our hearts,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope, our charge resign;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine.

746. L. M.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

For Laborers in God's Harvest.

- 1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our degenerate race!
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Convert the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

747. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

At an Annual Convention.

- 1 Dear Lord, behold thy servants, here,
From various parts, together meet,
To tell their labors through the year,
And lay the harvest at thy feet.
- 2 In thy wide fields and vineyards, Lord,
We've toiled and wrought with watchful
care;
Thy wheat hath flourished by thy word,
Thy love consumed the choking tare.
- 3 The reapers cry, "The fields are white,
All ready to be gathered in,
And harvests wave, in changing light,
Far as the eye can trace the scene."
- 4 Lord, bless us while we here remain;
With holy love our bosoms fill;
O may thy doctrine drop like rain,
And like the silent dew distil.
- 5 While we attend thy churches' care,
O grant us wisdom from above;
With prudent thought and humble prayer,
May we fulfil the works of love.

748. L. M.

LONGFELLOW'S COLL.

The Ministers of the Cross.

- 1 Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Hast brought us here, before thy face,
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace!
- 2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on thy holy shrine;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The children of the cross are thine.
- 3 And now, with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to thee, great God!
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.
- 4 Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Christ our truest might.
- 5 Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

749. L. M.

CH. PSALMODY

Prayer for Christ's Triumph.

- 1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

[24]

- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream and main,
Be swayed the sceptre of thy reign!
- 3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

750. L. M.

EMILY TAYLOR.

Thy Kingdom Come.

- 1 "Thy kingdom come!" The heathen lands,
In error sunk, thy presence crave;
And victims bound by tyrant hands
Implore thee, Father, come and save!
- 2 "Thy kingdom come!" Each troubled mind
In doubt and darkness calls for thee;
For thou hast eyes to give the blind,
And strength to set the captive free.
- 3 Thy reign of peace and love begin!
Too oft the Christian's sacred name
Is stained by wrath and shamed by sin;
O, come, assert the gospel's claim!
- 4 O, never in that righteous cause
Our hearts be slow, our voices dumb;
Upon the glorious theme we pause,
And fervent pray, "Thy kingdom come!"

751. L. M.

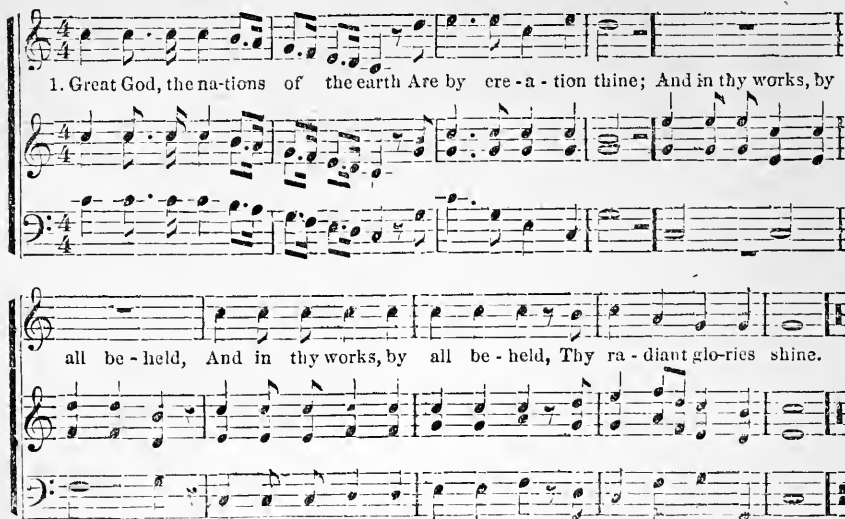
MONTGOMERY.

For an Anniversary Meeting.

- 1 O thou, in whom we live and move
And have our being! meet us here;
Let us thy tender mercy prove,
As thou art wont, from year to year.
- 2 For year by year, when throngs on throngs
Rejoicing to thy courts repair,
To offer praise in choral songs,
And pour their souls in fervent prayer:—
- 3 To prayers and songs in sovereign grace,
A willing ear thou dost incline,
And cause the glory of thy face
In Christ, on each and all to shine.
- 4 To each and all this day anew,
The tokens of thy love impart,
And let thy blessing fall like dew,
Fall on good ground in every heart.
- 5 In every heart thy word be sown,
Spring up, and thrive thro' heat and cold,
Until it shake like Lebanon,
With heavenly fruit an hundred fold:—
- 6 Fruit ripening in our earthly clime,
Till all the plants thus trained by thee,
Flourish as trees of life through time,
Then trees of immortality.

PEMBROKE. C. M.

DALMER.



1. Great God, the nations of the earth Are by cre-a-tion thine; And in thy works, by all be-held, And in thy works, by all be-held, Thy ra-diant glo-ries shine.

752. C. M.

Spread of the Gospel.

GIBBONS.

- 2 But, Lord, thy richer love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

753. C. M.

The same.

LOGAN.

- 1 O, city of the Lord! begin
The universal song:
And let the scattered villages
The joyful notes prolong.
- 2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
In accent rude rejoice.
- 3 Oh! from the streams of distant lands
To our Jehovah sing;
And joyful, from the mountain-tops,
Shout to the Lord, the King.

- 4 Let all combined, with one accord,
The Saviour's glories raise,
Till in the earth's remotest bounds
The nations sound his praise.

754. C. M.

LYRA CATH.

God at Work in his Ministry.

- 1 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.
- 2 O bless'd is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!
- 3 Workmen of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 4 And bless'd is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!
- 5 O learn to scorn the praise of men!
O learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

755. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Gospel for All.

- 1 Lord! send thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east, and west, and south, and north,
Let all the wanderers come.
- 2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
The holy mount to gain.
- 3 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.
- 4 With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet;
And show the mystery fulfill'd—
Thy family complete.

756. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Morning.

- 1 We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By his almighty power.
- 2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the day-light springs;
Till he shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.
- 3 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine!
- 4 O, guide us till our night is done!
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore!

757. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

He maketh all things new.

- 1 Almighty Spirit, now behold
A world by sin destroyed!
Creative spirit, as of old
Move on the formless void!
- 2 Give thou the word—the healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains shall angel harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew!

758. C. M.

MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Hymn for an Annual Convention.

- 1 We gather in the name of God,
And, bowing down the head,

We stretch our waiting hands abroad,
And humbly ask for aid!
For aid, when o'er the spirit's day,
Thick clouds of darkness rest,
That we may chase the gloom away,
And light the darkened breast!

- 2 For strength to lead the poor, the weak,
Who tread the vale of years—
For pity's hand to dry the cheek,
Where sorrow sits in tears;
For hope, the beautiful and bright,
That whispers, "Ne'er despond!"
For faith, that through the darkest night
Still sees a star beyond!
- 3 Bold heralds of the cross—O God!
Undaunted send us forth;
Salvation be our rallying word;
Our field—the boundless earth!
Love on our lips and in our soul,
Our labors never done,
O sovereign Maker!—till the goal
By all at last be won!

759. C. M.

HYMNS OF ZION.

The same.

- 1 Joined in a union firm and strong,
No foe our ranks can break;
To victory we press along,
And glorious warfare make.
Our fervent prayers shall still prevail
Against a host of sins;
And angels every Christian hail
Whose love a conquest wins.
- 2 Then let our ranks, more closely joined,
With shield and buckler stand;
A kingdom we at last shall find,
The promised spirit land.
Let all with harmony of voice,
In lofty praises join;
Let every soul in Christ rejoice,
With rapture all divine.

760. C. M.

METHODIST COLL.

Close of an Association.

- 1 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
- 2 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And, each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.
- 3 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
In all his members here.

TOPLADY. 7s.

UNKNOWN.

1. Go! ye mes-sen-gers of God, Like the beams of morn-ing, fly;
Take the won-der-work-ing rod, Wave the ban-ner-cross on high!
Where the lof-ty min-a-ret Gleams a-long the morn-ing skies,
Wave it till the cres-cent set, And the "Star of Ja-cob" rise.

761. 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Missionary Hymn.

- 2 Go! to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And the oppressed forever weep!
O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven!

- 3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast:
Circumnavigate the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all—
Jesus' love is full and free!

BAHNMAIER. 7s.

T. P. RYDER.

1. Migh - ty One, be - fore whose face, Wis - dom had her glo - rious seat,

When the orbs that peo - ple space, Sprang to birth be - neath thy feet;

762. 7s.

BRYANT.

A Blessing invoked on Christian Teachers.

- 2 Source of truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind;
- 3 Shed on those, who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

763. 7s.

BAHNMAIER.

Diffusion of the Gospel.

- 1 Spread, oh spread, thou mighty word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er his breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.
- 2 Tell them of the spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.
- 3 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo! for thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

[24*]

- 4 Lord of all men, let there be
Joy and strength to work for thee,
Let the nations far and near
See thy light, and learn thy fear.

764. 7s.

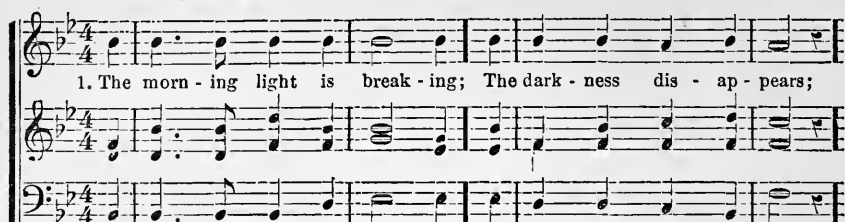
MONTGOMERY

Praise for the Spread of Truth.

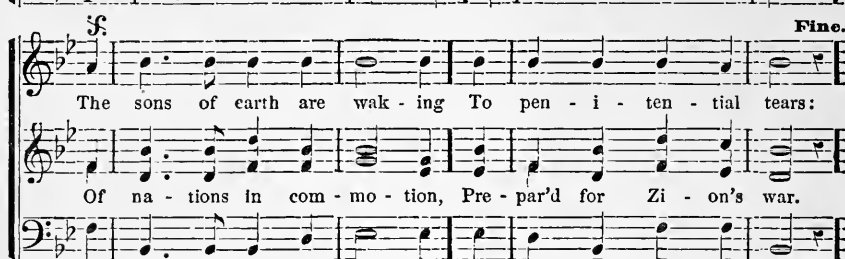
- 1 Thank and praise Jehovah's name,
For his mercies firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.
- 2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land;
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 O that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.
- 4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

WEBB. 7 & 6s.

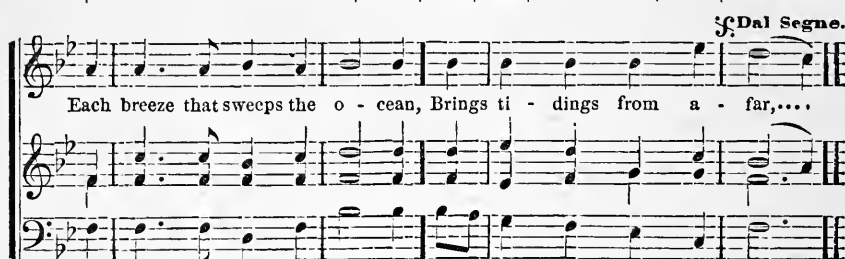
G. J. WEBB.



1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;



The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears:
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - par'd for Zi - on's war.



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings ti - dings from a - far,....

765. 7 & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

The Light of the Gospel.

- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

- 4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

766. 7 & 6s.

WEBB.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, Renovator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

767. 7 & 6s.

ANONYMOUS.

Universal Hallelujah.

- 1 When shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along?
 When hill and valley ringing
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And him, who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign?
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly,
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply;
 High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
 The hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound.

768. 7 & 6s.

ANONYMOUS.

The Gospel Banner.

- 1 Now be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurled;
 And be the shout "Hosanna!"
 Re-echoed through the world;
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.
- 2 What though the embattled legions
 Of earth and hell combine?
 His arm, throughout their regions,
 Shall soon resplendent shine:

Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
 Immanuel, Prince of peace!
 Thy triumph shall be glorious,—
 Thy empire still increase.

- 3 Yes—thou shalt reign forever,
 O Jesus, King of kings!
 Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings:
 The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise;
 While hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

769. 7 & 6s.

J. G. ADAMS.

Annual Convention.

- 1 Our Father—ever living!
 Once more thy children come,
 With joy and true thanksgiving,
 To this their gospel home.
 United—from dissension
 Kept by thy goodness free—
 Again in glad convention
 Our vows we pay to thee.
- 2 The past! its ways are beaming
 With thy sure mercies, Lord—
 Thy truth and grace redeeming,
 Sent o'er the earth abroad,
 The hoary shrines of error
 Have cast aside; and free
 From darkness, doubt, and terror,
 Its children come to thee.
- 3 The present! loudly sounding,
 Its cheering tones are heard;
 Be our full hearts abounding
 In its strong hope and word!
 Be strength and wisdom, Father!
 Bestowing what we need,
 Truth's harvest-sheaves to gather,
 Christ's kingdom here to speed.
- 4 The future! indications
 Of mightier works are there:
 Truth's promised revelations;
 Thine arm of power made bare;
 From sin's dread reign exemption;
 Man's life in Christ, divine;
 The erring world's redemption;
 The glory, Father, thine!

BETHLEHEM. 8s & 7s.

1. On - ward, on - ward, men of hea - ven! Bear the gos - pel's ban - ner high;

Rest not till its light is giv - en, Star of ev - 'ry pa - gan sky,

Send it where the pil - grim-stran-ger Faints 'neath A - sia's scorch-ing ray;

Bid the red - brown'd for - est ran - ger Hail it, ere he fades a - way.

770. 8 & 7s.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The Gospel for All.

2 Where the arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow.
India marks its lustre stealing,
Shiv'ring Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal—bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation,
Host on host the ranks supply,
Onward!—Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

771. 8 & 7s.

A. C. COXE.

Western Missions.

- 1 Westward, Lord, the world alluring,
As thy risen day-star beamed,
And, the sinking soul assuring,
O'er the world's wide ocean streamed.
Westward, still, the midnight breaking,
Westward, still, its light be poured !
Heathen, thy possession making,
Utmost lands thy dwelling, Lord !
- 2 Westward, where the waving prairie,
Dark as slumbering ocean, lies,
Let thy starlight, Son of Mary,
O'er the shadowed billows rise !
Here be heard, ye herald voices,
Till the Lord his glory shows,
And the lonely place rejoices
With the bloom of Sharon's rose.
- 3 Where the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward, in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God.
Westward, till the church be kneeling
In the forest ailes so dim,
And the wild-wood's arches pealing
With the people's holy hymn.

772. 8 & 7s.

URWICK'S COLL.

The Dark World Enlightened.

- 1 O thou sun of glorious splendor,
Rise with healing in thy wing ;
Chase away these shades of darkness,
Holy light and comfort bring.
- 2 Take thy power, almighty Saviour ;
Claim the nations for thine own ;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.

773. 8 & 7s.

SELECT HYMNS.

Consecration to the Work.

- 1 While the heralds of salvation
God's abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his name.
- 2 May his kingdom be promoted ;
May the world the Saviour know :
Be my all to him devoted ;
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 3 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations ;
Praise him, all ye hosts above ;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

774. 8 & 7s.

CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

"As ye go, Preach!"

- 1 Onward, upward, never falter !
Ye who labor in God's name !

Time may change, and men may alter,
But your work remains the same.

- 2 Preach the gospel to each nation !
Plainly, eloquently preach,
Till the message of salvation
Every human soul shall reach.
- 3 O let not earth's hopes be blighted,
By your mad sectarian strife ;
Christians ought to be united
On the battle field of life.
- 4 When the Son of God descended
To redeem our fallen race,
That to man might be extended
The rich blessings of his grace :
- 5 Angels left their homes in glory !
And the bright and glorious throng
Shouted forth the wondrous story,
Chanted loud the advent song.

775.* 8, 7 & 4s.

P. WILLIAMS.

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

- 1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness ! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day ;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
Grant them, Lord ! the glorious light ;
And, from the eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase ;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour ! all the world around.

776.* 8, 7 & 5s.

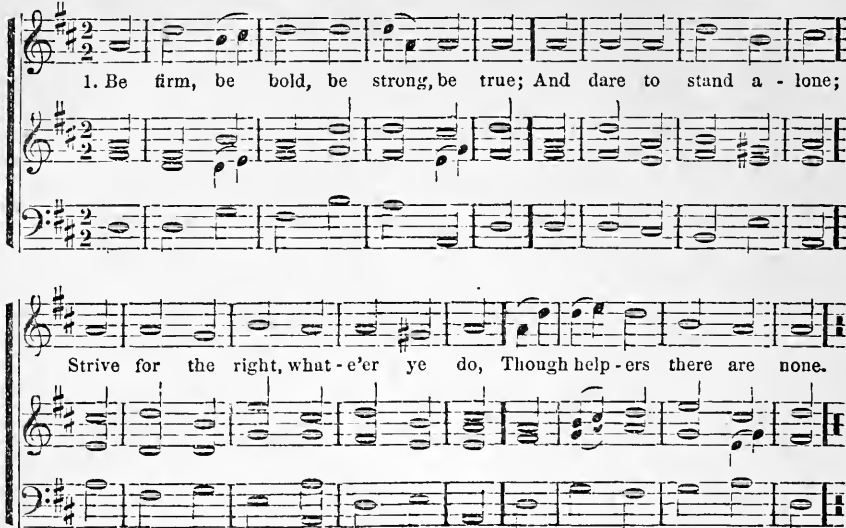
KELLY.

Truth Spreading.

- 1 Look, ye saints ! the day is breaking ;
Joyful times are near at hand ;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land :
Day advances—
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 God of Jacob, high and glorious !
Let thy people see thy power ;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world forevermore :
Then shall idols
Perish, while thy saints adore.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

DR. CROFT.



777. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"Stand for the Right."

- 2 Nay, bend not to the swelling surge
Of public sneer and wrong,
'Twill bear thee on to ruin's verge,
With current wild and strong.
- 3 Stand for the right! though falsehood rail,
And proud lips coldly sneer—
A poisoned arrow cannot wound
A conscience pure and clear.
- 4 Stand for the right! proclaim it loud,
Thou'lt find an answering tone,
In honest hearts, and thou'lt no more
Be doomed to stand alone.

778. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"Break every Yoke."

- 1 "Break every yoke," the gospel cries,
"And let th' oppressed go free;"
Let every burdened captive rise,
And taste sweet liberty.
- 2 Lord! when shall man thy voice obey,
And rend each iron chain?
O! when shall love its golden sway
O'er all the earth maintain?

- 3 Send thy good Spirit from above,
And melt th' oppressor's heart;
Send swift deliverance to the slave,
And bid his woes depart.

- 4 With joy and gladness crown his day,
And fill his heart with love;
Teach him the straight and only way
That leads to rest above.

779. C. M.

PEARBODY.

"Who is my Neighbor?"

- 1 Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy hand may soothe or press.
- 2 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.
- 3 Thy neighbor? 'tis the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.
- 4 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

780. C. M.

FRENCH.

Giving and Receiving.

- 1 Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.
- 2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very fount of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.
- 3 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;—
Such is the law of love.

781. C. M.

LUTHERAN COLL.

Charity.

- 1 Go to the pillow of disease,
Where night gives no repose,
And on the cheek where sickness preys,
Bid health to plant the rose.
- 2 Go where the friendless stranger lies;
To perish is his doom:
Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
And bring his blessing home.
- 3 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

782. C. M.

R. NICOLL.

Honor all Men.

- 1 I may not scorn the meanest thing
That on the earth doth crawl;
The slave who would not burst his chain,
The tyrant in his hall.
- 2 The vile oppressor who hath made
The widowed mother mourn,
Though worthless, soulless, he may stand,
I cannot, dare not scorn.
- 3 The darkest night that shrouds the sky,
Of beauty hath a share:
The blackest heart hath sighs, to tell
That God still lingers there.

783. C. M.

CROSSWELL.

"To do good and to communicate forget not."

- 1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.
- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

- 3 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

784. C. M.

MILTON.

Ministry with the Needy.

- 1 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.
- 2 Regard the weak and fatherless,
Despatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.
- 3 Rise, God! judge thou the earth in might,
The oppressed land redress;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

785. C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

"Blessed are the Merciful."

- 1 Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 4 Peace from the bosom of his God
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

786. C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Plea for Poor Children.

- 1 Friends of the poor, the young, the weak!
Regard our humble train,
Compassion at your hands we seek;
Shall children plead in vain?
- 2 Have you no dear ones round your hearth
As weak and young as we?
Think, if like ours had been their birth,
Could you resist their plea?
- 3 Have you not known a Saviour's grace,
For man's redemption slain?
Behold that Saviour in our place;
Shall Jesus plead in vain?
- 4 No! by his early griefs and tears,
When poor and young as we;
By all his woes in after years,
Accept our Saviour's plea.

KEDRON. C. M.

By permission.

1. "To God be glo - ry! Peace on earth!" Let us re - peat a - gain

The hymn that hail'd the Sa - viour's birth. — "Peace and good will to men!"

787. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Glory to God, through peace on earth.

- 2 Good will to men! O God, we hail
This of thy law the sum;
For as this shall o'er earth prevail,
So shall thy kingdom come!

788. C. M.

MRS. LIVERMORE.

The same.

- 1 No warlike sounds awoke the night,
Announcing Jesus' birth,
But angels borne on wings of light,
Who chanted "Peace on earth!"
- 2 Not in the warrior's armor mailed
Was Christ the Saviour found;
Not striving, when by wrath assailed,
Nor with the laurel crowned.
- 3 But meek and lowly was his life,
The gentle Prince of Peace,
Whose law condemns the hostile strife,
And bids dissensions cease.
- 4 Then let the war-cry ne'er be rung
Beneath the smiling sky,
Nor to the clouds the banner flung
That tells of victory.

- 5 But let the blissful period haste,
When, hushed the cannon's roar,
The sword shall cease mankind to waste,
And war shall be no more.

789. L. M.

J. RICHARDSON.

Progress of Truth.

- 1 That stream of truth—a silver thread,
Scarce known, save by its fountain-head—
Now onward pours, a mighty flood,
And fills the new-formed world with good.
- 2 Where'er that living fountain flows,
New life its healing wave bestows,
And man, from sin's corruptions free,
Inspires with its own purity.
- 3 A spirit breathed from Zion's hill,
In holy hearts is living still,—
That Comforter from heaven above,
The presence of celestial love.
- 4 O, may this spirit ever be
Our bond of peace and unity!
Thus shall we teach, as Christ began,
Through love, the brotherhood of man.

ORLAND. L. M.

DR. ARNOLD.

I. Not in - di - vid - ual souls a - lone Re - quire the new and heav'nly birth,

So - ci - e - ty, in sin up - grown, Needs Christian - i - zing o'er the earth.

790. L. M.

ADIN BALLOU.

The True Power Needed.

- 1 Not individual souls alone
Require the new and heavenly birth,
Society in sin up-grown,
Needs Christianizing o'er the earth.
- 2 True righteousness must be the same,
For man combined or isolate;
The happiness of all its aim,
In family, or teeming state.
- 3 The principles by Jesus taught
Must be impartially applied,
And social institutions brought,
With laws divine to coincide.
- 4 'Tis ours to speed this glorious change,
This renovation to prepare,
Its introduction to arrange,
And in its future triumphs share.
- 5 Thus heaven and earth shall be renewed,
By God's regenerating word,
Our wayward race to Christ subdued,
And Eden's harmony restored.

[25]

791. L. M.

MRS. NICHOLS.

Anniversary of an Orphan Asylum.

- 1 Our Father! we may lisp that name,
When lowly at thy feet we bow;
Thy little children lightly blame,
For thou'rt our only parent now!
- 2 We are a stricken, humble band,
With hearts that thrill to words of love,
And cling confiding to the hand
That points us to a home above.
- 3 Though 'mong the lowly of the earth,
Contented with our homely fare,
How cheerful was the orphan's hearth
Before cold death had entered there!
- 4 No mother's voice soothes us to rest—
No father's smile our vision greets:
Yet we've a home in every breast
That with a tender feeling beats.
- 5 And thou hast raised us many a friend,
Not bound by ties of kindred blood;
Then let our hearts in prayer ascend
To thee, our Father—Saviour—God!

SECURITY. L. M.

By permission.

1. God of the poor! whose list'ning ear Is sought by want's im-pling cry,—

Whose boun-ty and whose grace are near, Thy need-y children to sup-ply:

792. L. M.

J. G. ADAMS.

The Poor.

- 2 To whom with more acceptance rise
The words of mercy's voice divine,
Than pompous rites, or sacrifice
Of flocks and herds, of oil and wine.
- 3 Where'er the poor our aid demand,
Teach us with ready steps to move;
Give us the zealous heart and hand
To do the work of Christian love;—
- 4 The downcast spirit to revive,
The fainting heart with joy to bless;
To bid the solitary live—
The widow and the fatherless.
- 5 Thus will we thank thee that thy grace
Inclined our feet in paths to go,
Where shines that brightness of thy face
Which the obedient only know.

793. L. M.

CAROLINE SEWARD.

Prayer for the Oppressed.

- 1 Lord! when thine ancient people cried,
Oppressed with chains by Egypt's king,
Thou didst th' Arabian sea divide,
And forth thy fainting Israel bring.
- 2 In this our day, this Christian land
Groans with the anguish of the slave;
Lord God of hosts! stretch forth thy hand,
Not shortened that it cannot save.

- 3 Roll back the swelling tide of sin,
The lust of gain, the lust of power;
The day of freedom usher in;
O! hasten on the appointed hour.
- 4 How long shall bondmen be forgot?
We watch, we weep, we cry to thee;
Th' oppressor hears, yet heedeth not;
Come! captive lead captivity.

794. L. M.

MISS FLETCHER.

For the Prisoner.

- 1 Father! we pray for those who dwell
Within the prison's gloomy cell!
For those whose souls are bending low
Beneath the weight of guilt and woe!
- 2 Thy love hath kept our thorny way,
And saved us from sin's iron sway;
Our brethren in a weaker hour
Have yielded to temptation's power.
- 3 Teach us with humble hearts to feel,
How darkly on our brows the seal
Of guilt might now perchance be set,
Had we the same temptation met.
- 4 Then while the error we would shun,
We still would aid the erring one
To turn from sin's unpitying sway,
To virtue's fair and pleasant way.

795. L. M.

MRS. MATO.

The same.

- 1 Oh shut not out sweet pity's ray
From souls now clouded o'er by sin;
Touch their deep springs, and let the day
Of Christian love flow freely in.
- 2 Send them kind missions, though their feet
No more again the world may tread;
Some pulse of better life may beat
In hearts that seem unmoved and dead.
- 3 'Tis just that they should bear the pain
Of keen remorse and guilty shame;
But scorn may drive to crime again—
'Tis only love that can reclaim.

796. L. M.

SARGENT.

Temperance Hymn.

- 1 Slavery and death the cup contains:
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains
Compared with those that chafe the soul.
- 2 Hosanna, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!
- 3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound:
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found!
- 4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless; guide the blind;
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

797. L. M.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

For a Temperance Anniversary.

- 1 We praise thee, if one rescued soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Tamed, shuddering from the poisonous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.
- 2 We praise thee, if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come
Erect and in his perfect mind.
- 2 Still give us grace, almighty King!
Unwavering at our posts to stand,
Till grateful to thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land.

798. L. M.

WHITTIER.

Mercy and not Sacrifice.

- 1 O thou, at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life the sleeper gave,
Who, waking, saw with joy, above,
A brother's face of tenderest love;—

- 2 Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came;
The burden of thy holy faith,
Was love and life, not hate and death.
- 3 O, once again thy healing lay
On the blind eyes which know thee not,
And let the light of thy pure day
Shine in upon the darkened thought!
- 4 O, touch the hearts of men, and show
The power which in forbearance lies;
And let them learn that mercy now
Is better than old sacrifice.

799. L. M.

WHITTIER.

Freedom Meeting on the Fourth of July.

- 1 O thou, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day!
- 2 When, from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.
- 3 And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue, and clime,
The message of thy love shall hear;—
- 4 When, smitten, as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

800. L. M.

LIVERMORE.

Redeeming Power of Love.

- 1 What precept, Jesus, is like thine,—
Forgive, as ye would be forgiven!
In this we see the power divine,
Which shall transform our earth to heaven.
- 2 O, not the harsh and scornful word
The victory over wrong can gain,
Not the dark prison, or the sword,
The shackle, or the weary chain.
- 3 'Twas heaven that formed the holy plan
To lead the wanderer home to love;
Thus let us save our brother man,
And imitate our God above.

801. L. M.

STERLING

Christian Hope and Action.

- 1 Still hope, still act! Be sure that life,
The source and strength of every good,
Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,
And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.
- 2 To toil in tasks however mean,
For all we know of right and true,
In this alone our worth is seen;
'Tis this we were ordained to do.

PASTORAL. S. M.

GREATOR EX.

1. Lord Je - sus, come! for here Our paths through wilds is laid;

We watch, as for the day - spring near, A - mid the break - ing shade.

802. S. M.

MISS MARTINEAU.

"Come, Lord Jesus."

- 2 Hark! herald voices near,
Lead on thy happier day;
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear!
We wait to strew thy way.

803. S. M.

MONTGOMERY

Active Effort to do Good.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land;
- 2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.

804. S. M.

JOHNS.

The Brotherhood Realized.

- 1 Hush, the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched in gore?
Are we not brothers all?

- 2 Want, from the wretch depart!
Chains, from the captive fall!
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart,—
Sufferers are brothers all.
- 3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition-wall!
Let love each harsher feeling drown,—
Christians are brothers all.
- 4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

805. S. M.

* GILLILLAN. ♪

The same.

- 1 No field of viet'ry won
With blade and battle brand;
A nobler triumph shall be ours—
A bright and happy land.
- 2 Too long the man of blood
Hath ruled without control,
Nor widow's tears, nor orphan's sighs,
Could touch his iron soul!
- 3 Come, man, to brother man,
Come in the bond of peace!
Let strife and war, with all their train
Of dark'ning horrors cease.

806. S. M.

The same.

MISS FLETCHER.

- 1 We come to thee, O God,
With hushed and solemn strain;
We come to plead for those who lie
Bound with the prisoner's chain.
- 2 O, give them contrite hearts,
To feel their fearful sin,
And give to us a patient faith
Those erring ones to win.
- 3 Give us to love thy law,
The paths of vice to shun,
But never harshly dare to spurn
The suffering sinful one.

807. S. M.

Mercy and Forgiveness.

ENFIELD.

- 1 I hear the voice of woe!
I hear a brother's sigh!
Then let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love, my eye.
- 2 I hear the thirsty cry!
The hungry beg for bread!
Then let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed.
- 3 The debtor humbly snees,
Who would, but cannot pay;
And shall I lenity refuse,
Who need it every day?
- 4 And shall not wrath relent,
Touched by that humble strain,
My brother crying, "I repent,
Nor will offend again?"
- 5 How else, on soaring wing,
Can hope bear high my prayer,
Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
To plead for pardon there?

808.* 6 & 4s.

The Poor.

NICOLL.

- 1 Lord, from thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty,

Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!

- 2 The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain,—
God save the poor!
Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!
- 3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be,—
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

809.* 6 & 4s.

PIERPONT

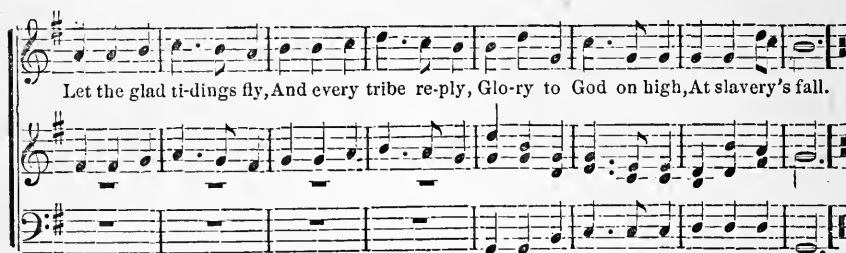
A Temperance Hymn for Children.

- 1 Let the still air rejoice—
Be every youthful voice
Blended in one;
While we renew our strain
To him, with joy again,
Who sends the evening rain,
And morning sun.
- 2 His hand in beauty gives
Each flower and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill;
Springs! which our footsteps meet—
Fountains! our lips to greet—
Waters! whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.
- 3 Each summer bird that sings
Drinks, from dear nature's springs,
Her early dew;
And the refreshing shower
Falls on each herb and flower,
Giving it life and power,
Fragrant and new.
- 4 So let each faithful child
Drink of this fountain mild,
From early youth;
Then shall the song we raise
Be heard in future days—
Ours be the pleasant ways
Of peace and truth.

* Sing Italian Hymn, page 71, or America, page 117.

SUDBURY. 6 & 4s.

By permission.



810. 6 & 4s.

Freedom.

DUNCAN.

- 1 Free, too, the captive mind
By darkness long confined
In slavery's night.
Truth's glorious reign extend,
Virtue with freedom blend,
And full salvation send
With freedom's light.

- 3 Roll on, thou joyful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurled,
And freedom's flag unfurled,
Shall wave throughout the world,
O'er every slave.

811. 6 & 4s.

The Right Triumphant.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Jesus, our Lord, descend,
From the world's wrong defend,
From sin's dread thrall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call!
- 2 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight:
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

812.* 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

Work and Joy of Love.

- 1 "Joy to those that love the Lord!"
Saith the sure, eternal word;
Not of earth the joy it brings,
Tempered in celestial springs.
- 2 'Tis a joy that, seated deep,
Leaves not when we sigh and weep;
Spreads itself in virtuous deeds,
Sighs for woe, in pity bleeds.
- 3 Stern and awful are its tones
When the patriot martyr groans,
And the death-pulse beating high,
Rapture blends with agony.
- 4 Tend'rer is the form it wears,
Touch'd in love, dissolved in tears,
When, subdued, at Jesus' feet,
Sinners clasp the mercy-seat.

* Sing Nuremberg, page 93.

BURNHAM. 7s.

By permission.

1. Lord! de - liv - er; thou canst save; Save from e - vil, migh - ty God!

Hear, O hear the kneel - ing slave! Break, O break the oppressor's rod!

813. 7s.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Prayer for the Slave.

- 2 May the captive's pleading fill
All the earth, and all the sky;
Every other voice be still,
While he pleads with God on high.
- 3 From the tyranny within,
Save thy children, Lord! we pray;
Chains of iron, chains of sin,
Cast, for ever cast away.
- 4 Love to man, and love to God,
Are the weapons of our war;
These can break the oppressor's rod,
Burst the bonds that we abhor.

814.* 7s.

Give.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Give as God hath given thee,
With a bounty full and free:
If he hath with liberal hand,
Given wealth to thy command,
For the fulness of thy store,
Give thy needy brother more.
- 2 If the lot his love doth give
Is by earnest toil to live,
If with nerve and sinew strong
Thou dost labor hard and long;
Then, e'en from thy slender store,
Give, and God shall give thee more.

- 3 Hearts there are with grief oppressed;
Forms in tattered raiment dressed;
Homes where want and woe abide;
Dens where vice and misery hide;
With a bounty large and free,
Give, as God hath given thee.
- 4 Wealth is thine to aid and bless,
Strength to succor and redress;
Bear thy weaker brother's part,
Strong of hand and strong of heart;
Be thy portion large or small,
Give, for God doth give thee all.

815. 7s.

P. H. SWEETSER.

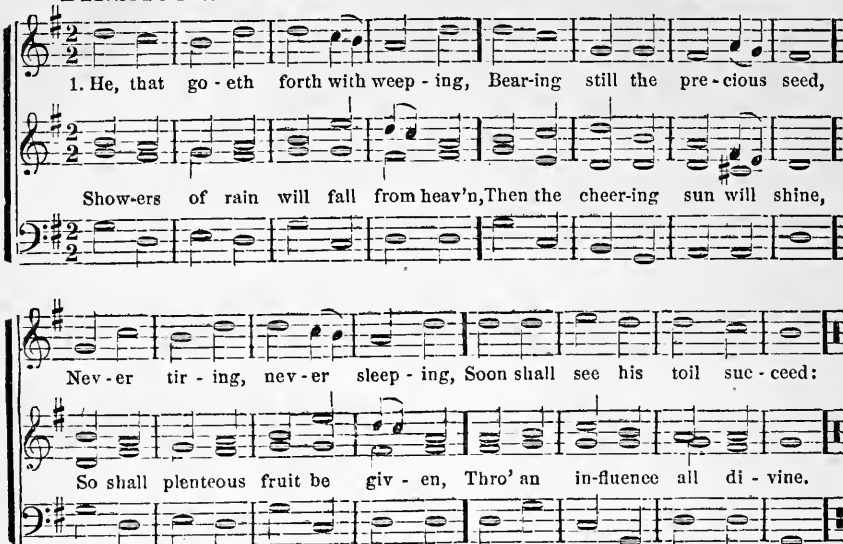
The Work of Temperance.

- 1 Hark! the voice of choral song,
Floats upon the breeze along,
Chanting clear, in solemn lays,—
"Man redeemed—to God the praise!"
- 2 Angels, strike the golden lyre!
Mortals, catch the heavenly fire!
Thousands ransomed from the grave,
Millions yet our pledge shall save!
- 3 Save from sin's destructive breath,
Save from sorrow, shame and death;—
Foul intemperance and strife;—
Save the husband, children, wife!
- 4 Courage! let no heart despair—
Mighty is the truth we bear!
Forward then, baptized in love,
Led by wisdom from above!

* Repeat the first two lines of music.

DINSMOOR. 8 & 7s.

H. S. PERKINS.



1. He, that go-eth forth with weep-ing, Bear-ing still the pre-cious seed,
Show-ers of rain will fall from heav'n, Then the cheer-ing sun will shine,
Nev-er tir-ing, nev-er sleep-ing, Soon shall see his toil suc-ceed:
So shall plenteous fruit be giv-en, Thro' an in-fluence all di-vine.

816. 8 & 7s.

HASTINGS.

The Christian Reformer Encouraged.

- 2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let not fear thy mind employ;
Though the prospect be most dreary,
Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy:
Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whit'ning,
Harvest-time is surely near.

817. 8 & 7s.

MISS CAREY.

Christian Progress and Reform.

- 1 Toiling in the earthly vineyard
Many bands have found a place!
Some are nearing to the summit—
Some are at the mountain's base.
- 2 Progress is the stirring watchword
Cheers them onward to the height:
Canst thou pause and play the laggard,
With its glories full in sight?
- 3 Who shall tell what bound or barrier
To improvement heaven designed?
Who shall dare to fix the limits,
To the onward march of mind?

- 4 Only he, who into being
Called th' unfathomed human soul,
He for whom the hymn of progress
Through eternity shall roll!

818. 8 & 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

Day is Breaking.

- 1 Earth is waking, day is breaking!
Darkness from the hills has flown;
Pale with terror, trembling error
Flies forever from her throne!
- 2 Up, to labor, friend and neighbor;
Hope and work with all thy might,
Heaven is near thee, God will see thee,
He doth ever bless the right.
- 3 Earth is waking, day is breaking!
Fellow toiler bend thine ear;
Hear ye not the angels speaking
Words of love and words of cheer?
- 4 Then to labor, friend and neighbor,
With thy soul's resistless might;
Never fear thee, God is near thee,
He doth ever bless the right.

819. 8 & 7s.

PIERPONT.

Temperance Vows.

- 1 Pillows wet with tears of anguish,
Couches pressed in sleepless woe,
Where the sons of Belial languish,
Father, may we never know.
- 2 For the maddening cup shall never
To our thirsting lips be pressed,
But our draft shall be, forever,
The cold water thou hast blessed.
- 3 This shall give us strength to labor,
This make all our stores increase;
This, with thee and with our neighbor,
Bind us in the bonds of peace.
- 4 For the lake, the well, the river,
Water-brook and crystal spring,
Do we now, to thee, the Giver,
Thanks, our daily tribute, bring.

820. 8 & 7s.

PIERPONT.

For a Charitable Occasion.

- 1 Mighty One, whose name is holy,
Thou wilt save thy work alive,
And the spirit of the lowly
Thou wilt visit and revive.
What thy prophets thus have spoken,
Ages witness as they roll;
Bleeding hearts and spirits broken,
Touched by thee, O God, are whole.
- 2 By thy pitying spirit guided,
Jesus sought the sufferer's door;
Comfort for the poor provided,
And the mourner's sorrows bore;—
So thy mercy's angel, bending,
Heard a friendless prisoner's call,
And thro' night's cold vault descending,
Loosed from chains thy servant Paul.
- 3 Father, as thy love is endless,
Working by thy servants thus,
The forsaken and the friendless
Deign to visit e'en by us;
So shall each with spirit fervent
Laboring with thee here below,
Be declared thy faithful servant,
Where there's neither want nor woe.

821. 8 & 7s.

HOPEDALE COLL.

Reign of Christian Peace.

- 1 Years are coming—speed them onward!
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance, and falchion,
Sleep in silent dust!
- 2 Earth has heard too long of battle,
Heard the trumpet's voice too long!
But another age advances,
Seers foretold in song.
- 3 Years are coming when, forever,
War's dread banner shall be furled,
And the angel peace be welcomed,
Regent of the world!
- 4 Hail with song that glorious era,
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance, and falchion,
Sleep in silent dust!

822. 8 & 7s.

MRS. GILBERT.

The same.

- 1 Hark! the sounds of joy and gladness;
Whence the shout of rural mirth?
Man repents his murderous madness,
Man, the tiger of the earth!
Lo! the glittering sword descending,
Cleaves the soil it drenched before;
And the spear, the vintage tending,
Gives its work of carnage o'er.
- 2 Men, not now their hands imbruing,
Brother, in a brother's blood,
Sport with terror, death and ruin,
Reckless borne on passion's flood;
Arts of peace, the nations blessing,
Clothe the hills, the valleys cheer;
While the world, its wrongs redressing,
Breathes a new, sabbatic year.
- 3 Lord of earth! its mournful story
Hasten, in thy grace, to close;
Bring the days of brighter glory,
Calm its tumults, heal its woes;
All, around the cross uniting,
Blend in one harmonious throng;
Peace, the rolls of time inditing,
Love, the universal song.

ASTORIA. 7 & 6s.

By permission.

1. Now, host with host as - sem - bling, The vic - to - ry we win;

Lo! on his throne sits trem - bling That old and gi - ant sin;

Like chaff by strong winds scat - ter'd, His band - ed strength has gone,

His charm - ed cup lies shat - ter'd, And still the cry is - "On."

823. 7 & 6s.

E. H. CHAPIN.

The Work of Temperance.

2 Our father's God, our keeper!
Be thou our strength divine!

Thou sendest forth the reaper—
The harvest all is thine.
Roll on, roll on this gladness,
Till, driven from every shore,
The drunkard's sin and madness
Shall smite the earth no more.

824. 7 & 6s.

Temperance Hymn.

LYRE.

- 1 How long shall virtue languish,
How long shall folly reign,
While many a heart with anguish
Is weeping o'er the plain?
How long shall dissipation
Her deadly waters pour,
Throughout this favored nation,
Her millions to devour?
- 2 When shall the veil of blindness
Fall from the shrine of wealth,
Restoring human kindness,
And industry, and health?
When shall the charms so luring
Of bad example cease,
The end at once securing
Of temperance and peace?
- 3 We hail with joy unceasing
The band whose pledge is given,
Whose numbers are increasing
Amid the smiles of heaven.
Their virtues, never failing,
Shall lead to brighter days,
Where holiness, prevailing,
Shall fill the earth with praise.

825. 7 & 6s.

J. G. ADAMS.

Woman's Work for Temperance.

- 1 The temperance cause forever!
Its record is on high;
Man's will, and man's endeavor,
Crowned with God's victory!
In every land its story
Of triumph hath been told;
Be our true aim and glory
Its beauties to unfold.
- 2 Help! for among the voices
That cheer its onward way,
We hear one that rejoices,
'Mid adverse night or day;
'Tis that of Woman, ready
In this great work of love,
The faltering hand to steady,
The cause of God to prove.
- 3 Guardians of home and nation,
Awake, arise, and save
A rising generation
From the inebriate's grave!

The deadly foe is lurking
In our most secret ways;
Let us be up and working,
To end his impious days!

826. 7 & 6s.

MRS. COLBURN.

Peace Triumphant.

- 1 The morn of peace is beaming—
Its glory will appear;
Behold its early gleaming,
The day is drawing near;
The spear shall then be broken,
And sheathed the glittering sword—
The olive be the token,
And Peace the greeting word.
- 2 Yes—yes, the day is breaking!
Far brighter joys that beam!
The nations round are waking,
As from a midnight dream;
They see it radiance shedding,
Where all was dark as night;
'Tis higher, wider spreading—
A boundless flood of light.

827. 7 & 6s.

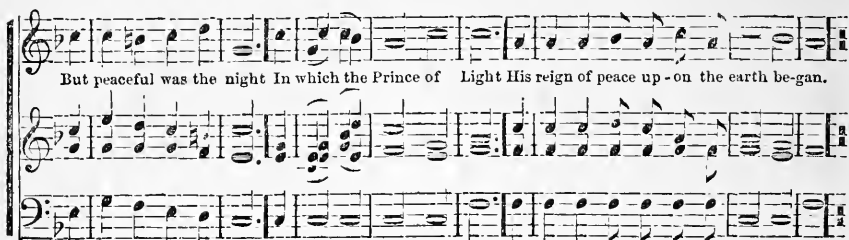
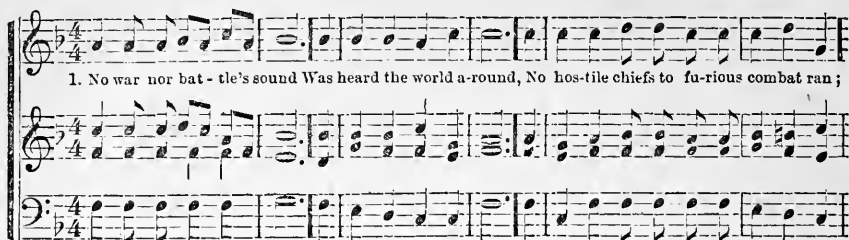
MRS. COLBURN.

Freedom Advancing.

- 1 The happy day is dawning,
The earth's bright jubilee—
The long expected morning,
That sets the bondman free;
The present signs betoken
That joyful time of peace;
All chains shall soon be broken,
And wrong and crime shall cease.
- 2 Our land has long been blighted
With sins of every name,
Like heathen lands benighted,
And gloried in its shame:
But every day is laden
With hope of good to come;
Earth yet shall be an Eden,—
A paradise shall bloom.
- 3 In suffering and reproaches,
We'll toil for truth and right;
The Jubilee approaches,
We hail its dawning light:
With faith and zeal increasing,
We'll toil till slavery cease,
And earth receive the blessing
Of universal peace.

MILTON. 6 & 10s.

S. B. BALL.



828. 6 & 10s.

MILTON, GARDNER AND DWIGHT.

The Prince of Peace.

2 Unwilling kings obeyed,
And sheathed the battle blade,
And called their bloody legions from the field;
In silent awe they wait,
And close the warrior's gate,
Nor know to whom their homage thus they
yield.

3 The peaceful conquerer goes,
And triumphs o'er his foes,
His weapons drawn from armories above;
Behold the vanquished sit
Submissive at his feet,
And strife and hate are changed to peace and
love.

When gentle as a dove,
Omnipotent in love,
The Prince of Peace shall visit earth again.

2 O then, where war has rolled,
Through ages dark and old,
Its surging billows, dyed with human gore,
The stream of God shall glide
To nations far and wide,
While love's sweet anthem swells from shore to
shore.

3 The inebriate's fount of woe,
Forever sealed, shall flow
No more to desolate the homes of men:
The oppressor's iron rod,
Doomed by the living God,
Shall never smite his plundered poor again.

829. 6 & 10s.

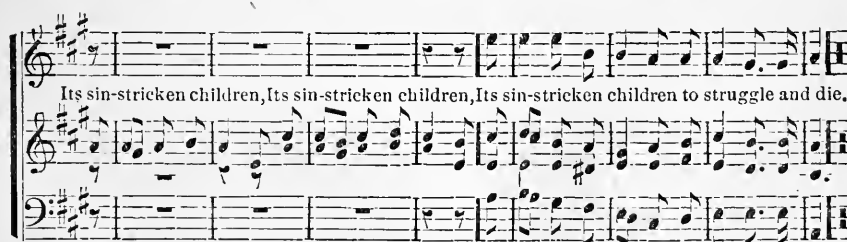
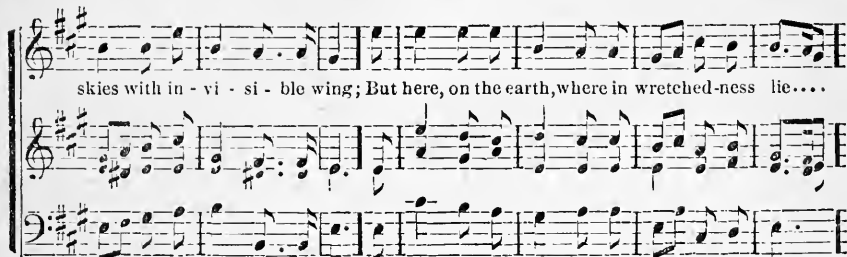
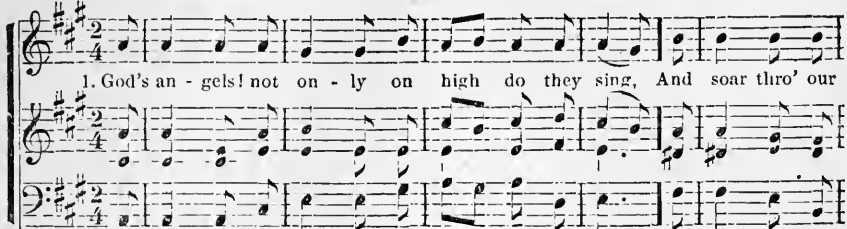
E. DAVIS.

The Brotherhood Enjoyed.

1 No sound of deadly strife,
No murderous lust of life,
Shall rend the air, or fill the hearts of men;

4 See! see! glad beams of light,
Athwart sin's heavy night,
Stream from the morning's widely opening gates:
All hail! the King of kings
Abroad his banner flings,
And earth, subdued, his peaceful reign awaits.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



830. 11s.

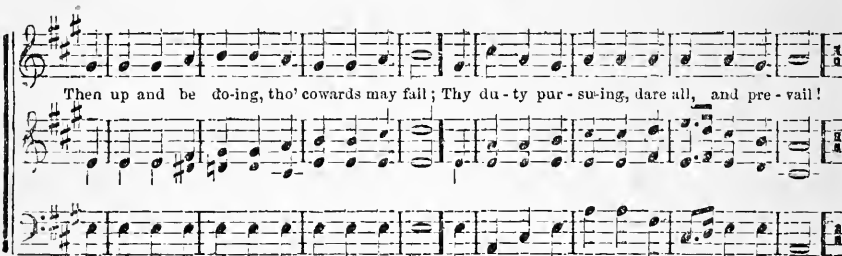
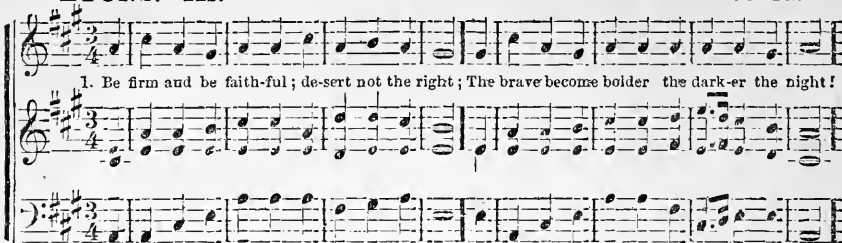
J. G. ADAMS

The Angel in the Prison.

- 2 They come, in their mercy and power, to dispel
The spectres of gloom from the prisoner's cell;
In love's name to say to the stricken one there,
That God still hath ear and an answer to prayer.
- 3 And strong grows the heart of the outcast—and soon
In that dim prison come the pure light-gleams of noon;
The resolve and the faith of the sinner forgiven,
Send him back to the world with a heart seeking heaven.
- 4 God's angels! Love speed them o'er earth's wide domain!
New aids to impart, and new triumphs to gain;
Till the wrathful and wrong from our world shall retire,
And humanity's groans in her praises expire.
- 5 For the promise of truth—though the doubting deny—
Is, that love shall prevail in the earth as on high;
Its life-waters healing, wherever they flow,
With the angels above, or the angels below.

LYONS. 11s.

HAYDN.



831. 11s.

Christian Perseverance.

ANONYMOUS.

- 2 If scorn be thy portion, if hatred and loss,
 If stripes or a prison, remember the cross!
 God watches above thee, and he will requite;
 Desert those that love thee, but never the right!

832.* C. M.

WATTS.

The Works of God recounted to Posterity.

- 1 Let children hear the mighty deeds,
 Which God performed of old;
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,—
 His work of power and grace;
 And we'll convey his wonders down,
 Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs,
 That generations yet unborn,
 May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
 Their hope securely stands;

That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practice his commands.

833.* C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Young Exhorted.

- 1 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near,
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 The soul that longs to seek his face,
 Is sure his love to gain;
 And those that early seek his grace,
 Shall never seek in vain.

NEW HAVEN. C. M.

GIARDINI.

1. Ye joy - ous ones! up - on whose brow The light of youth is shed;

O'er whose glad path life's ear - ly flow'rs In glow - ing beau - ty spread;

For - get not him whose love hath pour'd A - round the gold - en light,

And ting'd those opening buds of hope With hues so soft - ly bright.

834. C. M.

BRIGGS' COLL.

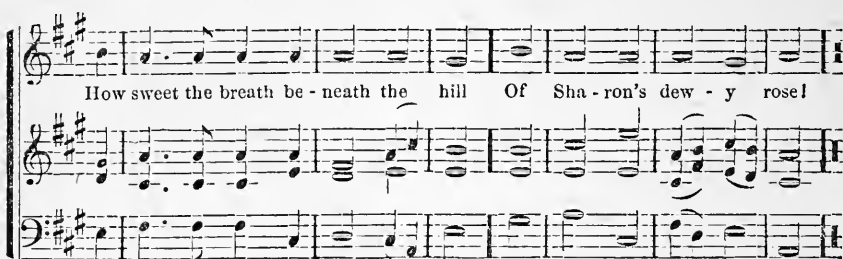
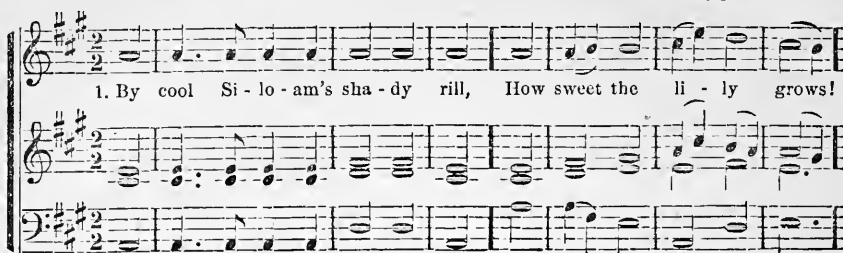
"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

1 Thou tempted one! just entering
 Upon enchanted ground,
 Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
 Ten thousand foes surround:
 A dark and a deceitful band,
 Upon thy path they lower;
 Trust not thine own unaided strength,
 To save thee from their power.

2 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
 May soon be dimmed with tears,
 To whom the hours of bitterness
 Must come in coming years;
 Teach early thy confiding eye
 To pierce the cloudy screen,
 To look above the storms of life,
 Eternally serene.

WOBURN. C. M.

By permission.



835. C. M.

P. HEDER.

Early Religion.

- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose sacred heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 O Thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

836. C. M.

WATTS.

God's Word for Youth.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 3 Thy word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

837. C. M.

WATTS.

Children may imitate Christ.

- 1 What bless'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children who began to mind
Religion in their youth.
- 2 Jesus who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Once was a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.
- 3 At twelve years old he talked with men—
The Jews in wonder stand,
Yet he obeyed his mother then,
And came at her command.
- 4 Children a sweet hosanna sang,
And blest their Saviour's name;
They gave him honor with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blasphemie.
- 5 Then why should I so long delay
What others learn so soon;
I would not pass another day,
Without this work begun.

838. C. M.

Teaching Little Children.

KEBLE.

- 1 O, say not, think not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,—
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.
- 2 Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?
- 3 And loved he not of heaven to talk
With children in his sight,
To meet them in his daily walk,
And to his arms invite?
- 4 In his own words we Christ adore;
But angels, as we speak,
Higher above our meaning soar
Than we o'er children weak.

839. C. M.

Early Piety.

WATTS.

- 1 When children give their hearts to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young:
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.
- 3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
May we our hearts resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see,
That our whole lives were thine.

840. C. M.

Childhood looking to Jesus.

FABER.

- 1 Dear Jesus! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be
To leave thy throne in heaven to guard
A little child like me.
- 2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.
- 3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.
- 4 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
- 5 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
The prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

[26*]

841. C. M.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

"Remember thy Creator."

- 1 In the glad morn of life, when youth
With generous ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;
- 2 Deep on thy soul,—before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,—
Be thy Creator's lofty name
And character engraved.
- 3 For soon the shades of grief may cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, an endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.
- 4 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

842. C. M.

Youthful Industry.

WATTS

- 1 How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!
- 2 How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.
- 3 In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.
- 4 In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

843. C. M.

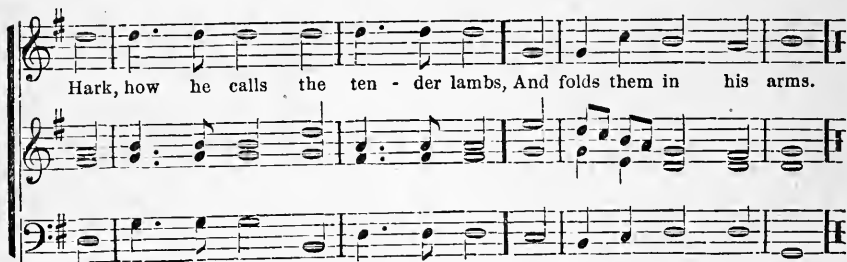
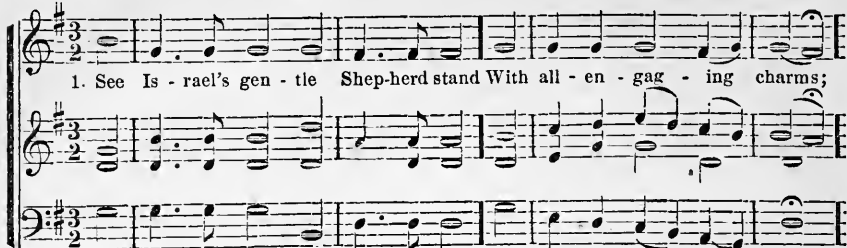
HOWE'S HYMNS.

The Teacher's Prayer for Grace.

- 1 Teach us, O Lord, we earnest pray,
Let grace to us be given,
To point our rising charge the way
To happiness and heaven.
- 2 O, that with wisdom from above
Our minds may be imbued;
With patience, tenderness, and love,
And zeal in doing good.
- 3 The Saviour's mind may we possess,
And in his strength be strong;
Through disappointment and success
Pass steadily along.
- 4 Faithful in duty, may we stand
Accepted at thy throne;
Smile, Saviour, on this youthful band,
And claim them for thine own.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

J. DUTTON, JR.



844. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Gentle Shepherd.

- 2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

845. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Death of a Teacher.

- 1 Farewell, dear friend! a long farewell!
For we shall meet no more
Till we are raised with thee to dwell
On Zion's happy shore.
- 2 Our friend and brother, lo! is dead!
The cold and lifeless clay
Has made in dust its silent bed,
And there it must decay.
- 3 Farewell, dear friend, again farewell,—
Soon we shall rise to thee;
And when we meet, no tongue can tell
How great our joys shall be.

- 4 No more we'll mourn thee, parted friend,
But lift our ardent prayer,
And every thought and effort bend
To rise and join thee there.

846. C. M.

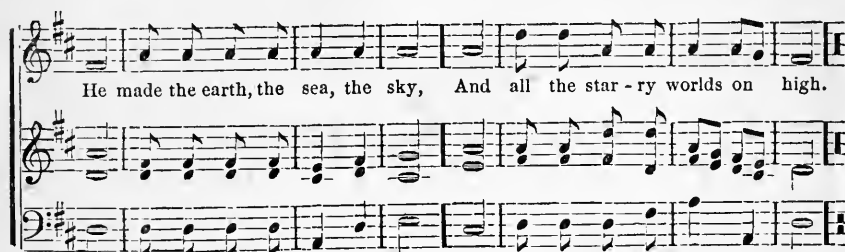
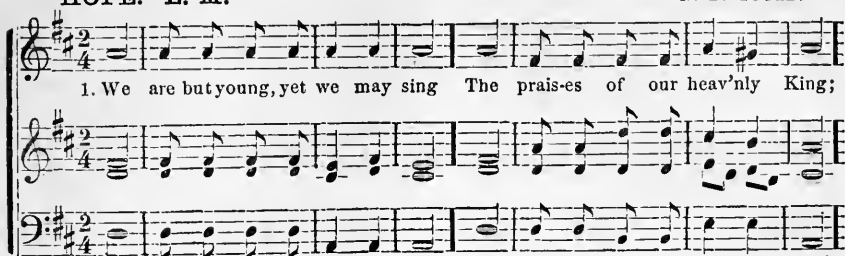
BOSTON S. S. H. BOOK.

Death of a Scholar.

- 1 Death has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side,
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we he died.
- 2 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.
- 3 May each attend with willing feet
The means of knowledge here;
And wait around thy mercy-seat,
With hope as well as fear.
- 4 Lord, to thy wisdom and thy care
May we resign our days;
Content to live and serve thee here,
Or die and sing thy praise.

HOPE. L. M.

N. D. GOULD.



847. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

We are but Young.

- 2 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide:
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.
- 3 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth in riper days
Be all devoted to thy praise.

848. L. M.

S. S. H. BOOK.

God—Our Father.

- 1 Great God! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky!
- 2 Art thou my Father?—let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 3 Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

- 4 Art thou my Father?—Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

849. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Sunday School Teachers' Hymn.

- 1 While yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
So soon to be destroyed by sin;
- 2 Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prayer.
- 3 The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too many a heart astray;
Still the seed sown in early time
Will not be wholly cast away.
- 4 The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies.
- 5 Lord, grant our hearts be so inclined,
Thy work to seek, thy will to do;
And while we teach the youthful mind,
Our own be taught thy lessons too.

HASTINGS. L. M.

(By permission.)



1. In Is-ra-el's fane, by si-lent night, The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by view-less an-gels kept, Sam-u-el, the child, se-cure-ly slept.

850. L. M.

CAWOOD.

Answering God's Call.

- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke ;
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke ;
He rose ; he asked whence came the word ;
From Eli ? No,—it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod ;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.
- 4 Speak, Lord ! and, from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways ;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear :
Speak, Lord, to us ; thy servants hear.

851. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Sabbath School Anniversary.

- 1 From year to year in love we meet ;
From year to year in peace we part ;
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The thrilling joy of every heart.
- 2 But time rolls on ; and, year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away ;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.
- 3 Death, ere another year, may strike
Some in our number marked to fall :
Be young and old prepared alike ;
The warning is to each, to all.

852. L. M.

S. S. CHOIR.

Death of a Scholar.

- 1 We come our Sabbath hymn to raise,
Our earnest, humble prayer to pour ;
One voice is hushed, its notes of praise
Shall mingle here with ours no more.
- 2 The lips are still, the eye is dim,
That brightly beamed with joy and love ;
The spirit, it hath gone to him
Who freely gave it from above.
- 3 We will not weep, for Jesus said,
"Let little children to me come ;"
But pray that our young hearts be led
To seek our everlasting home.

853. L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

For the Close of a Sabbath School.

- 1 Father, once more let grateful praise
And humble prayer to thee ascend ;
Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,
Our early and our only friend.
- 2 Since every day and hour that's gone
Has been with mercy richly crowned,
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
Forever sure as time rolls round.
- 3 Hear then the parting prayers we pour,
And bind our hearts in love alone ;
And if we meet on earth no more,
May we at last surround thy throne.

THAYER. S. M.

COMER.

1. Lord, let thy king - dom come; Let thy good spir - it find
A calm a - bode, a peace - ful home, A tem - ple in our mind.

854. S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Kingdom of God is Within.

- 2 In us reveal thy laws,
And teach us all thy will;
That we, devoted to thy cause,
Thy pleasure may fulfil.
- 3 Let peace, and joy, and love,
Be fully, freely given,
And may our youthful hearts improve
Till we are fit for heaven.

855. S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Guide of Youth.

- 1 From earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.
- 2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the path of future life
Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.
- 4 O let us never tread
The broad, destructive road;
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

856. S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Youth and the Spring-time.

- 1 Sweet is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year:
But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.
- 2 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh:
But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.
- 3 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly, glittering drops;
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distil.

WESTMINSTER. C. M.

DR. BOYCE.

1. The prai - ses of my tongue I of - fer to the Lord

That I was taught and learn'd so young, To read his ho - ly word.

857. S. M.

Early Instruction.

WATTS.

- 2 Dear Lord ! this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.
- 3 Oh ! may thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.
- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learned in vain.

858.* 7s.

CAMPBELL'S COLL.

Prayer for Children.

- 1 God of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given ;
Let them all thy blessings share—
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.
- 2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee ;
Let them learn to lip thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

- 3 When we see their passions rise,
Sinful habits unsubdued,
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renewed.
- 4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry ;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear ;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer—in mercy hear.

859.* 7s.

BOYLSTON.

Leaving School for Church.

- 1 To thy temple I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there ;
Abba ! Father ! give me grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.
- 2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue ;
While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend.
- 3 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe.
- 4 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
" I have walked with God to-day."

860. 7 & 6s.

ANONYMOUS.

Sabbath School Hymn.

- 1 We come, O God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring;
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing:
Along our paths are glowing
The tokens of thy love;
Like streams of bounty flowing,
Thy mercy from above.
- 2 Here then, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to thee we raise;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth, forever,
Shall be our only guide;
From duty may we never,
O, never, turn aside!

861. 7 & 6s.

ANONYMOUS.

Remember thy Creator.

- 1 O come in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrows end the day;
Come while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow;
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.
- 2 Remember thy Creator
Now in thy youthful days,
And he will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
Remember thy Creator,
He calls in tones of love,
And offers deathless glories
In brighter worlds above.
- 3 And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart:
And when life's storm is over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

862. 7 & 6s.

ANONYMOUS.

"The seraphs bright are hovering."

- 1 The seraphs bright are hovering
Around the throne above;

Their harps are ever tuning
To thrilling tones of love.
Or through the azure soaring,
Or poised on snowy wing,
With glowing hearts adoring,
Sweet choral notes they sing.

- 2 From earth is daily rising
A rich harmonious song,
From sunny, perfumed flowers,
By breezes borne along.
From hills in sunlight glittering,
From smooth, deep emerald seas,
A cloud of praise is rising,
Like incense on the breeze.

- 3 And childhood's voice is chanting
A full, harmonious song,
When morning light is breaking,
Or evening sweeps along.
For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.

863. 7 & 6s.

ANONYMOUS.

Flocking to Christ's Banner.

- 1 When his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.
- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

IVES. 8 & 7s.

DR. CAMIDGE.

1. We have met in peace to- geth - er In this house of God a - gain;
Here to breathe our ad - o - ra - tion, Here the Saviour's praise to sing;

Con - stant friends have led us hith - er, Here to chant the sol - emn strain;
May the Spir - it of Sal - va - tion, Come with heal - ing in his wing.

864. 8 & 7s.

W. D. CLARKE.

Opening of the Sabbath School.

- 2 We have met, and Time is flying;
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring:
Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to Him whose soul is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.
- 3 He will aid us, should existence
With its sorrows sting the breast;
Gleaming in the onward distance
Faith will mark the land of rest:
There, 'midst day-beams round him playing,
We our Father's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
"Little children, come to me."

865. 8 & 7s.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

Child's Evening Prayer.

- 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us;
Bless thy little lambs to-night:
Through the darkness be thou near us;
Keep us safe till morning light.

- 2 All this day thy hand has led us,
And we thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed us, warmed us,
Listen to our evening prayer!

- 3 May our sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends we love so well;
Take us, when we die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

866. 8 & 7s.

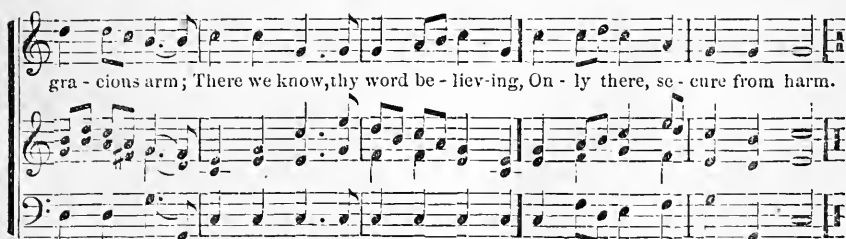
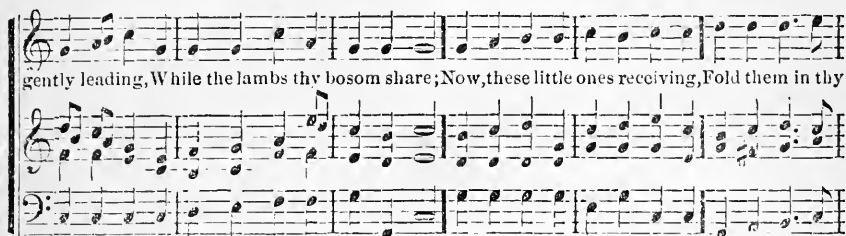
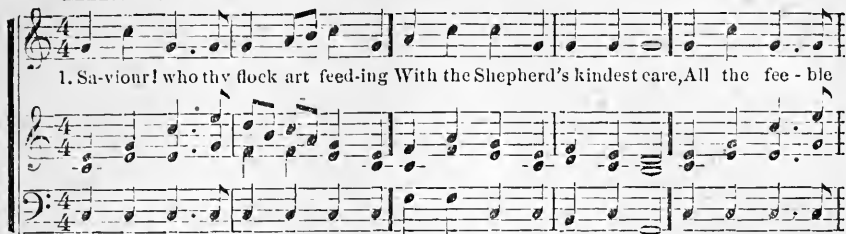
ANONYMOUS.

Children's Hymn.

- 1 Lord, a little band, and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy—
O how solemn should we be!
- 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where he is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.
- 3 Let our sins be all forgiven:
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

MINER. 8 & 7s.

S. B. BALL.



867. 8 & 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

Children commended to Christ.

- 1 Saviour! who thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest cure,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There we know—thy word believing—
Only there, secure from harm.
- 2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way;
Then within thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

[27]

868. 8 & 7s.

R. STREETER.

Children's Prayer.

- 1 God of mercy and of wisdom,
Hear thy children's lisping cry;
Let thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Teaching lessons from on high.
- 2 Here, beneath thy wing, we seat us,
Up to heaven for wisdom look;
Lord, in mercy deign to meet us,—
Meet us in thy sacred book.
- 3 Since thy truth doth gild its pages,
May that truth, Lord, make us free—
On the rock of endless ages
Let our faith established be.
- 4 To our faith we'll add the graces,
Virtue, knowledge, patience, love:
When on earth we leave our places,
Raise us all to seats above.

TAYLOR. 8 & 7s.

S. B. BALL.

1. Child-hood, bring thy free ob-la-tion; Sing the Lord Je-ho-vah's praise:

Ma-ker, Ru-ler, Light, Sal-va-tion; Just and true in all his ways.

869. 8 & 7s.

J. G. ADAMS.

Childhood's Offering.

- 2 Angel harp and voice adore him,—
Strains to mortal ears unknown;
May not childhood come before him?
Will he not its homage own?
- 3 Lo, from heaven's high throne he bendeth,
When from gardens of his grace
Youthful love, to him ascendeth,
And in blessing shows his face.
- 4 Feeble though our song, and lowly
Though our place on earth may be,—
Hear, and grant us, High and Holy,
Everlasting good in thee!

870. 8 & 7s.

R. C. WATERSTON.

Death of a Female Scholar.

- 1 One sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet infant voice has fled,
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear school-mate now is dead.
- 2 But we feel no thought of sadness,
For our friend is happy now;
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
Where the blessed angels bow.

- 3 She has gone to heaven before us,
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit land.

- 4 God, our Father, watch above us,
Keep us all from danger free;
Do thou guard and guide and love us,
Till, like her, we go to thee.

871. L. P. M.

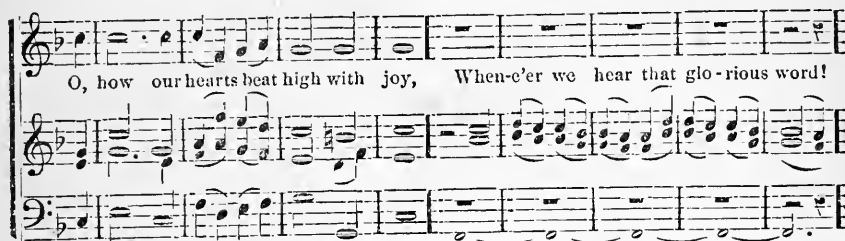
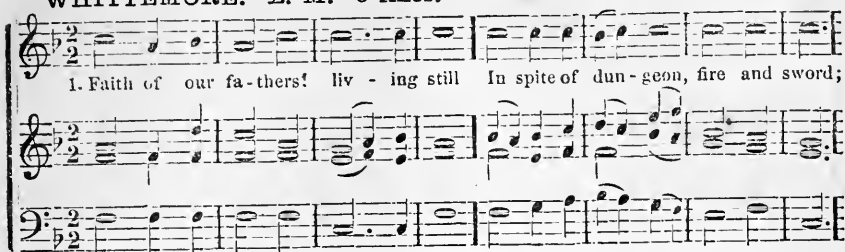
KIPPIS.

National Praise and Prayer.

- 1 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and merey we proclaim:
Through every age, O, may we own
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.
- 2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
Lord, in our land support thy reign;
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless,
And all thy sacred rights maintain.

WHITEMORE. L. M. 6 lines.

DAVIS.



872. L. M. 6l.

ANONYMOUS.

The Faith of our Fathers.

- 2 Faith of our fathers! Good men's prayers,
Shall win our country all to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Our land shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!
- 3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

873. L. M. 6l.

H. WARE, JR.

The God of our Fathers.

- 1 Like Israel's host to exile driven,
Across the flood the pilgrims fled;

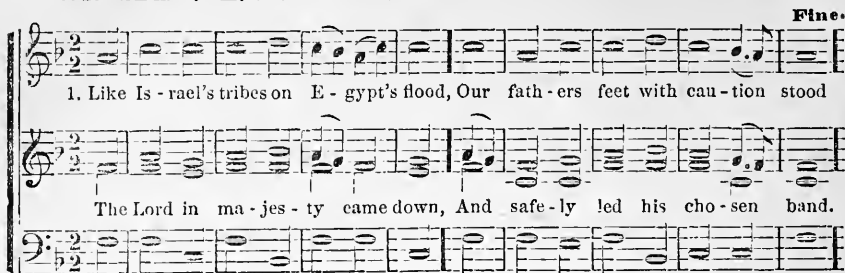
Their hands bore up the ark of heaven,
And heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And wou the wilderness for God.

- 2 Then, when their weary ark found rest,
Another Zion proudly grew;
In more than Judah's glory dressed,
With light that Israel never knew,
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple heaven, and Christ her head.

- 3 Then let the grateful Church to-day
Its ancient rite with gladness keep;
And still our fathers' God display
His kindness, though the fathers sleep.
O, bless as thou hast blest the past,
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last!

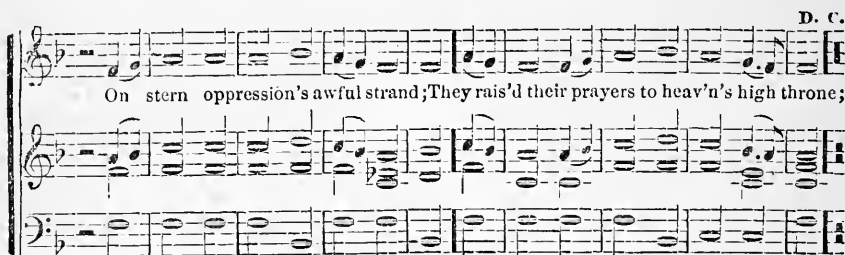
DRESDEN. L. M. 6 lines.

Fine.



1. Like Is - rael's tribes on E - gypt's flood, Our fath - ers feet with cau - tion stood
The Lord in ma - jes - ty came down, And safe - ly led his cho - sen band.

D. C.



On stern oppression's awful strand; They rais'd their prayers to heav'n's high throne;

874. L. M. 6l.

H. BALLOU.

The same.

- 2 The way was desert, dark and drear,
And doubtful hearts were filled with fear;
But, lo, a fiery pillar rose,
A light to guide fair freedom's band,
And lead them to the promised land;
A cloud of darkness to their foes.

- 3 Let all our favored land be glad;
Virgins and youth, with garlands elad,
Express your joy in songs of praise;
While dim-eyed age exults to see
Its offspring independent, free,
And join the choral theme to raise.

875.* L. M.

PRESB. COLL.

God Acknowledged in National Blessings.

- 1 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod.—
This land we fondly call our own.
- 2 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

- 3 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 4 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

876.* L. M. .

FLINT.

"We have a goodly heritage."

- 1 In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.
- 2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the planter dear.
- 3 The toils they bore, our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears—in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard, till we with them shall sleep.
- 4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

LAVINIA. C. M.

J. B. BRAY.

1. Ev'n he who lit the stars of old, And fill'd the o - cean broad,
Whose works and ways are man - i - fold—Our Fath - er is our God.

877. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God our Father.

- 2 There comes no change upon his years,
No failure to his hand;
His love will lighten all our cares,
His law our steps command.
- 3 Then as his children we may come,
For he hath called us near,
And bade our souls take courage from
The love that casts out fear.
- 4 Lord, while on earth we work and pray
For good withheld or given:
Help us in faith and love so say,
Father, who art in heaven.

878. C. M.

C. SPRAGUE.

The Pilgrims.

- 1 Our fathers, Lord, to seek a spot
Where they might kneel to thee,
Their own fair heritage forgot,
And braved an unknown sea.
- 2 Here found their pilgrim souls repose,
Where long the heathen roved;
And here their humble anthems rose
To bless the power they loved.

[27*]

- 3 They sleep in dust,—but where they trod,
A feeble, fainting band,
Great millions catch the strain, O God,
And sound it through the land.

879. C. M.

WEEFORD.

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 2 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 3 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.
- 4 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

CREDO. 6 & 4s.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. God bless our native land! Firm may she ever stand, Thro' storm and night; When the wild tempests rave, Ru - ler of wind and wave, Do thou our coun-try save, By thy great might.

880. 6 & 4s.

ANONIMOUS.

The same.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies!
On him we wait;
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou forever nigh;—
God save the State!

881. 6 & 4s.

PIERPONT.

The Fathers Remembered.

- 1 Gone are those great and good
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light, that on their head
The glorious past has shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.
- 2 Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust,—
The faith, that dared the sea,
The truth that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.
- 3 Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills;
While day shall break and close,

While night her crescent shows,
O, let thy light repose
On these thy hills!

882. 6 & 4s.

S. P. SMITH.

National Hymn.

- 1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our king.

883. 6 & 4s.

J. G. ADAMS.

National Anniversary.

- 1 Loud raise the notes of joy;
Freemen, your songs employ,
As well ye may;—
Let your full hearts go out
In the exulting shout,
And with your praise devout,
Greet this glad day!
- 2 Children of lisping tongue,
Those whose full hearts are young,

Lift up the song!
Manhood and hoary age,
Let naught your joy assuage,
In the high theme engage;—
Praises prolong!

- 3 God of our fathers' land!
Long may our temples stand
Sacred to thee!
O let thy light divine
On all the people shine,
Make us forever thine,
From sin set free!

SAVANNAH. 10s.

FLEYEL.

1. God of our fathers! at this ho - ly hour We come with hearts uplifted to thy throne;

While nations vanish, thou in deathless pow'r Dost live and reign unrivalled and a - lone.

884. 10s.

J. G. ADAMS

Providential Mercies to our Fathers.

- 2 'Tis meet that we should praise thy glorious name,
Who to our fathers wert a shield and guide,
As hither in the days of old they came,
Strong thro' their trust in thee, tho' weak beside.
- 3 We bless thee that the seed so early sown
Of truth and freedom on this soil we tread,
Such life hath found, such fruitfulness hath shown,
To such a wide and hopeful growth hath sped.
- 4 Henceforth, we pray, be thy sustaining hand
With us, and those who after us appear,
The children of our consecrated land,
The guardians of our homes and temples here.
- 5 Make each obedient to thy wise behest,
Not in the past or present good to stay,
But still to toil that earth may yet be blest
With the full fruits of freedom's perfect day.

SEASONS. L. M.

S. B. BALL.

1. Great God! we sing that mighty hand, By which sup- port - ed still we stand;
The opening year thy mer- cy shows, Let mer- cy crown it till it close.

885. L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A Song for the Opening Year.

- 2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

886. L. M.

HIGINBOTHAM.

The God of the Seasons.

- 1 Great God! let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing thy mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
The hand from which our being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

- 3 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.
- 4 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hopes of nobler joys above.

887. L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Year Crowned with Goodness.

- 1 Eternal source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays, with vigor, shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

888. L. M.

FERGUS.

Spring-Time.

- 1 The spring, the joyous spring is come,
With lovely flowers of early bloom;
The warbling birds, on every tree,
Fill all the air with melody.
- 2 Once more, unsealed, the fountains run,
Sparkling, beneath a brighter sun;
Green leaves and tender herbs arise,
Cheered by the glow of warmer skies.
- 3 Oh Lord, the changes of the year
At thy almighty word appear;
And all the seasons, as they roll,
Declare thy name from pole to pole.
- 4 Spring showers, descending from above,
Bear down glad tidings of thy love,
And every blossom on the tree
Bespeaks our gratitude to thee.

889. L. M.

The Joy in Harvest.

- 1 The harvest song we would repeat:
"Thou givest us the finest wheat:"
"The joy of harvest," we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.
- 2 Our tables spread, our garner stored,
O, give us hearts to bless thee, Lord;
Forbid it, source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.
- 3 Another harvest comes apace:
Mature our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low;—
- 4 That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

890. L. M. sl.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Harvest.

- 1 God of the year! with songs of praise
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.
In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming;
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.
- 2 And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang on every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches, bending low,
Seem bowed in thankfulness to thee.

The earth, with all its purple isles,
Is answering to thy genial smiles;
And gales of perfume breathe along,
And lift to thee their voiceless song.

- 3 God of the seasons! thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles
To crown the sweet autumnal hours;
Praise—praise to thee! Our hearts expand
To view these blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love
Ascend to their bright home above.

891. C. M.

WATTS.

The Seasons of the Year.

- 1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command;
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

892. C. M.

STEELE.

Spring.

- 1 When verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!
- 2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.
- 4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

LYME. C. M.

VOGLER.

1. How glad the tone when sum-mer's sun Wreathes the gay world with flow'rs,
And trees bend down with gold-en fruit, And birds are in the bow'rs!

893. C. M.

T. RICHARDSON.

"The Hymn of Summer."

- 2 The moon sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing;
And always, since creation's dawn,
The stars together sing.
- 3 Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins? no, let us sing,
And while our voices rise,
- 4 O, let our lives, great God, breathe forth
A constant melody;
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to thee!

894. C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Summer and Harvest.

- 1 To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul! wake all thy powers:
He calls—and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue! his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time—
The harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleased the husbandmen behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God! to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and, with thy beams,
The ripening harvest bless.

895. C. M.

STEELE.

Winter.

- 1 Stern winter throws his icy chains
Encircling nature round:
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!
- 2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray:
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.
- 4 O happy state! divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 5 Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

VESPER. C. M.

L. H. SOUTHARD.

1. And now, my soul, a - noth - er year Of thy short life is past;
I can - not long con - tin - ue here, And this may be my last.

896. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Reflections at the End of the Year.

- 2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,—
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?
- 4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

897.* S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Summer.

- 1 Great God, at thy command,
Seasons in order rise:
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the sun's bright beams!
While, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

- 3 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass, and herbs, and waving corn
Adorn and bless the land.
- 4 But greater still the gift
Of thy beloved Son;
By him, forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

898.* S. M.

WATTS.

Blessings of Spring.

- 1 Good is the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 Like rivers raised on high,
The clouds at thy command,
Pour out their blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The hills, on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers:
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.
- 4 The ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

TRIUMPH. H. M.

LOCKHART.

1. Re-joice! the Lord is King: Your Lord and King a-dore;
Mor-tals! give thanks and sing, And tri-umph ev-er-more:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice; Re-joice, in sa-cred lays re-joice.

899. H. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Providence acknowledged in the Seasons.

- 2 His wintry north winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 4 He leads the circling year;
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn;
O happy mortals! raise your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

900. H. M.

FREEMAN.

The Seasons.

- 1 Lord of the worlds below!
On earth thy glories shine;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine.
The rolling years are full of thee;
In all we see, a God appears.
- 2 Forth in the flowery spring,
We see thy beauty move;
The birds on branches sing
Thy tenderness and love;
Wide flush the hills; the air is balm;
Devotion's calm our bosoms fill.
- 3 Then come in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days;
The sun thine image bright
Thy majesty displays;
And oft thy voice in thunder rolls;
But still our souls in thee rejoice.

- 4 In autumn, a rich feast
 Thy common bounty gives
 To man, and bird, and beast,
 And every thing that lives.
 Thy liberal care at morn and noon,
 And harvest moon, our lips declare.
- 5 In winter, awful thou !
 With storms around thee east !
 The leafless forests bow
 Beneath thy northern blast.
 While tempests lower, to thee, dread King,
 We homage bring, and own thy power.

901. H. M.

DWIGHT.

Spring.

- 1 How pleasing is the voice
 Of God, our heavenly King,
 Who bids the frost retire,
 And wakes the lovely spring !
 Bright suns arise, | And beauty glows
 The mild wind blows, | Thro' earth and skies.
- 2 The morn, with glory crowned,
 His hand arrays in smiles :
 He bids the eve decline,
 Rejoicing o'er the hills :
 The evening breeze | His beauty blooms -
 His breath perfumes ; | In flowers and trees.
- 3 With life he clothes the spring,
 The earth with summer warms,
 He spreads th' autumnal feast,
 And rides on wintry storms ;
 His gifts divine | And round the year
 Through all appear ; | His glories shine.

902.* 7s.

MRS. BARBAULD.

God's Goodness in the Seasons.

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ :
- 2 For the flocks spread o'er the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse ;
- 3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores ;—
- 4 These to thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

903.* 7s.

NEWTON.

New Year's Day.

- 1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hastened through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below :
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.
- 2 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
 With eternity in view ;
 Bless thy word to old and young ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love :
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with thee above.

904.* 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

The same.

- 1 Time by moments steals away,
 First the hour, and then the day ;
 Small the daily loss appears,
 Yet it soon amounts to years.
- 2 Thus another year is flown ;
 Now it is no more our own,
 If it brought or promised good,
 Than the years before the flood.
- 3 But may none of us forget
 It has left us much in debt ;
 Who can tell the vast amount
 Placed to every one's account !
- 4 If we see another year,
 May thy blessing meet us here ;
 Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Warm our hearts and bless our eyes !

905.* 7s.

NEWTON.

Close of a New Year's Day Service.

- 1 Bless, O Lord, each opening year
 To the souls assembled here :
 Clothe thy word with power divine,
 Make us willing to be thine.
- 2 Where thou hast thy work begun,
 Give new strength the race to run ;
 Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
 Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 3 Bless us all, both old and young ;
 Call forth praise from every tongue :
 Let our whole assembly prove
 All thy power and all thy love !

THE NEW YEAR. 5 & 11s.

L. MARSHALL.



1. Come let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll
round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear;
His a - dor - a - ble will Let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our tal - ents im - prove,
By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love. A - men.

906. 5 & 11s.

The New Year.

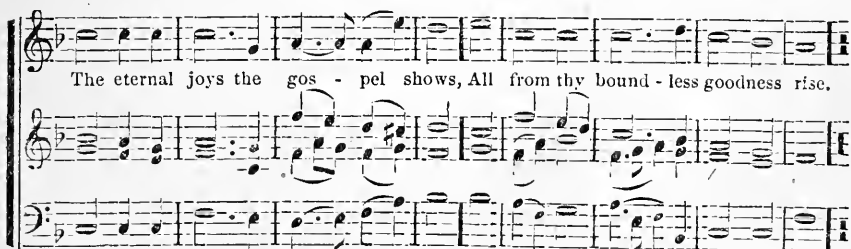
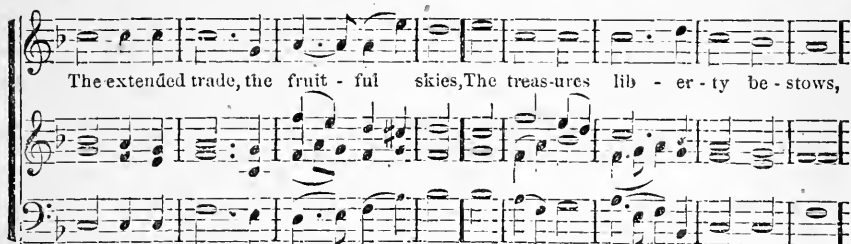
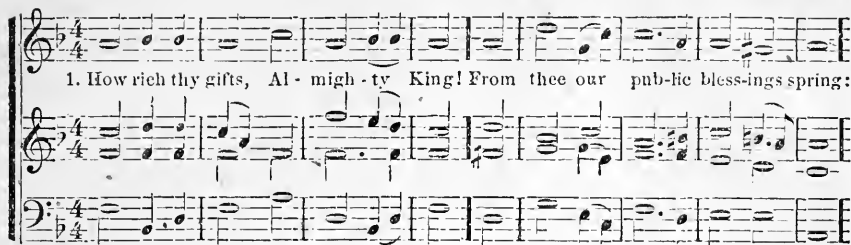
G. WESLEY.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
Oh! that each, from his Lord,
May receive the glad word,—
“Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!”

PROSPERITY. L. M. 6 lines.

RUSSIAN. C. H.



907. L. M. 6L

KIPPIS.

Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.

- 2 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
Here still may God in mercy reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

908. L. M. 6L.

ANONYMOUS.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

- 1 Father of mercies! God of peace!
Being whose bounties never cease!
While to the heavens, in grateful tones,
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we, a happy people, raise!

- 2 Our hamlets, sheltered by thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are;
Our tillage by thy blessing yields
An hundred fold from ripened fields:
And flowing grain, and burthened vine,
Are tokens of thy love divine.
- 3 The cradled head of infancy
Doth owe its tranquil rest to thee;
Youth's doubting step, man's firmer tread,
In years mature, by thee are led;
Secure may trembling age, oh Lord!
Lean on its staff, thy holy word.
- 4 Teach us these blessings to improve,
Teach us to serve thee, teach to love;
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The giver of all good in thee;
And be thy word our daily food,
Thy service, Lord, our greatest good.

MONMOUTH. L. M.

LUTHER.

1. Great fra-mer of unnumber'd worlds, And whom unnumbered worlds a-dore!
Whose goodness all thy creatures share, While nature trembles at thy pow'r, While nature trembles at thy pow'r.

909. L. M.

DYER.

Public Humiliation.

- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned to thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh.
- 4 This day we deeply mourn our sins,
Confess thy power, and bless thy rod;
O let us know thy pardoning love,
And find in thee a guardian God.

910. L. M.

CHRISTIAN MELODIST.

Divine Aid implored in National Distress.

- 1 Why should thy face, where mercies dwell,
Its beams of majesty conceal;
Regardless of the woes that wait
Around our long afflicted state?
- 2 Behold, our soul with sorrow bends,
And down to dust our life descends;
And while thine arm its aid denies,
Prostrate on earth, deserted lies.

- 3 Thy mercy, Lord, alone we claim;
Redeem us, and exalt thy name;
Rise for our help, almighty Lord!
Salvation shall attend thy word.

911. C. M.

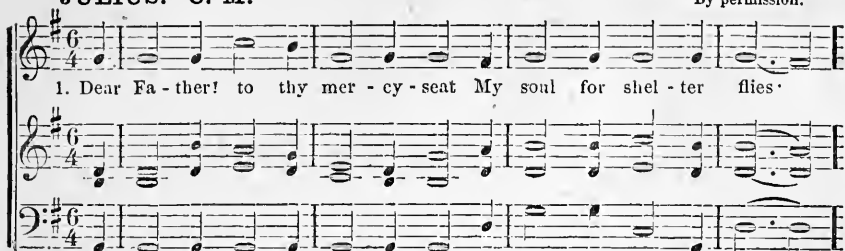
RIPPON'S COLL.

Public Supplication.

- 1 When Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued,—
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in this place
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?
- 4 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes?
- 5 Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode:
Long has thy presence blessed our land;
Forsake us not, O God.

JULIUS. C. M.

By permission.



912. C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

The Mercy-Seat.

- 2 When, in the day of deep distress,
To thee, my God! I cried,
With strength divine, thy powerful grace
My fainting soul supplied.
- 3 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God! art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
- 4 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.
- 5 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

- 2 Dark judgments from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!
- 4 O, turn us; turn us, mighty Lord;
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

913. C. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

Judgments for National Sins deprecated.

- 1 Almighty Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.

[28*]

914. C. M.

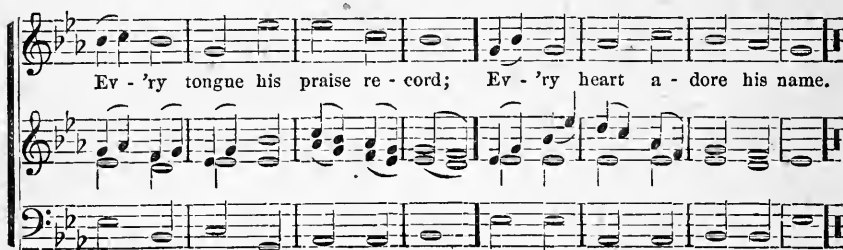
HART.

Public Humiliation.

- 1 Lord, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.
- 2 O, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's and our own.
- 3 And should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod,—
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

AVON. 7s.

S. B. BALL.



915. 7s.

BATHURST.

Encouragement to seek God.

- 1 Oh! give thanks unto the Lord;
All his wondrous deeds proclaim;
Every tongue his praise record;
Every heart adore his name.
- 2 Seek the Lord, his grace implore,
On his love your trust repose;
Seek his presence evermore;
There lay down your cares and woes.
- 3 Ye, who make the Lord your choice,
Call to mind his works of love;
Tell his wonders and rejoice
In your King who reigns above.
- 4 Thou, O Lord, art true and just;
Thou wilt crown with sure success,
All the waiting souls that trust
In thy love and faithfulness.

916. 7s.

HARTFORD COLL.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels! join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Guarded by his watchful eye,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

THANKSGIVING. 11 & 8s.

H. C.

1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve him with gladness and fear;
Ex-ult in his presence with mu-sic and mirth, With love and de-votion draw near.

917. 11s & 8s.

MONTGOMERY.

Call to Thanksgiving and Praise.

- 2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 2 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

918.* 8 & 7s.

ANONYMOUS.

National Thanksgiving and Prayer.

- 1 Lord of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God:
Now with joy we come before thee;
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing:
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard thy church, thou heavenly King.

- 2 Health, and every needful blessing,
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne:
Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favored nation
May those mercies ever last.

EVENING CHANT. L. M.

L. MARSHALL.



1. Would you be - hold the works of God, His won - ders in the world a - broad,

Go with the ma - ri - ners, and trace The unknown regions of the seas.

919. L. M.

WATTS.

The Mariner's Hymn.

- 1 Would you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,—
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
Till God commands, and tempests rise
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage;—
The furious waves forget their rage:
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wished to be.
- 5 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

920. L. M.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Prayer at Sea.

- 1 Prayer may be sweet in cottage homes,
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
While through the open casement nigh
The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.
- 2 Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,
And upwards to th' eternal throne
The hymn of praise melodious sent.
- 3 But he who fain would know how warm
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn,
A wanderer on the faithless sea;—
- 4 Should hear its deep, imploring tone
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,
When billows toss the fragile bark,
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.
- 5 Nought, nought appears but sea and sky;
No refuge where the foot may flee.
How will he cast, O Rock divine,
The anchor of his soul on thee!

921. L. M.

Temptation compared to a Storm. COWPER.

- 1 The billows swell; the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves, say "Peace! be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain
Force back my shattered bark again.

922.* L. M. 6l.

The same.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Lord of the sea!—thy potent sway
Old ocean's wildest waves obey;
The gale that whistles through the shrouds,
The storm that drives the frightened clouds,—
If but thy whisper order peace,
How soon their rude commotions cease!
- 2 Lord of the sea!—the seamen keep
From all the dangers of the deep!
When high the white-capped billows rise,
When tempests roar along the skies,
When foes or shoals awaken fear,—
O! in thy mercy be thou near!

- 3 Lord of the sea!—when, safe from harm,
The sailor rests in slumbers calm,
May dreams of home his spirit cheer,—
Dreams that shall never false appear;
May thoughts of friends, and peace, and thee,
His solid consolations be!

- 4 Lord of the sea!—a sea is life,
Of care and sorrow, woe and strife!
With watchful pains we steer along,
To keep the right path, shun the wrong:
God grant, that after every roam,
We gain an everlasting home!

923.† C. M.

MADAN'S COLL.

Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm.

- 1 Our little bark, on boisterous seas,
By cruel tempests tost,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost,—
- 2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breathed out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begged return of peace.
- 3 Then ceased the stormy winds to blow;
The surges ceased to roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to the soul.
- 4 O, may our grateful, trembling hearts
Their hallelujahs sing
To him who hath our lives preserved,—
Our Saviour and our King.

HYMN CHANT.

S. B. B.



924. C. M.

The Sailor's Grave.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 Not in the church-yard shall he sleep,
Amid the | silent | gloom,—
His home was on the mighty deep,
And | there shall | be his | tomb.
- 2 He loved his own bright, deep blue sea,
O'er it he | loved to | roam;

And now his winding sheet shall be
That | same bright | ocean's | foam.

- 3 No village bell shall toll for him
Its mournful, | solemn | dirge;
The wind shall chant a requiem
To—him be- | neath the | surge.
- 4 For him, break not the grassy turf,
Nor turn the | dewy | sod;
His dust shall rest beneath the surf,
His | spirit | with his | God.

* Sing Eaton, page 182.

† Sing Woodstock, page 306.

ASCENSION. 7s.

N. D. GOULD.

1. Lord! whom winds and seas o - bey, Guide us thro' the wa - t'ry way;
In the hol - low of thy hand Hide and bring us safe to land.

925. 7s.

C. WESLEY.

At Sea.

- 2 Father, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined;
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.
- 3 Keep the friends whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea,
Bid them come by faith to thee.
- 4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er,
Land us on the heavenly shore.
- 2 When the lonely watch we keep,
Silent on the mighty deep,
While the boisterous surges hoarse
Bear us daily on our course,
Eye that never slumbers! shed
Holy influence on our head.
- 3 When the Sabbath's peaceful ray
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throngs assemble there,
No sweet church-bell warns to prayer,
Spirit! let thy presence be
Sabbath to the unresting sea.
- 4 When in foreign lands we roam,
Far from kindred, far from home,
Stranger-eyes our conduct view,
Heathen-bands our steps pursue,
Let our conversation be
Fitting those who follow thee.

926.* 7s.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The same.

- 1 When the parting bosom bleeds,
When our native shore recedes,
When the wild and faithless main
Takes us to her trust again,
Father! view a sailor's woe—
Guide us wheresoe'er we go.
- 5 Should pale death, with arrow dread,
Make the ocean-cave our bed,
Though no eye of love might see
Where that shrouded grave shall be—
God! who hear'st the surges roll,
Deign to save the sailor's soul.

* Repeat the first two lines.

HADDAM. H. M.

ENGLISH.

1. Je - sus, at thy com - mand I launch in - to the deep;

And leave my na - tive land, Where sin lulls all a - sleep.

For thee I would the world re - sign, And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.

927. H. M.

CHRISTIAN HYMNS.

The Believer's Spiritual Voyage.

- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,

Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And every boist'rous storm outside.

- 4 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destined place;
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

MIRIAM. P. M.

AVISON.

1. Launch thy bark, mar-i - ner! Christian, God speed thee! Let loose the rudder bands, Good angels lead thee!

Set thy sails wa - ri - ly, Tempests will come; Steer thy course stead-i - ly, Christian, steer home!

928. P. M.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

The Mariner's Hymn.

- 2 Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall thy plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in thy foresail there;
Hold the helm fast;

So,—let the vessel wear,—
By swept the blast.

- 3 Slacken no sail yet, at
Inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,—
Straight for the highland;
Crowd all the canvas on,
Cut through the foam;—
Christian! cast anchor now;
Heaven is thy home!

929.* 11 & 10s.

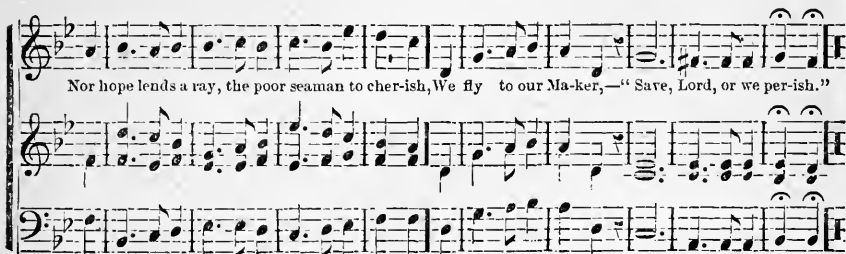
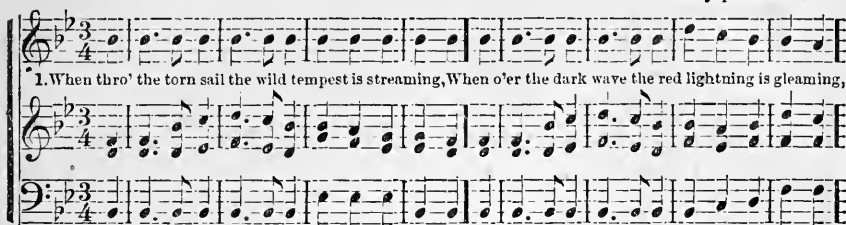
The Calm of the Soul.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

- 1 When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion
That peaceful stillness reigneth, evermore.
- 2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er it fieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.
- 3 So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.
- 4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er it fieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

HENDERSON. 12s.

By permission.



930. 12s.

“Save, Lord, or we perish.”

HEBER.

- 2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,—
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, “Save, Lord, or we perish.”
- 3 And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its sad warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish:
Rebuke the destroyer,—“Save, Lord, or we perish.”

CHANT.

JONES.



931. 8s.

H. F. GOULD.

The Divine Guardian.

- 1 O thou, who hast spread out the skies,
And measured the depths of the sea,
Twixt heavens and ocean shall rise
Our incense of praises to thee.
- 2 We know that thy presence is near,
While heaves our bark far from the land;

We ride o'er the deep without fear—
The waters are held in thy hand.

- 3 Eternity comes in the sound
Of billows that never can sleep!
There's Deity circling us round—
Omnipo-tence walks o'er the deep!
- 4 O Father! our eye is to thee,
As on for the haven we roll;
And faith in our Pilot shall be
An anchor to steady the soul.

NATICK. C. M.

1. Not for the sum - mer's hour a - lone, When skies re - splen - dent shine,
And youth and plea - sure fill the throne, Our hearts and hands we join;...

932. C. M.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Marriage Hymn.

- 2 But for those stern and wintry days
Of sorrow, pain and fear,
When heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear;—
- 3 Not for the span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And as the transient flowers of grass
Just blossom, droop, and die;—
- 4 But for a being without end
This vow of love we take;
Grant us, O God, one home at last,
For thy great mercy's sake.

And nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed;
When all with fruits and flowers,
The laughing soil was dressed,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest,—

- 2 No sin his face defiling,
The heir of nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good.
Yet in that hour of blessing
A single want was known,—
A wish the heart distressing,—
For Adam was alone.
- 3 O God of pure affection,
By men and saints adored,
O, give us thy protection,
Around this nuptial board:
May thy rich bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dis sever
Whom thou hast linked in one.

933.* 7 & 6s.

The same.

HEBER.

- 1 When on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,

ROSSINI. L. M.

1. With cheerful voi - ces rise and sing The prai - ses of our God and King;

For he a - lone can minds u - nite, And bless with con - ju - gal de - light.

934. L. M.

The same.

ANONYMOUS.

- 2 This youthful pair, O Lord, inspire
With heavenly love, that sacred fire:
From this blest moment may they prove
The bliss divine of mutual love.
- 3 O may they both unceasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind;
Prospered and happy may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.
- 4 So may they live as truly one;
And, when their work on earth is done,
Rise, hand in hand, to heaven, and share
The joys of love forever there.

935. L. M.

LYRA GERMANICA.

Refuge in Time of Trouble.

- 1 When in the hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid,
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet hath brought.
- 2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to thee,
For rescue from our misery.
- 3 Ah, hide not for our sins thy face,
Absolve us through thy boundless grace,
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill.

- 4 That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to thee,
And walk obedient to thy word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

936. L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

Israel returning from Captivity.

- 1 Why, on the bending willows hung,
O Israel, sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song declines to sing?
- 2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
And Jesus, thy Messiah, reigns.
- 3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends invite the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.
- 5 For foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood.
In every clime behold a home;
In every temple see thy God.

BURGHAM. 7 & 6s.

I. O that the Lord's sal - va - tion Were out of Zi - on come,

To heal his an - cient na - tion, To lead his out - casts home!

937. 7 & 6s.

The Salvation of Israel.

LYRE

- 2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane ?
Return, O Lord, in pity ;
Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall thy rod of terror ;
Thy saving grace impart ;
Roll back the veil of error ;
Release the fettered heart.
- 4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see ;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

938.* L. M.

Prayer for Israel.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 O thou, who once on Israel's ground
A homeless wanderer wast found,—
Redeemer, on thy heavenly throne,
Still call those ancient tribes thine own.
- 2 Bid their departed light return ;
Thy holy splendor round them burn ;
From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
A living temple to thy praise.

939.* L. M.

J. G. ADAMS.

Dedication of a School-House.

- 1 "Let there be light !" So spake at first
Through chaos the awakening call,
When from the gloom creation burst,
God's glorious handiwork in all.
- 2 "Let there be light !" Since that glad birth,
This mandate hath its mission still
Where'er upon this varied earth
God's offspring, Man, hath mind or will.
- 3 From age to age hath knowledge wrought
Its blessings with our rising race ;
And still its wondrous power is sought,
And still its triumphs may we trace.
- 4 As prosperous we would make its way,
Great God of truth, our witness be ;
And aid the cause for which, to-day,
We meet as one, and look to thee.
- 5 And speed that promised hour divine,
Which prophet tongues of heaven foretell,
When Truth's and Freedom's light shall shine
On all the lands where man shall dwell.

CHORAL. C. M.

Unison.

GERMAN. S. B. B.

1. Let mon - u - men - tal pil - lars rise In ma - jes - ty sub - lime;

Their gran - ite col - umns shall de - cay Be - fore the touch of time.

940. C. M.

The same.

P. H. SWEETSER.

- 2 But mind, enlightened and refined,
Shall live beyond the sky,
And heavenly sciences explore,
When time itself shall die!
- 3 A nobler monument we raise
Than costly marble pile—
A beacon light to lead the way
From ignorance and guile.
- 4 This house, with prayer, O God, we give
To truth's supreme control;
To virtue and progressive thought;
The riches of the soul.

941. L. M.

In time of War.

AIKIN.

- 1 While sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strow the ground,
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.
- 2 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race,—

[29*]

- 3 Great God, whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O, bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.
- 4 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,—
"My creatures, live in mutual love!"

942. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

On Occasion of a Destructive Fire.

- 1 Eternal God, our humbled souls
Before thy presence bow;
With all thy wasting magazines,
How terrible art thou!
- 2 Fanned by thy winds, whole sheets of
Like a wild deluge pour; [flame,
And all our confidence of wealth
Lies mouldered in an hour.
- 3 Rolled fiercely on, in horrid pomp,
Destruction rears its head;
And blackened walls and smoking heaps
Through all the streets are spread.
- 4 Lord, in the dust we lay us down,
With awe adore thy name;
Yet bless the hand of guardian Love,
That snatched us from the flame.

DERBY. H. M.

READ.

1. Death moves with victor's tread, In our high pla - ces, Lord! The hon - or - a - ble dead

We mourn with one accord; Our souls, oppress'd, before thee bow, Heed thou the prayer, accept the vow.

943. H. M.

J. G. ADAMS.

Death of a Magistrate or Public Man.

- 2 While thus we feel the rod
Of thine afflictive love,
Teach us, our fathers' God,
Thy justice to approve.
Though all thy ways we cannot trace,
May we not doubt thy guardian grace.
- 3 O keep us in thy hand,
A chosen race for thee;
And make our own loved land
The true home of the free;
Where sin shall cease, and righteousness
Forever dwell, forever bless.

944.* L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Darkness of Providence.

- 1 Lord, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence!
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.
- 3 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

945.* L. M.

PHOEBE CARY.

Prayer for the Christian near Death.

- 1 Think on him, Lord! we ask thy aid
In life's most dread extremity;
For evil days have come to him,
Who in his youth remembered thee.
- 2 Look on him, Lord! for heart and flesh,
Alike, must fall without thy grace;
Part back the clouds, that he may see
The brightness of his Father's face.
- 3 Speak to him, Lord! as thou didst talk
To Adam in the Garden's shade,
And grant it unto him to hear
Thy voice, and not to be afraid.
- 4 Support him, Lord! that he may come,
Leaning on thee, in faith sublime,
Up to that awful landmark, set,
Between eternity and time.
- 5 And, Lord! if it must be that we
Shall walk with him no more below,
Reach, out of heaven, thy loving hand,
And lead him where we cannot go.

CONFIDENCE. C. M.

J. L. GILBERT.

1. Tho' faint and sick, and worn a - way With pov - er - ty and woe,

My wi - dow'd feet are doom'd to stray 'Mid thorn - y paths be - low ;

946. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Widow's Prayer.

- 2 Be thou, O Lord, my Father still,
My confidence and guide ;
I know that perfect is thy will,
Whate'er that will decide.
- 3 I know the soul that trusts in thee,
Thou never wilt forsake ;
And though a bruised reed I be,
That reed thou wilt not break.
- 4 Then keep me, Lord, where'er I go,
Support me on my way,
Though worn with poverty and woe,
My widowed footsteps stray.
- 5 To give my weakness strength, O God,
Thy staff shall yet avail ;
And though thou chasten with thy rod,
That staff shall never fail.

947. C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Orphan's Hymn.

- 1 Where shall the child of sorrow find
A place for calm repose ?
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes !
- 2 What friend have I in heaven or earth,
What friend to trust but thee ?
My father's dead—my mother's dead ;
My God, remember me !

- 3 Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
And bid my trouble cease ;
In thee the fatherless shall find
Pure mercy, grace and peace.
- 4 I've not a secret care or pain
But he that secret knows ;
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes !

948. C. M.

WATTS.

Preparation for Old Age.

- 1 My God ! my everlasting hope !
I live upon thy truth ;
Thy hands have borne my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 My frame was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine ;
And since my life's first dawning hour,
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year ;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
And shadows dim my eyes ;
And round me let thy glory shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

DR. CROFT.



1. Thou God of years and sea - sons, all, Of light, and peace, and love, and pow'r;
Once more on thy great name we call, In this, our ho - ly, fes - tal hour.

949. L. M.

J. G. ADAMS.

For a Christian Festival.

- 1 Thou God of years and seasons, all,
Of light, and peace, and love, and power;
Once more on thy great name we call,
In this, our holy festal hour.
- 2 We praise thee for thy presence here,
For prayer, and speech, and cheerful song;
For guardian care, that year by year
Attends us all life's ways along:
- 3 For what we hope, and what we see
Of human progress in our time;
But gleams of freedom though they be,
Yet dawning of its day sublime!
- 4 And since again apart we move
In life's great work, to us be given
The faith that toils in Christian love,
And blesses man with Truth's own heaven.

So now, our feet have sought
This Mecca of our thought,
And hearts with gladness fraught
Have led us here.

- 2 We come, with words of hope,
For strong the hands that cope
With giant wrong;
He leads the conquerors on,
Who has the strife begun—
The victory will be won
Through him, ere long.
- 3 Yes, for it hastes, that day
When Love and Right shall sway
The wide, wide world:
Then shall the slave go free,
Then shall oppression flee,
And war's red banner be
Forever furled!
- 4 For this, O brothers, toil!
Ye cannot now assoil
From work, your hand:
Then on, with vigor new!
Press every barrier through,
Till error's ranks ye view,
A vanquished band!

950.* 6 & 4s.

MRS. LIVERMORE.

The same.

- 1 As to their holy place,
The Jews, God's ancient race,
Thronged year by year:

MEDWAY. L. M.

PERGOLESÌ.



951. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Opening of an Organ.

- 1 The morning stars in concert sang,
When God created heaven and earth;
And earth and heaven with music rang,
When angels hailed Messiah's birth.
- 2 Nor ever, since his Sabbath-rest,
When the great Maker from the skies,
His finished works beheld and bless'd,
Have songs of glory ceased to rise.
- 3 Where two or three in union meet,
Or thousands through the house of prayer,
Heart-melodies, thanksgivings sweet,
And faithful vows are offered there.
- 4 Now, with all instruments in one,
All spirits tuned to one accord,
Our prayer be this, "Thy will be done;"
And this our anthem, "Praise the Lord!"

952. L. M.

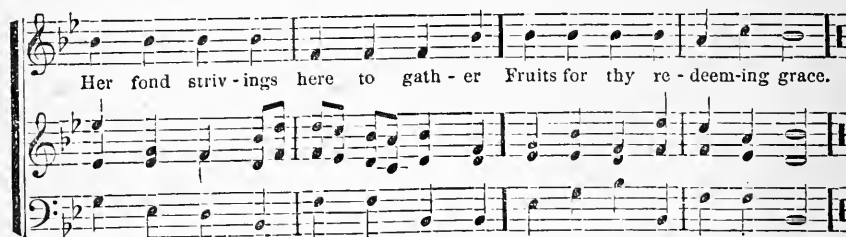
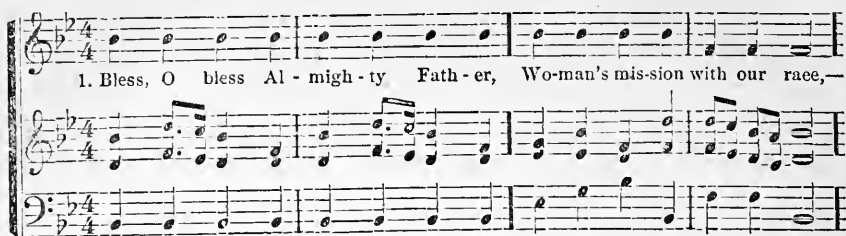
MONTGOMERY.

For a Female Friendly Society.

- 1 Our soul shall magnify the Lord,
In him our spirit shall rejoice;
Assembled here with sweet accord,
Our hearts shall praise him with our voice.
- 2 Since he regards our low estate,
And hears his handmaids when they pray,
We humbly plead at Mercy's gate,
Where none are ever turned away.
- 3 The poor are his peculiar care,
To them his promises are sure;
His gifts the poor in spirit share:
O may we always thus be poor!
- 4 God of our hope, to thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress:
The husband of the widow, thou,
The father of the fatherless.
- 5 May we the law of love fulfil;
To bear each other's burdens here;
Suffer and do thy righteons will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

WILMOT. 8 & 7s.

WEBER.



953. 8 & 7s.

J. G. ADAMS.

Woman's Mission.

- 2 Though her way be not where honor
Wins the gazing world's acclaim,
Yet we bless thee that upon her
Rests the power of Jesus' name.
- 3 In that name, O Father, strengthen
Her full heart and ready hands;
May her efforts serve to lengthen
Christian love's encircling bands.
- 4 Where the mourning and the needy
And the suffering faint and die,
Be her presence sure and speedy,
Mercy's blessings to supply.
- 5 Where old error's words are spoken,
Be truth's witness by her given,
Till, the spell of bondage broken,
Earth redeemed resembles heaven.

954.* C. M.

J. G. ADAMS.

Dedication of a Town-Hall.

- 1 For homes of Freedom in our land,
For rights to freemen dear,
Great God! we praise thee, as we stand
This day assembled here.

- 2 For what our fathers here have known
Of thy paternal care;
For seeds of strength which they have sown,
Whose fruits their children share;
- 3 For all we praise thee! as we come
This house to dedicate;
As Freedom's temple, Freedom's home,
In our good town and State!
- 4 Lord, make it such to us and ours,
A sacred altar-shrine;
Where freemen consecrate their powers
To Truth and Right divine!
- 5 Let strife of sect and party hate,
Be banished from these walls,
And men come here to serve the State,
As holy duty calls.
- 6 And haste the day when through all lands,
This manly work is done;
Which, in Truth's power, and Freedom's
bands,
Shall make the nations one!

CHICKERING'S CHANT. L. M.

DAVID PAINE.

1. We come not now the spell to break, That reigns with-in this green re-treat;

We come not here the hum to wake, Of crowd-ed mart and throng-ing street.

955. L. M.

C. H. FAY.

Dedication of a Cemetery.

- 2 We choose this sacred forest gloom,
Around us now so calmly spread;
To rear the column and the tomb,
And build our city of the dead.
- 3 And O, how meet for its repose,
This soothing shade and silence deep!
They'll woo us at life's evening close,
'To death's untroubled, dreamless sleep.
- 4 Here, side by side, the high and low,
And rich and poor shall equal lie;
While o'er them love's warm tears shall flow,
And friendship heave her poignant sigh.
- 5 Here, then, let Hope's bright beacon burn,
And Faith say, pointing from the sod,
"While dust doth unto dust return,
The spirit shall ascend to God."

956. L. M.

MRS. COUNTRYMAN.

Close of the Sabbath.

- 1 Another Sabbath, Lord, has gone,
Another day of peace and rest;
Swiftly its precious hours have flown—
Hours, which thy sacred presence blest.
- 2 The portals of a week of care,
Stand open for our weary feet;
Oh! give us strength to enter there,
Grant us thy grace its toils to meet.
- 3 May the pure joys this day hath brought,
Shed gladness o'er the coming hours,—
The cheering truths thy word hath taught,
Give strength to all our faltering powers.
- 4 May Faith's bright angel be our guide
Across the stream of toil and care,
Whose troubled waters so divide
'These Sabbath-times of praise and prayer.

GAZA. H. M.

MARCELLO.

1. Kind Lord, be - fore thy face, A - gain with joy we bow; For all the
 gifts and grace Thou dost on us be - stow. Our tongues would all
 Our tongues would all
 all thy love pro - claim, And chant the hon - ors of thy name.
 thy love pro - claim,
 all thy love pro - claim.

957. H. M.

E. TURNER.

Thanks at the close of Service.

- 2 Here, in thine earthly house,
 Our joyful souls have met;
 Here paid our solemn vows,
 And felt our union sweet.
 For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.
- 3 Now may we dwell in peace,
 Till here again we come;
 And may our love increase,
 Till thou shalt bring us home.
 Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

958. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

Dismission.

- 1 From worship, now, thy church dismiss—
 But not without thy blessing, Lord;
 O, grant a taste of heavenly bliss,
 And seal instruction from thy word.

- 2 Oft may these pleasant scenes return,
 When we shall meet to worship thee;
 Oft may our hearts within us burn,
 To hear thy word, thy goodness see.
- 3 And when these pleasant scenes are past,
 To thee, our God, O may we come,
 And meet th' assembled world at last,
 In Zion, our eternal home.

959. C. M.

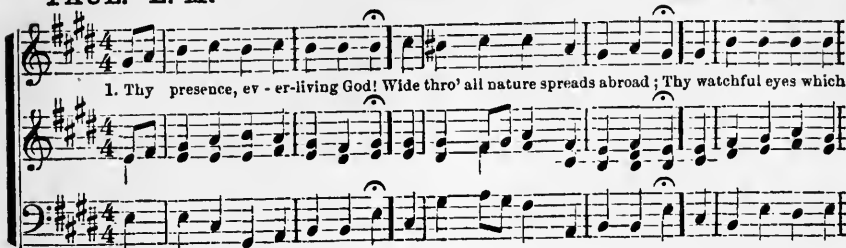
MOSES BALLOU.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 We now invoke thy blessing, Lord,
 On this day's worship, here;
 Help us to lean upon thy word,
 And find our comfort there.
- 2 Hallow the hours that unto thee,
 In faith and love we've given;
 And daily help our souls to see
 More of the bliss of heaven.

PAUL. L. M.

MENDELSSOHN.



960. L. M.

DODDGE.

Christian Farewell.

- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain;
When separate, we rejoice to share
Thy counsels, and thy gracious care.
- 3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

961.* 8 & 7s.

Go in Peace.

- 1 Go in peace!—serene dismissal,
To the loving heart made known;
When it pours in deep contrition,
Prayer before the eternal throne.
- 2 Go in peace! thy sins forgiven,
Christ hath healed thee, set thee free;
Every spirit-fetter riven,
Go in peace, and liberty!
- 3 Saviour! breathe this benediction
O'er our spirits while we pray;
Let us part in sweet conviction
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.

* Sing Grannis, page 154.

962. H. M.

A Blessing sought on Worship.

- 1 Here, gracious God, do thou
In mercy now draw nigh;
Accept each faithful prayer,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower, | This holy day,
On all who pray, | Thy blessings pour.
- 2 Here may we find from heaven,
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day | To endless rest,
When all the blest, | Are called away.

963.† C. M.

The Seed of the Word.

- 1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest, [heaven,
Whose word, like manna showered from
Is planted in our breast.
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

† Sing St. Martin's, page 162.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7* & 4s, or 8 & 7s.

Fine.

1. Part in peace! is day be - fore us? Praise his name for life and light;

D. C.

Are the shadows length'ning o'er us? Bless his care who guards the night.

964. 8 & 7s.

Peace be with you.

- 2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace! such are the praises,
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

965.† 7s.

Praise.

- 1 Praise the Lord—his glory bless;
Praise him in his holiness;
Praise him as the theme inspires;
Praise him as his fame requires.
- 2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite in praise
With the sacred minstrel's lays.
- 3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord our righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

* The Repeat is for the 8 & 7s.

966. 8, 7 & 4s.

Dismission.

- 1 Lord! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us—
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

967. C. M.

The Indwelling God.

- 1 The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet be in humble hearts will deign
To dwell, and be adored.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there,
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad,
Thro' realms, thro' worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

† Sing Nuremburg, page 93.

CATANIA. C. M.

By permission.

1. Father of all,.... in whom a - lone, We live, and move, and breathe,

One bright, ce - les - tial ray send down, And cheer thy sons be - neath.

968. C. M.

Prayer for a blessing on the Word.

- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,
O, fill our souls with awe;
Thy light impart, that we may see
The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now thy revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

969. C. M.

Bless God in the Sanctuary.

- 1 Bless God, ye servants that attend
Upon his solemn state—
That in his temple's hallowed courts
With humble reverence wait.
- 2 Within his house lift up your hands,
And bless his holy name;
From Zion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who earth and heaven didst frame.

970. L. M.

Close of Service.

- 1 Lord, now we part, in thy blest name,
In which we here together came:
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will and spread thy praise.
- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Then shall we better sing thy love.

971. 8 & 7s.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 Israel's Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, we implore;
We have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

972. C. M.

- 1 To him that loved the souls of men,
And shed for us his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God:
- 2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love!
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above!

973. 7s.

- 1 Glorious in thy saints appear;
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart;—
- 2 And, in every grace complete,
Make us, Lord, for glory meet;
Till we stand before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

974. 7s.

- 1 Father! glory be to thee,
Source of all the good we see!
Glory for the blessed light,
Rising on the ancient night!
- 2 Glory for the hopes that come,
Streaming through the dreary tomb!
Glory for the counsel given,
Guiding us in peace to heaven!

975. 7s.

- 1 Thanks for mercies, Lord, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to old and young;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

976. H. M.

- 1 To thee our wants are known;
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours.
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.
- 2 O grant that each of us
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear,
And follow thee to heaven, our home:
Even so, Amen—Lord Jesus, come.

977. L. M.

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

978. S. M.

- 1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,—
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

979. C. M.

- 1 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
On all our hearts to shine.
- 2 Light in thy light, O, may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee
The God of pardoning love.

980. C. M.

- 1 O wondrous depth of grace divine,
My soul would fain adore:
Dear Father, let me call thee mine,
And I will ask no more.
- 2 By thee in all things richly blest,
Low at thy feet I fall;
Thou art my Hope, my Life, my Rest,
My Father and my all!

981. 8 & 7s.

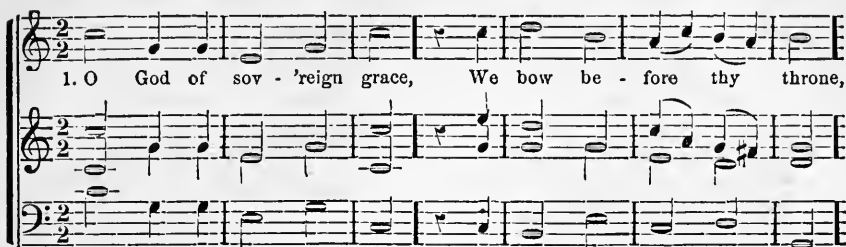
- 1 May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Let us thus abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

982. 8 & 7s.

- 1 Lo! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
Yet the sun that ever shineth
Fills our souls with heavenly light.
- 2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, with thine evening blessing
Rest we safe beneath thy wing.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.



983. S. M.

- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways ;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

984. L. M.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

985. C. M.

- 1 O all ye nations ! praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue ;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns through every land,—
Proclaim his grace abroad ;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,—
Praise ye the faithful God !

986. 8 & 7s.

Peace of God, which knows no measure,
Heavenly sunlight of the soul,
Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
Come and all our hearts control !
Come, almighty to deliver !
Naught shall make us then afraid ;
We will trust in thee forever,
Thou on whom our hope is stayed ;

987. 7 & 6s.

God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in ;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin :
Lean upon thy Father's breast ;
'Tis he thy spirit keeps :
Rest in him, securely rest ;
Thy Guardian never sleeps.

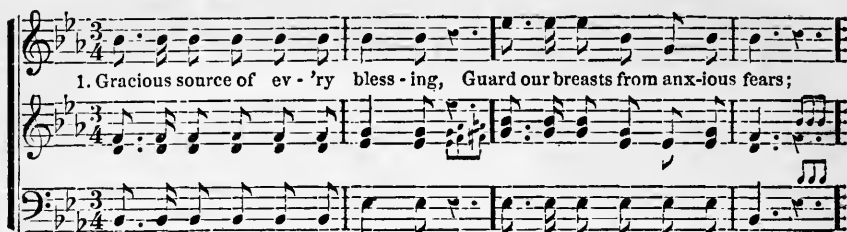
988. L. M. 8l.

To thee, supreme, the ever-blest,
Be praise in thankful notes addressed ;
Such as the stars of morning sung,
When earth was on its balance hung ;
Such praise as from angelic choirs,
And saints, whom zeal like theirs inspires,
In heaven above, and earth below,
Still flows, and shall forever flow.

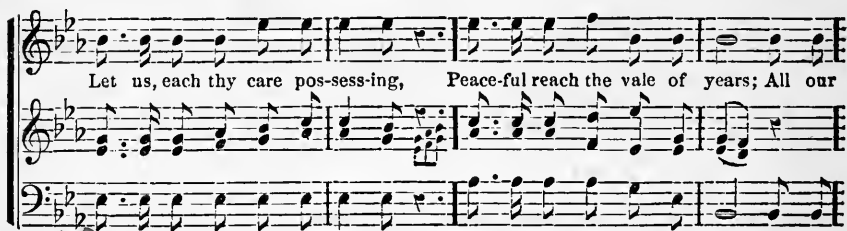
DOANE. 8 & 7s.

(189.)

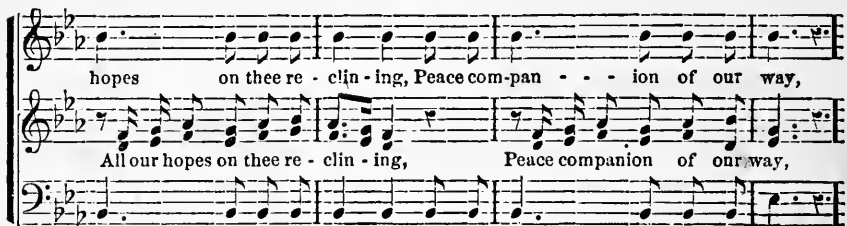
By permission.



1. Gracious source of ev-'ry bless-ing, Guard our breasts from anx-i-ous fears;



Let us, each thy care pos-sess-ing, Peace-ful reach the vale of years; All our



hopes on thee re-clin-ing, Peace com-pan-ion of our way,
All our hopes on thee re-clin-ing, Peace companion of our way,



May our sun, in smiles.... de-clin-ing, Rise in ev-er-last-ing day.

990. 7s.

1 Homage pay to God above,—
God, whose nature all is love;
In his praise your breath employ,—
Gracious Source of every joy!

2 All our hopes of life and heaven
Through thy grace alone are given,
Bliss eternal, pure, divine,—
Every gift, O God, is thine.

991. 7s.

1 Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

2 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sanctify each cross and pain;
Give us, if thou wilt, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

992. H. M.

Glory to God on high;
Forever bless his name;
Let earth, and seas, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim.
To him be praise and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

993. L. M.

1 From North and South, from East and West,
Advance the myriads of the blest;
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.

2 In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew;
But, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.

994. C. M.

Now, blessing, honor, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne
And to the Lamb be given.

995. L. M.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, above, ye heavenly throng!
Praise God our Father, in your song!

996. L. M.

Be thou, O God, exalted high!
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed!

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LUTHER.

1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,

The first system of musical notation for 'Old Hundred' in G major (one sharp) and 2/2 time. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff (likely for a second voice or piano accompaniment), and a bass staff. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence.

So let it be on earth display'd, Till thou art here as there o - bey'd.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody from the first system. It also consists of three staves (treble, middle, and bass) in the same key and time signature, ending with a final cadence.







